

THE
LONDON MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 1, 1826.

MATRIMONIAL TACTICS.

THERE are certainly as many impediments to marriage in this life, as Mr. Malthus in his heart could desire. I do not allude to those persons who are obliged to impose his "moral restraint" upon themselves, and to live, *nolens volens*, without consorts, but even to those who have the *de quoi vivre*, and who are actually in that burning state, from which St. Paul thinks a man may lawfully liberate himself by marrying. When a poor victim finds himself in that condition, tied to the stake as it were, and feels the flames already licking his body, he finds but little consolation in the advice given him by the Apostle; and is not much deterred by the geometrical ratio in which population increases. I have full experience in my own case, that the great anxiety of a man is not about the propriety or the consequences of the step, but the difficulty of effecting his escape from the conflagration. It would be all very well if a bachelor under sentence of relaxation—that is, to be burned alive at an *auto da fè*, unless he abjured the heretical doctrine of celibacy, and reconciled himself to Mother Church by taking Benedictine orders—could pick out among the surrounding spectators any lady who pleased himself, and possessed all the probable requisites for rendering him cool and comfortable. But it is not so.—A gentleman would cut a mighty ridiculous figure, who should fall down on his knees before a lady in a large circle, and exclaim, "Dear madam, by your Christian charity I beseech you save me from combustion: I am on fire!" "Where? Wherein? Whereabouts?" "Here, hereabouts, every where.—Will you make no effort to save me? My precious phoenix, have pity upon your dying salamander, ere he is reduced to ashes. Share with him your inconsumable nature, and in return become thou bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh; and instead of one perishing, let us both increase and multiply!" I can fancy how she would bridle up, on receiving *a pop* in this extraordinary, and yet most or-

Nov. 1826.

X

thodoxical manner. What a withering look she would cast upon the presumptuous suppliant! And yet, is it his fault? Must he burn everlastingly and not marry? Pooh! it is all nonsense, mere squeamishness, anti-nuptial mannerism! An offer is an offer, howsoever made; and if it be really a good one, why should it be rejected because it comes a little out of the common course? For my part I maintain, a proposal, like a challenge, to be always a serious and *per se bonâ fide* thing, let it be made or sent in any way soever, provided it have been post paid, if by letter; if *vivâ voce*, provided a witness or short-hand writer have been present; only two days in the year being *dies non*—St. Valentine's, in the first case of serving the process; April-fool's-day in the second. And like a challenge, I think one hour cannot be honourably wasted in replying to it. On or off should be the word; and for her own sake the lady should remember that—

'Tis best to be off with the old love,
Before you're on with the new.

Whether it be old or new, it is my intention never to undergo the bondage of a courtship two days long.—I should hate the witch who could allow me to burn away such a length of time unpitied,—but love the little saint or vestal who would trim the holy lamp or blaze, and herself adore and moderate the flames she kindled.—There have been times when a natural intelligence supplied the place of formal words and letters; when a man had not to wade through periods and paragraphs, to extract a simple assent—paper and parchment were not always the materials of which Cupid formed his arrows and his wings; nor were vowels and consonants always employed as small shot by him. We have read of a Haidée who could neither spell nor write, nor understand the language her lover spoke: and yet he declared his passion and she understood it; and in the sight of heaven, it was a contract, though a British jury might not have assessed damages for a breach of promise. But with us matter-of-fact people, it is the tongue or hand that take all the diplomacy of the heart upon them; and miserable envoys they prove. We hear of nothing but prolonged treaties, crooked policy, and base infractions, through their ministry.—But, *n'importe*, there must still be some unmachiavelized daughters of Eve, who will dispense with the formalities of a regular congress of parents, aunts, and brothers. If not, God help me! I must die a bachelor: for I swear, a single rebuff or demur would give me a surfeit for ever—for as I never mean to run such a hazard without ample encouragement having been given me, a refusal would imply treachery and guile.

How can any but an absolute slave in heart persist in teasing a lady to compliance who has once said him nay? Does the fool imagine she can be better inclined towards him for persevering? Impossible! If she have him after one denial, the coquette! depend upon it, it is either through spite or self-interest, or because no one else will have her. It is all very plausible to say, she but refused, to try him: if she refused at all, she could have had no *penchant* towards him, and in honesty should have told him so—but to try him! paltry jockeyism! that is the way of dealing for a horse, not a husband. How would

she like to be tried herself? It is that very trial that I object to; for of all trials in life, it is the most trying, to be kept dangling in suspense at a lady's apron-string, merely because she cannot make up her mind to snatch you out of the fire. It is cruel torture to you, though sport to her. Instead of trial, it is prolonged execution; and I am quite convinced that such trifling destroys as many good; heaven-formed marriages, as any other antimatrimonial cause whatever. Many a female has led apes in hell, for sporting with a lover's feelings in this way—Aye! just for *trying* him a little too long: in the mean time some kinder creature lets him off for half the torment; and who can blame him for choosing the least of two evils? upon my word, not I. Hence we may explain in some measure the scorn, which the world pays to old maids.—Some of your over-liberal gentry have questioned the justice of visiting with contempt a race of beings, whom all concur in thinking sufficiently unhappy. Why then, it has been argued, add insult to misfortune? This is, indeed, putting the case very strongly; but besides the obvious fallacy of begging the question, it is by no means clear, that insult is the proper term for a requital of scornful behaviour. I make out my proposition this way: I assume that the whole sex is so lovely that none of them escape having at least one offer made to them. Now all systematists, to arrive at a general deduction, are allowed to calculate by average, and thus to balance one little anomaly by another; adjusting this theoretic scale to the quantity sought—always keeping it in mind, that every lady is a most unexceptionable partner at the time she is first proposed for—the number of unexceptionables will be equal to the number of unmarried ladies under a certain age in any country. *Quis negat?*—Now, the number of proposers must be contained in the gross number of unwedded gentlemen of all ages in the same country: this is evidently a greater number than the former; the question is, in what proportion greater.—By the best tables of population, the males are born in the proportion of four to three females: suppose one half of the males married men; the remaining half, the bachelors, will be exactly double the number of unmarried females; including old maids, and widows, who have small chance left, even though the prizes in this lottery are so numerous. The more marriages there are, the greater will be the ratio, which the single men bear to the marriageable females: this is the inevitable result of births, and infers the necessity of wars and shipwrecks, to lop off the redundant bachelors. Now putting aside the number of confirmed old celebrities, woman-haters, fortune-hunters, half-pay officers, snuff-takers, and gaiter-wearers, whom no woman can be blamed for refusing, I think we may assume, that the number of agreeable and acceptable proposers is at least equivalent to that of the unexceptionables of the other sex. If this average be fairly drawn, and I confess I can see no loop-hole in it, more than in a thousand averages struck every day by your deep thinking people; I say, if it be fairly drawn, every lady receives at least one offer in its fit season from an agreeable man—I say nothing about his being a suitable match; for all that is quite capricious and matter of taste; what would not *suit* at eighteen, would be quite acceptable at twenty-eight. Now an offer is seldom made, without

some little spice of provocation, as a fire seldom bursts into a blaze without some little stirring with the poker—true—my amanuensis suggests very shrewdly, or blowing with the bellows. Well then, morally speaking, every lady who receives a proposal has, by poking or blowing, or fanning, kindled the flame with which her suitor burns, and should therefore be bound to extinguish it by marriage, in the most expeditious manner possible, especially if her own premises are on fire, of which she must be the best judge. Now those who have entered into an insurance policy, or are too hard-hearted to give timely succour, cannot complain upon being ever after pointed at and despised by those, who have been scorched, baked, broiled, and wilfully ignited by them. This is putting the case in its mildest form: it is supposing them merely accessory to the combustion of one poor gentleman, whereas they are precisely the persons, who are guilty of this kind of arson the greatest number of times. Miss Asbestos, for instance, has been in her day one of the most incorrigible incendiaries, if you credit her own account, that ever fired a human heart: she boasts that wherever she appeared in her *blaze* of diamonds, she scorched the wings of a dozen fashionable moths that fluttered round her—the bravest guardsmen could not stand her fire: one of them who approached too courageously was actually charred alive, and continued so black, that he was obliged to sell out, and go into orders, quite broken-hearted—she blew up several adventurers who carried all their ammunition in their pockets—she melted the heart of a great iron-founder of Worcestershire, which was thought as difficult to fuse as his own metal; however, she wasted so much time in assaying the proportion of base to noble metal in his compound, that he actually ran off, in that liquefied state, into the lap of Miss Alloy, with whom he was most happily and chemically united, and by whom he was restored, before the end of the honey-moon, to his usual temperature. Miss Asbestos lost much caloric by this precipitation; a few more such combustions, along with some frosty winters, dissipated so much of her electricity, that she scarce retained power enough to inflame an half-pay ensign, let her poke and blow away never so much. All that she can as yet boast of, is, that she herself has remained unconsumed in the midst of the smouldering piles she kindled. It is evident she has not another spark left, consequently cannot command another burnt-offering.—True it is, she has several coal mines in Glamorganshire, and some noble forests of wood, along with a considerable quantity of bank-paper here and there, which might, if all collected together, furnish fuel enough for a hecatomb, let alone the sacrifice of some needy victim. It is supposed therefore, that in the end, some cinder-hearted miser will devote himself to those artificial flames, and endure hell upon earth for the sake of the Asbestos property; but, my life for it, the amianthas cloth in which the Romans wrapt their dead, did not more surely preserve the ashes unmixed with surrounding matter, than the arms of his bride, Miss Asbestos, will keep him, who is enclosed in them, from the enjoyment of every thing about him. Let me ask, who can rationally pity her case, brought upon herself by dawdling and trifling with men on fire? And is not every old maid who has treated our sex in the same obdurate manner, (and how many of them

can disclaim it) justly liable to be repaid by us with coldness and frosty looks ever after? It is a mere reaction. I never see an elderly gentlewoman, but I compute, by her own aridity, the number of hearts that she has parched up, and left as dry as tinder; when, by timely acceptance, they might between them have furnished heat and blood enough for half a dozen embryo lovers. I take it, as a conclusive fact, that those caustic creatures termed old bachelors are nought but the *scoriæ* of young wooers, who have been smelted in the furnace of unsuccessful courtship: for it is a fact set at rest for ever by the testimony of historians and naturalists, that every perfect man, at least once in his life, kindles and glows at the shrine of some earthly divinity, at whose option it is, either to clap an extinguisher upon him, or to ignite him lawfully at the altar with the torch of Hymen.

This is so incomparably the greatest impediment to marriages, that I reckon all the others as merely consequential to it; I mean the difficulty of persuading the lady to make up her mind on the subject. This will be found really at the bottom of all breaks-off, breaches of promise, &c. And besides, it is unknown what numbers of bashful men are deterred from proposing by the dread of being refused; or, if accepted, of being tantalized throughout the fiery ordeal of a long courtship. As for prudential motives, deference to parents, we should attribute no more to them, than is exactly their due. As for the first, it is a great pity that people cannot know what is prudent until it is too late. I have known many a prudent act repented of, in marriage affairs particularly; and have long suspected that *prudent* is not the proper word to express matches made up for convenience; but the only word that can well be substituted is so rude, that we must retain the epithet in common use. If a lady, however, is determined to be *prudent* in a matrimonial alliance, it is rather hard it should be at the expense of a score of gentlemen whom she allures too close to rays, only to send them down headlong, like Icarus, with molten wings. If she be under the control of relatives in that delicate matter, she has no business whatever to set fire to any body but those whom her relatives point out; not even to shoot a glance at any one. She should be allowed no free-agency; but remain like the cold flint in their hands, to strike fire only when they choose. It is playing a very double part, to raise a conflagration in a poor fellow's bosom, and when he begs her to put it out, to refer him to papa and mama. Papas and mamas usually make a great deal of smoke by damping down the coals, and sometimes put the fire out altogether with cold water; but that does not at all absolve miss for having lighted it, when she felt incapable of acting for herself on the occasion. I contend, therefore, that it is the *prudence*, or coquetry, or artifice, or indecision of the young lady, that most frequently frustrates the projects of Hymen; and for a remedy, I have recurred to a plan for correcting the mischiefs arising from those defects. It is the old manœuvre of advertising; and whatever nice minds may urge against it, I think it has become necessary by the spirit of speculation and match-making abroad. It is but right, that since marriage has become a branch of trade, it should be conducted like other com-

mercial affairs, by the dealer setting forth what he has to sell, and the buyer what he wants to buy; and leaving it to those whom it may concern to inquire after the goods. It is evident that none will apply but those seriously inclined to drive a bargain; and there will be no unnecessary sighing and dying, sonnetting and serenading, in the transaction.

As a warning to future adventurers, I will relate the first accidents that occurred to me on entering into this line of business; and that they may be spared from similar mishaps, it is my intention, without any quackery, to set up a Connubial Agency Office, for which my subsequent experience has fully qualified me.

Having been seven months in London, without forming any *liaison*, I came to the conclusion that I was losing time, and sinking in value every day of my life. Being precluded by circumstances from entering extensively into society, or spending much time in exploring or winning a lady's affections; and feeling nevertheless the great impelling motive, the *besoin d'aimer*, I resolved to shorten preliminaries, by stating my qualifications in the newspapers, and challenging the notice of female philogamists. Accordingly I inserted the following advertisement, taking care to underrate all my good qualities, in order to obviate disappointment after marriage.

MATRIMONY.—A middle-aged gentleman, [*I was but thirty,*] of agreeable person, [*I was five feet ten,*] and elegant manners, [*I had learned to waltz,*] with a respectable income, [*it was 200*l.* per annum, Jamaica currency,*] and large expectations, [*the good will of an unmarried aunt,*] desires to enter into a matrimonial correspondence with a lady of conformable age, income, manners, and disposition. Address, A. B. 1, Little Hoax Street.

I watched the day of insertion, and to leave no chance of success neglected, bought the *New Times*, and went the entire round of my limited acquaintance. At each house I pulled out that rare, and by no means vulgar paper, and cursorily pointed out the paragraph. This I did, charitably to promote the circulation of the journal, and to forward my own affair at the same time. In the evening too, I dropped in at my aunt's, the lady alluded to in the notice, at whose house I was privileged occasionally to sip tea without a formal invitation. Every thing happened here according to my wishes. I found a petticoat party assembled, and the conversation turning upon plum-cake; from this to wedding, the transition was but slight; and once there, my advertisement was easily dragged in, in a parenthesis, drawn by an *à propos*; as, "*à propos to weddings, have you seen the invitation to the unmarried ladies, in that very scarce and genteel paper the New Times?*" Not one of them seemed sensible of the existence of this most undefiled vehicle of news; so I produced it as a novelty from my pocket. Some laughed at the advertisement, and thought it a humbug; others said, if the address was real, the man must be a simpleton to fancy that he could get a good wife in that way; others affirmed, that no woman of any virtue or delicacy would present herself, and that he would probably get united to some abandoned creature, who would have the effrontery to accept such a public offer. Upon my conscience, I felt inclined to think so too, for there were some women of experience among them. Above the rest, my

good aunt, who had been reading Tremaine, alarmed me by the high-wrought delicacy of her sentiments. I left the company, almost persuaded that the old system was best; sighing deeply at the forlorn prospect I had of getting a wife by adhering to refinement. "Cruel creatures," cried I; "if their timidity must be approached with so much deference, how comes it to be so soon dispersed after marriage? Why in the very ceremony itself do they permit such a fuss? Well, positively, I am sorry that I did not slip in a caveat against gloves and favours; it would deter all who are fond of the ostentation of a wedding, and render my candidates more select." I slept very uneasily that night upon my solitary couch, and had a singular dream. I fancied myself a *pigeon*, upon whom some thoughtless urchin had fastened a pair of jackdaw wings, and whom he had flung into a poultry-yard, where I was nearly pecked to death. In the morning I had scarce arrived at my friend's lodging, which I had selected for a direction, when a two-penny postman knocked at the door. It was for A. B., and conceived in these terms:—

Sir,—Having casually heard of your advertisement this evening, I avail myself of the earliest opportunity to request, that you will enter into no definitive engagement, until you have heard further from the writer, whose person, manners, and circumstances, are exactly such as are comprehended in your description. A line to Y. Z. 2, Great Hurry St. will oblige.

Past midnight of Wed.

This *billet* excited much fluttering in my breast, and made me feel well inclined towards the dear creature, whoever she was, who had so expeditiously hastened to secure me to herself. I even felt flattered at her manifest anxiety, identifying myself so completely with my assumed initials, that I forgot that all the world had as good a right to them as myself, and consequently, that there was no particular condescension towards me. But I was yet a mere novice in this business. I returned Y. Z. thanks in good set phrases, and wasted not a few romantic aspirations after conjugal delights—concluding with—"Oh! that it were my lot to find that perfect love, ineffable desire, and confidence unbounded, in the arms of her, who has evinced such warmth of disposition and benevolent promptitude in replying to my wishes! Be assured, kind lady, as yours is the first application, I shall hold myself tied up from concluding any engagement until I hear further from you. I conjure you to be explicit; grant me an interview; and throw no unnecessary impediment between me and felicity.—P. S. I set my face against all parade, particularly favours."

In the fullness of my heart I opened my counsels to my friend, and tried to inspire him with a portion of the sanguine hopes that filled my own bosom. My warmth overcame some strong objections of his, and he consented to engross my letter for me, and it was sent off immediately. I then resumed my argument to make him a convert to my method; but its prospects of success, more than my reasons, had weight with him: for regularly as the postman went by, there came one or two letters for A. B.; so that we both agreed it would be hard, if I could not pick one good one out of so many bidders. Indeed I was determined to be very nice, seeing that chances rained so thick upon me—and such chances—there was scarce one of them, but had

all the desirable qualities which constitute an excellent wife ; fine person, beautiful voice, and fascinating accomplishments. Heavens ! thought I, how come so many plain, ill-tempered creatures, to get married, when such lovely beings as these want husbands. My friend, who sat at the window, remarked several ladies on the opposite side of the way, staring up at him ; some of whom passed up and down repeatedly. On reconnoitering from behind the blinds, I recognized most of the ladies, whom I had heard the evening before descanting upon the indelicacy of A. B.'s proceeding. It could be nothing but simple curiosity, I guessed, which could induce them to try and get a sight of the Advertiser ; for it never fell into my head to conceive, that any of them could be the inditers of the epistolary samples before me : their persons were so dissimilar to the portraitures drawn there.

I had now plenty of business on hand to answer my various correspondents. Some I treated very cavalierly. On finding that one lady had omitted all mention of her property, I returned this laconic answer : " N. E. G. No. 4, Tune St. need not apply further." Q. E. D. had nothing to say for her good looks, a plain demonstration that they could not be commended—she would not *do*. One had shown herself a little too inquisitive about my pecuniary affairs, and the establishment I meant to keep for her ; this smacked of worldliness, and I wrote, " L. S. D. will not answer." A fourth mentioned her jointure ; a fifth her three small children ; to both of whom I signified, " No widow need apply." In brief, I retained only the addresses of such as could sport a few superlatives—most agreeable—very charming—extremely well-bred—perfectly independent. These epithets to be sure were qualified with a " has been thought ;" but such modesty only made their descriptions of themselves the more alluring. Some were afraid that they were " too young and inexperienced, but hoped to render themselves amenable to the directions of a well-informed protector in A. B."

My friend was so enchanted with these autographical sketches, that he resolved upon advertising too ; but as I was proud of having made him a proselyte to my method, and moreover felt a strong partiality for him, I offered to share my present stock with him ; as the picture I had drawn of myself, would pass very well for a flattering likeness of him. He accepted the offer with much gratitude, and we sat down to divide our parcel. Of course I made a reserve of my dear Y. Z., and took first choice of the remainder. I culled out the picture of an exemplary wife in M. S., which might vie in eulogistical epithets with any epitaph in the Abbey, and in truth, as a piece of writing, it was worth much, though the composer herself should turn out to be worth nothing. I have no doubt but that I could dispose of it to-morrow, to any compiler of biographies or obituaries for the next deceased countess ; but I am reserving it as a dedication to some living example of conjugal virtues. My friend then chose L. E. L. for her exalted tenderness, and so we divided the female attributes, according to their transcendancy, between us.

In the course of the evening a second letter came from Y. Z., stating herself to be tall and well-made, with a much admired expression of

face ; a complexion, which, if not the most beautiful, would at least wear well ; bright blue eyes ; fine features ; nut-brown hair. In short, the face and person of my unknown were described with the accuracy of a French passport ; each feature separately so good, that it was impossible to suppose the *tout ensemble* could be any thing but exquisite. She was besides mistress of 400*l.* a year, quite at her own disposal, and the dear generous creature only required to know what my *future* expectations were, as she was willing to forego *present* affluence with a young man, whose prospects were such as I had described mine to be. I fell into such an ecstasy, that I could not afford a thought to any of the other fair applicants, whose letters were consigned unanswered to my pocket, while I replied in rapturous terms to my sweet Y.Z. I told her my present income was 200*l.* per annum, and that I was heir expectant to 800*l.* a year from a maiden aunt, who was too old to marry, and who was actually troubled with an asthma, which her doctor had assured me would, please God ! carry her off in six months. I concluded in my usual strain, imploring an interview as early as possible. To expedite matters, I sent a messenger with my letter to Great Hurry Street. All that night I dreamed of my unknown charmer, forming a thousand assemblages of blue eyes, brown ringlets, and *soupçon de blonde* complexion, sylph-like form, &c. ; each succeeding personification more enchanting than the former ; so that in the morning, all the romantic feelings were uppermost in my heart, and nothing but lover-like accents in my mouth. My friend somewhat dashed this agreeable delirium, by coming to inform me, that at ten the preceding night, a smart servant girl had inquired at his lodgings for A.B., and conceiving her to be a messenger from some of *his* customers, he had admitted her to an interview, and professed himself to be A.B. That then she told him, that she was sent by Y.Z. to say, that from the lateness of the hour she could not write, but would do so next day. " I guessed," continued my friend, " that she merely came as a spy, and endeavoured to pump her, by assuming to be the principal concerned. The name of your *Dulcinea* is Dorothea ; she is all that you can desire in face, figure, and fortune. Would that my first adventure in this lottery might turn out so good a prize !" This account, while it irritated my desires, excited my uneasiness : I began to be afraid of being disparaged by the report, which the maid would make of me to her mistress. My friend wanted two inches of my height, and, without vanity, was a very inadequate representative of my figure. I could not help telling him, that I was afraid he had *done* me. He replied, that the trick would not be discovered till all was concluded ; and insinuated, that I ought to feel myself happy, in having been personated by so clever and adroit a fellow as himself, for that he had won the maid's good graces. Here was consummate self-love for you !—It seems he had further encroached upon my privileges, by sending a loving salute by the maid to the mistress : but this is the danger of making love, as monarchs do, by proxy. On reaching Little Hoax Street, I found the greater part of the evil I apprehended, removed by a letter from Y.Z., stating that she was satisfied with my account, and would consent to an interview ; and naming the hour and place. I now con-

ceived a new alarm, mingled with jealousy, which was not a little promoted by the vaunts of my friend. It was evident that he had made a strong impression on the maid, which had been transmitted to the mistress, and had induced her to this speedy appointment; and I began to apprehend that she might prefer a short, dapper fellow, to a man of becoming stature. But I had not much time to dwell on these comparisons, for the rendezvous was at twelve, at the house of a milliner in Taytate Street. I had only two hours for the toilet, which passed in curling, dressing, and perfuming.

At length I turned out all in a flutter, scarce able to master my legs in a regular pace, and quite uncertain which side of the way to keep: but I gained the door at length, and gave a most aguish rap, of which I was heartily ashamed. I had just breath enough to inquire for a lady, Y. Z. "What name shall I announce?" demanded the servant. "A. B." said I, with a blush. "O fye! sir," said she, in an arch manner; "but I'll acquaint the lady." In a few moments she returned, telling me that Y. Z. was awaiting me in the back drawing-room. I handed her some loose silver, and begged a glass of water—brandy would have been more welcome, but then the smell! As soon as I had swallowed a mouthful, I ascended, and tapped at the room door. A gentle voice desired me to come in. Heavens! how it thrilled through my veins, and animated me all over! Entering briskly, I perceived a veiled lady, sitting on the sofa behind the door. Her face was modestly averted, but in return a slender ankle was rather prominently displayed, and a small hand, in white kid, drooped gracefully over the arm of the sofa. Could I do less than seize it passionately, and convey it to my lips, exclaiming, with a transport half-felt, half-feigned, "Fairest Dorothea, shall I not be blest with a sight of my angel's face?" Without answering my request, she started up, and prest both hands to her side, with a groan that chilled me; but I was well-nigh petrified when the form of my aunt Dorothy met my view. Though she had sunk back, half fainting, I was too bewildered to stir; nay, I secretly wished she might swoon away, to give me time to collect myself: but she had not come unprovided with scents and smelling-bottles, the use of which she prolonged, as well as her moans, till she had gathered a little reflexion. "Oh! Oh! you undutiful nephew! Oh! have I found you out?" were her first articulate expressions. "My dear aunt, we have found one another out; so the least said, is the soonest mended." "Oh! you mercenary wretch! to calculate upon my income, and to wish me dead in six months!" "My dear aunt, that was all flash and humbug, to take in Y. Z., whom I could never have imagined to be you, by your description." "Well, sir, and what was there misplaced in that description?" At this I gazed upon her, and strove hard to suppress a burst of laughter, as I ran over in my memory a catalogue of her charms: bright blue, for twinkling grey eyes; fine, for thin, pinched features; good wearing, for manufactured complexion; and nut-brown locks, for vendible fac similes to be had in any hair-dresser's shop: as for *tall* and *well made*, they were tolerably accurate, the one referring to a spare lathy figure, and the other to a well-padded pair of stays. Finding, therefore, that there was something to swear by

in her epithets, I made no bones of assuring her that they fitted, and became her very well; but it was the misstatement of her income that puzzled me. "Aye!" said she, "you men are so self-interested—you thought you had a good catch now; but know, that one-half of my income has been assigned over to a friend, and cannot be touched without my consent; and no husband on earth should have wormed that out of me." I was glad to hear this, and chimed in with the old lady, both as to the prudence of that step, and the means which she had taken to procure a partner to share the remainder. I acted with all the *bon hommie* imaginable, and insinuated, that as this rencontre had laid us open to one another, and might expose us to ridicule if divulged, it was best to be friends, and hush up matters. I promised to give her a clue, by which she might know my advertisements in future. I stretched my confidence still further, for I showed her, boastingly, the various letters I had received from my other applicants. She deliberately read that of M. S. through. "Why! this is the handwriting and signature of old Maud Scription, whom you heard declaiming at my house against matrimony. She is precisely the reverse, in every particular, of the picture drawn here; cross, fusty, pedantic, and ill-natured in spirit; yellow, wrinkled, and deformed in exterior." I found the rest of my budget nearly as bad, according to my aunt's testimony. P. A. and A. D. were the two Miss Annums, who gave themselves out for young heiresses, on the strength of not having attained their fortieth year, and enjoying life-annuities of a hundred a year each. N. B. was one of the B—e family, the same who had prophesied that none but abandoned women would deign to notice a matrimonial advertisement. She had been herself *talked of*, as my aunt emphatically whispered me, and could by no means be warranted sound in character. I was profuse in thanks to my aunt, and intreated her direction in future cases, offering my services to her in her little affairs of this nature. She did not exactly accept my proposal, but was so well pleased with my polite behaviour, that she promised to look out for a wife for me; and as I declared my reluctance to a protracted suit, whether in love or Chancery, she promised to stipulate for an immediate capitulation with any young lady whom she might approve. I then returned to my ally's, somewhat comforted for the loss of Y. Z. &c. &c. &c.

To my friend's inquiry I barely answered, that the lady would not have me, but that he might try his chance, and that I was privileged to introduce him. He was obliged to me, but just now he had a previous engagement on hand. F. P. had graciously consented to visit him that afternoon, and he momentarily expected her. I was still reading over the flaming announcement, which I took care not to undervalue to my friend, when a thundering rap announced the visitor. I was thrust into the back room, and desired to find my way down stairs, as soon as the lady entered. But I was too curious to find out whether Fortune had favoured him more than me, not to make the best use I could of eye and ear. I heard silks rustling into the room, and at that moment caught a view of Harry's face, through the key-hole. That I could but describe the air of dilemma and mortification which it exhibited! He seemed nailed to the floor, and kept snuffing with his pocket-handkerchief to conceal his confusion.

This sight, associated with my morning's adventure, was too much for my over-burdened spleen, and I sought relief in a loud, convulsing laugh, which must have rendered his situation still more distressing, but for the world I could not have refrained. When the first explosion was over, I heard the lady storming at my friend, for exposing her, and Harry protesting his innocence with so much *niaiserie*, that it brought on a second fit. My ecstasy was at its height, when bounce open flew the door, and the enraged lady, with flushed cheeks and flaming eyes, stood before me. "I beg pardon, madam; but ha! ha! ha! I beg pardon for he, he, he!—but only look at A. B. there, and you will ho, ho, ho!—Oh my sides, how they ache! You'd have laughed, Harry, at my sweet Y. Z., and now I cannot help laughing at your charming F. P.; upon my soul I cannot, madam—ha, ha, ha." The contagion had by this time spread to my friend's nerves, and he chuckled and apologised in a most diverting manner. Meanwhile the lady, bloated with rage and disappointment, vented herself in terms more spirited than genteel. She was one of your plump, red-faced Pomonas, who would have done credit to an apple-stall; she had been ripened by good fifty summers, and exhibited a most voluptuous contrast to my lean sallow friend. Her passion was quite exalted enough for tragedy, and would have produced a tolerable catastrophe had she found any weapons, or had we not sidled round the table, out of her reach, begging pardon at every step for our unavoidable mirth, and declaring ourselves sorry that she had given herself so much trouble in calling. At length, her vocabulary of abusives being exhausted, and she herself tired out with menacing vengeance, she retreated down stairs. When composed, I related my adventures with Y. Z., which furnished fresh fuel to our merriment. We agreed to manage our future interviews in a cleverer and more serious manner, forsooth, by each of us receiving the visits destined to the other, in the character of agent. By the contrivance of a small pane cut in the door, we might previously inspect the applicant; this might be concealed from view, by placing a table, with books and scientific apparatus, against the door. It has been so neatly effected, that the glass appears to belong to a camera-obscura, standing against the wall, and a thick curtain at the back of the door prevents the light from being transmitted. We gave meetings to all correspondents; but the difficulty of choice seems to have increased with the number. But though they do not suit our taste, we are convinced they would be quite acceptable to other men in search of wives. This has suggested to me the idea of opening a commission-room in the wholesale line, since joint-stock companies are out of fashion. To prevent all puffs and imposition, each customer shall produce a certificate of birth from the parish register; also a regular attestation, sworn before Sir Richard Birnie, that he or she is a proper character; besides a report, from the Lord Chancellor, that he or she has been tried in his court, and found to be of good temper and sane mind, and no bankrupt. The fees shall be regulated on a moderate scale; so much for advertising; so much for a peep; an interview, so much. Prospectuses shall be forthwith published, to be had of all booksellers and newsmen. Inquire, for cards, of the Union Insurance Office.

CÆLEBS, *Agt.*

THE EPIC AND THE ROMANTIC.

THIS is not intended to be a lecture upon comparative poetical anatomy; nor do we propose to measure the proportions of the epic and the romantic, by the foot-rule of Horace, or Boileau, or Castelvetro. All the world knows that an epic poem is the most beautiful, the most perfect, and the most sublime work, of which the human mind is capable; and all the world very discreetly regards it as a point of religion to be in ecstasies whenever the name of Homer or Virgil is mentioned. But ecstasies, however orthodox, are not always at command; and there are few more painfully laborious efforts, than that of working one's self into a fine frenzy of admiration for the occasion; so that we have sometimes thought it would be a mercy, if means could be devised, to relieve good people from the necessity of fevering themselves in their anxiety to maintain a character for classical taste. With this charitable end in view, we design, at a convenient season, to invent some sobriquet, or some disparaging phrase, for each of the heroic bards—something short and pithy, but not too definite in meaning, like "*Le clinquant de Tasse*;" which, aided by a damning shake of the head, and with nose upraised to the proper angle of contempt, might be drawled out with quite as much effect as could be produced by the most elaborate panegyric.

With regard to the romantic, the difference is, that no one considers himself under any obligation to admire it; and yet enjoy it we do, with an intensity of enjoyment as boundless as it is unforced. We luxuriate in it; we feast upon it in silence and in secrecy; we put it under our pillows; we curtail our twelve hours' natural rest, and wake up to read it; it supplants the very newspaper on our breakfast table. We speak not here of the modern mongrel romance, in which ghosts, charnel-houses, monks, inquisitors, and thumb-screws, in all their various combinations of horror, stir up the morbid imaginations of young damsels lounging on sofas; but of the genuine old chivalrous romance, which sings of—

Loves and ladies, knights and arms,
Of courtesies, and many a daring feat.

Metaphysicians explain our extravagant delight in these brilliant creations of the fancy by observing that the germ of romance is deeply rooted in our nature; and that in short we all romance, each according to the measure of his gifts. Sismondi sagaciously conjectures, that our pleasure arises from the utter impossibility of deriving any instruction from the romantic; a recommendation, by the bye, which, however strong, might perchance be sometimes found to apply to works in other branches of literature. Be this as it may, it is strange, that while there are directions without number for the composition of an epic poem, so that every school-boy knows all about unity and entirety, beginning, middle, and end, no chart has yet been laid down for the guidance of the romantic writer. We shall endeavour to supply a few hints upon the subject.

The first thing the author has to do, is to bespeak unlimited cre-

dence ; to insinuate that none but a dolt, or a vulgar fellow, could venture to disbelieve whatever he, in the plenitude of his pen, thinks fit to advance :—

Why then should *witlesse* man so much misweene,
That nothing is, but that which he hath seene ?

*Che'l volgo sciocco non gli vuol dar fede,
Se non le vede, e tocca chiare e piane.*

Having thus cleared the ground, the next step is to provide his characters. And here he will derive much assistance from Johnson's accurate description of the component parts of a drama. "To bring a lover, a lady, and a rival into the fable ; to entangle them in contradictory obligations, perplex them with oppositions of interest, and harass them with violence of desires inconsistent with each other ; to make them meet in rapture, and part in agony ; to fill their mouths with hyperbolical joy, and outrageous sorrow ; to distress them as nothing human ever was distressed ; to deliver them as nothing human ever was delivered, is the business, &c." The only improvement that can be suggested, in order to render this outline available to the romantic writer, is, that instead of one lover, one lady, and one rival, there should be a score of each at least ; for the peculiar merit of the genuine romance is, that it disdains unity ; it is as fond of pluralities as a parson.

The lovers should, generally speaking, be constant to their mistresses, until they are transfixed by brighter eyes. If, however, the author is daring enough to introduce a paragon of constancy, "true as the needle to the pole," poetic justice demands, that the paragon should go mad. And this he must do, whether his mistress repays his affection with kindness or ingratitude. For, as he of *La Mancha* says : "This is the point and refinement of the design : a knight, who turns madman, because he cannot help it, can claim no merit from his misfortune ; but the great matter is, to run distracted without cause."

But the delineation of madness is attended with no small difficulty, as well on account of the thousand varying shades of insanity itself, as of the dim evanescent line, which separates the madman from the transcendant genius. For example, when Orlando, that most classical of maniacs, offers his dead horse in exchange for a living one, and requires boot :—

Con qualche aggiunto il ronzin dar mi puoi—

There appears nothing very mad in the request ; seeing that persons who are acknowledged to have their wits about them, are constantly in the habit of selling and exchanging horses as good as dead. The only part of the transaction that borders upon insanity, is the candour with which he acknowledges the single defect of an animal, unexceptionable, as it would appear, in every other respect. The safest course therefore is to follow precedent. It would not appear to be of much consequence, whether the lunatic upon the first access strips off his armour, as Orlando did ; his breeches, as *Don Quixote* did ; or his boots, according to the example of *Bombastes*. He is bound, however, to travel naked right a-head, like a mad dog, without declining to the right, or to the left, "from one to other Ynd ;"

swimming seas; tearing up forests by the roots; destroying man and beast; sacking cities by way of a melancholy, gentleman-like recreation; kicking donkeys to such a height, that they appear like birds in the air; feeding on bears and wild boars—not Westphalian hams—but wild boars raw, with their hides on:—

E di lor carne, con tutta la spoglia,
Più volte il ventré empì con fiera voglia.

These are the general outlines, which may be filled up, *ad libitum*, with frantic extravagancies.

As it may be necessary at the conclusion of the work to cure the madman, a few words as to the mode of effecting this.—Great writers are at variance respecting the treatment of Orlando. Ariosto, following that most veridical of chroniclers, Turpin, “che mai non mente,” relates, that the Paladin’s loving friends ducked him well in the sea:—

Lo fa lavare Astolfo sette volte,
E sette volte sotto acqua l’attuffa;—

whence, no doubt, is derived the modern practice in cases of hydrophobia; and that then Astolfo presented to the nostrils of the well-soused Paladin, a smelling-bottle, or snuff-box, containing his wits, for which, the said Astolfo had had the kindness to travel to the moon on a hippogriff. Fortiguerra, on the contrary, insists that Orlando underwent the merciful discipline of our private mad-houses—a good drubbing every hour, spare diet, and abundance of water:—

Cinquante bastonate a ciascun’ora
Gli davano i *pietosi* Paladini,
E pane asciutto, ed acqua della gora;
E ritornaro Orlando in sanitate
Molta acqua, poco pane, e bastonate.

We are bound to confess, that highly as we approve of the ducking, the latter part of Ariosto’s cure appears to us somewhat far-fetched, like the whale in Scott’s “Pirate;” and that considering the decay of the breed of hippogriffs, and the very remote chance of a renewal of our communication with the moon by means of balloons, we are inclined to give the preference to Fortiguerra’s prescription; perfectly agreeing with him, that nothing has such miraculous power in bringing people to their senses, as fasting and blows.

Ma il mangiar poco, e il molto bastonare,
E l’unguistara sì miracolosa,
Che fa tornare il senno ad agni cosa.

It is scarcely necessary to observe, that the lovers should be fierce fiery warriors, breathing death and defiance. A suit of Hector’s or the fifth Harry’s armour; the breast-plate of Solomon; a sword tempered by David, that will slice rocks as easily as a cheese-paring; a diamond shield like that possessed by Spenser’s Prince Arthure:—

Men into stones therewith he could transmew;
And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all.

A steed “Whose rapidity the lightning even envies,” or like unto that of Hudibras—

That beat, at least three lengths, the wind.

These are every-day matters, which will naturally occur to the poet's mind. "Impenetrable armour," says Hobbes, "enchanted castles, invulnerable bodies, iron men, flying horses, and other such things, are easily feigned by them that dare." We only mention them, because they may be serviceable, when the hero faces an army singly, which he will do upon an average once a week. "In those days," observes the unaffected biographer of the illustrious Antar, "there were knights who could encounter a thousand, and even two thousand, of the most obstinate horsemen; having always the advantage, and ever unhurt." On these occasions he will take heads from their shoulders, as he would pluck apples:—

——— Del capo lo scema,
Con la facilità che terria alcuno
Dal arbor pome.

Ariosto, with a degree of modesty—an amiable dread of offending the most incredulous ears—insinuates, that *perhaps* the force of an earthquake might have equalled the force of Rogero:

Forse il tremuoto le sarebbe uguale.

There are some exploits in that pattern of romances, "Antar," which are worthy of the consideration of the romantic writer, as well on account of the simple style in which they are narrated, as because they are no vulgar, common-place feats. The following may serve as a specimen: "He raised her up in his hand like a sparrow in the claws of a devouring hawk; and as he dashed her violently to the ground, *her length nearly entered into her breadth*."....."He cleft his vizor and wadding, and his sword *played away* between the eyes, passing through his shoulders down to the back of the horse, even to the ground; and he and his horse made four pieces; and to the strictest observer it would appear that he had divided them with scales." This has been imitated by Ariosto:—

E gli nomini fendea fin sul cavallo;
E li mandava in parti uguali al prato,
Tanto dall' un, quanto dall' altro lato.

And by Fortiguerra.—

E lo divide in due veracemente.
Parte il cavallo, e ficca nel terreno
La spada dieci palmi, o poco meno.

"He wrested a horseman from the back of his horse; he raised him in his hand like a pole; and whirling him round as a sling, he struck a second with him down; he precipitated the two, and made them drink of the cup of death:"—which exploit also has served as a model to the romantic writers of Europe.

Among the rest he takes one by his heele,
And with his head knocks out another's brain,
Which caused both of them such paine to feele
As till doom's-day they never shall complaine.*

"Where he struck he cleaved asunder, and where he pierced, he annihilated; and when he shouted at the horses, their feet shook

* Sir John Harrington's translation of the Orlando Furioso.

with horror; and when the warriors crowded upon him, he severed their skulls." "In horror and fear of me," says Sudam, "even the wild beasts of the waste shrink into the obscurity of caverns; and were Death a substance, *I would steep his right hand in the blood of his left.*"

It were needless to remind the romantic writer that he must be provided with "Store of ladies, whose bright eyes rain influence;" they are the very spice of romance. Nor need he be embarrassed as to the manner and place of their introduction. A hero meets them at every turn; by sea, by land, on the tops of mountains, in subterraneous caverns, in the lairs of wild beasts.

——— Che nei valloni,
Nelle scure spelonche e boschi fieri,
Tane di serpi, d' orsi, e di leoni,
Trovavan quel che nei palazzi altieri
Appena or trovar pon giudici buoni;
Donne ch  nella lor pi  fresca etade
Sien degne di aver titol di beltade.

—Indian princesses, of course; wandering in various climes, without the slightest imputation on their fair fame. Of kings also he may have as many as will serve his purpose, without even the aid of poetic licence; as is testified by the authentic chronicles of Ireland. Dr. Hanmer informs us, that at the battle of Garrestown, four Irish kings, and twenty-five sons of kings, were slain; and as the Irish were the victors, it is to be presumed, that this number bore but a small proportion to the royal brood that appeared in the field.

A romance without a battle, would be a stranger monster than any that was ever concocted in the busy brain of romancier.

The battles of the epic poets are, notwithstanding the cunning dissection of bodies, the rattling of armour, and the talking as well as neighing of horses, but tame proceedings.—The only description that can be borrowed from them is the single line in Homer, which has been thus diluted by Pope:—

Through the black horrors of th'ensanguin'd plain,
Through dust, through blood, or arms and hills of slain.

But what can exceed the boldness and inspiring energy of the following imagery from "Antar?"

"Every horseman roared in terrors, and the King of death *dispatched his messengers to grasp lives*. Every sharp sword continued its blows, till the heart and mind were bewildered, and the earth rocked under the weight of the armies."....."The armies were thronged together, and the flame of war blazed. Necks were cleft by the sword;—armour was clotted with gore—*hope itself became despair*. Chests were pierced with the spear; and souls fled from bodies; hands and arms were torn asunder, *heads flew off like balls, and hands like leaves of trees*. The blades and lances played a tune, and the dancers moved to the clash of the edged sword. The cups of death passed round with *wine of the liquor of perils*."....."They bellowed like the roar of lions, and their feet pounded the stones and the rocks whilst they wrestled and struggled;

Nov. 1826.

Y

and the sweat poured down their bodies like the froth of cauldrons, and their feet stamped up furrows like graves. Their deeds would have turned infants grey."....."The dust arose and thickened—the horses' feet played with the skulls as if with balls—and all that were present that day, wished they had never been born, had never stirred, and had never moved on the earth. A combat took place, that sickened the eyeballs, and amazed the stoutest hearts. The sea of death waved and rolled its stormy surge. The complexions and constitutions of all were convulsed: shame fell upon the coward, and the brave were painted with crimson gore. Lords became slaves, and the desert and rocks were agitated." The rest of the machinery of the romance will consist of hurricanes,—"*la solita tempesta*,"—of "forests and enchantments drear;"—fastidious sea-monsters, glutting their appetites with the delicate limbs of beauteous virgins; dragons, from the wounds of which will issue

"A gushing river of black gory blood,
The streame of which would drive a water mill;"

Fatte le arene son sì sanguinose.
Che una barchetta sopra vi può ire;—

whales, compared with which those of the north seas would shrink into minnows—which may readily be mistaken for islands—

Basti di dir, che spesso là riesce
Equivocar tra un'isola ed un pesce.

Then there will be palaces of steel, of rock-crystal, of touch-stone, of silver and of gold; splendid robes:—tourneys, marriages, and pomp, and feast, and revelry. At Antar's wedding banquet there were slaughtered twenty thousand he camels; twenty thousand she camels; twenty thousand sheep; and twenty thousand goats, and a thousand lions. And such was the dazzling brilliancy of the scene, that "the sun shone with reflected rays." The whole will be seasoned with the requisite number of heart-rending scenes; of melting meetings, and agonizing adieus; of dire discoveries and unlooked for recognitions. A few words with respect to the latter. The family eclaireissement in the "*Critic*," concluding with—"these are all thy near relations," has been justly considered a masterpiece in its kind.

There is indeed in it an unadorned simplicity; a plain natural energy, the very soul of pathos, which is altogether captivating. But high as are its merits, it cannot compete with a scene in the *Arabian Nights*, the beauty of which has never been justly appreciated, and which we strongly recommend to the study of the romantic poet.

It is the scene where the widow of the Vizier Nouredin Ali discovers her son by the affecting incident of a cheese-cake: "She broke off a piece to taste it, but it had scarcely touched her lips, when she uttered a loud cry and fainted away.—As soon as she was recovered from her fainting, 'Oh God!' cried she, 'it must have been my son, my dear son Bedreddin, who made this cake.'"

The violence of our emotion must be an apology for so abrupt a conclusion.—

TRUEMAINE.

MAN WITHOUT REFINEMENT. 1820—6.

CHAP. X.

I WAS sitting upon a bench in the side alley of Kensington-gardens, digesting the ungracious answer of his lordship, when two ladies approached the cypress alcove, in the height of wordy contention. "You shall go back," said one, with emphasis. "I will not," answered the other convulsively. They started on finding the small recess tenanted, and hesitated to advance or retreat; but the weak state of the younger of them rendered it absolutely necessary that she should repose herself. Struck with her face and form, for an instant I forgot what politeness required of me, and did nothing but gaze upon the beautiful creature. While I was yet absorbed, she made a motion to gain the seat, apparently unable to utter her wish, or to struggle against the efforts of her companion to force her onwards. I now rose, and glancing at the countenance of the elder lady, which seemed the vehicle of bad passions, was about to retire, when a look—of entreaty, I thought—from her lovely companion, detained me. It immediately struck me that instinct had directed that look, and that this was some poor sufferer, who dreaded being left alone with her oppressor, in moments when nature was about to withdraw her support. "Madam," exclaimed I, "the young lady is fainting." "No, sir," answered she, gruffly, "it is nothing but gammon—forward, you hussy!" "She must not go," resolutely cried I, "in that weak state." As I said this, she reeled, and fell into my arms. I placed her on the seat, and looked at her conductor, to ascertain whether she meant to do any thing for the relief of her charge, being utterly inexperienced myself, and shackled by that degree of conscious awkwardness which a stranger to women naturally feels in the like predicament. I was afraid that I had gone too far already; for never before, since my mother clasped me in her embrace, had the form of woman pressed mine, a rude outcast as I had been from female society!

She whom my look appealed to, seemed as much overcome by terror and surprise as myself. She contrived, however, to undo the lady's bonnet, and to fan her with it, ejaculating all the while, "Who'd have thought it? What's to be done?" and directing me to fan the reclining beauty, while she undid her dress, a task which she set about as unconcernedly as if no male person were by. But whatever unfavourable notions it excited of her delicacy, compassion for the object of our cares made me heedless of other considerations. Though all that either of us suggested in the way of chafing and loosening had been done, she seemed as distant as ever from recovery. At length we thought of water as the sole resource, and I was entreated to fetch some from the pond. I hastened thither, not sorry to be discharged from an office, in which I would have been shocked at being detected by the patient on her revival. As I neared the recess, with a hat half full of water, I heard the voices of two persons, and hesitated whether it was right to approach. During a moment or two of

reflection, I distinctly caught the words, "You have brought me to this, you wretch! Go and tell him I will die rather than see him again. I hate him and you; leave me. Oh! that I had any one to fly to!" and then followed a burst of crying. "Hush! hush!" returned the other voice, soothingly, "the gentleman will hear you." "What do I care?" exclaimed the first speaker; "I'll tell him all—I'll tell the whole world." Urged on by various feelings, I now advanced hastily to the bower. The beautiful girl sat dishevelled and disarranged, tears streaming down her bosom. My own blushes first recalled her to a sense of its exposure, and she hastened to veil it from my eyes, pettishly rejecting the officiousness of the elder female. This last now turned round to me with a load of thanks, and hints that my services were no longer desired; all of which I made light of, telling her that I would wait to see if I could be of any use, "But your hat will get spoiled," said she. "By no means; it is water-proof." "But you'll catch cold!" "By no means; I am amphibious." "Well then, sir," murmured she, "my niece is ashamed while you are by; be so good as to leave us alone." "If my presence is disagreeable to the young lady," said I, aloud, "I shall immediately retire." I could not comprehend the effort that she made to answer, it was so indistinct with sobs, and began to think that what I had overheard had been used as a mere childish threat to her guardian. As a last expedient, I pushed before the old woman, and addressed the young one directly,—“You seem very unhappy, madam; can I be of service in seeing you home, or at least to your carriage?” She raised her eye, glistening with a film, and scrutinized me an instant—“That is, if you have a carriage waiting—or a home”—added I, hesitatingly. “I have neither,” sobbed she, bitterly. “Come, miss,” interrupted the old woman authoritatively. “It is time, sir, for my niece to return home; there are coaches enough at the gate.” “I am no niece of yours, you detestable creature,” answered the young woman with spirit, “and will never return back again with you.” “I will let you know that you shall,” replied the ancient spit-fire. “Up! this moment, or I’ll—” “You shall do nothing violent while I am present;” pretty well assured, by this time, of the quality of her matronhood. “Sha’n’t I?” vociferated she; “you shall see. Out of my way! or I’ll have your eyes out.” “Softly, good dame!” rejoined I, “I am no such simpleton as you take me for. If you have a rightful claim to this young lady, I am not going to interfere with it: all I said was, and I repeat it, you shall do no violence to her in my presence. If your intentions are just, you need not speak so harshly; I dare say the young lady will be amenable to persuasion.” “To be sure, she ought,” answered she, softened; “and you seems to be a gentleman, that knows the world. I shall be glad to have your company home with us. We keeps a very genteel house near hand. Mayhap you’ll join me in persuading miss to return, and you shall—” “I see,” said I, reddening at her offer; “but would I not have a better chance of prevailing, if you removed to a little distance? Leave me but ten minutes alone with her, and we’ll see what can be done.”

She demurred a little; but at length, after many injunctions, and vile propositions, she retreated. “I have but ten minutes,” said I to

my still weeping companion, "to converse with you. That base woman has explained your situation to me; and I can believe you are the victim of her tyranny. Speak what can be done to relieve you from it?" Her sobs seemed to choak her utterance. "The time wears away," continued I: "your oppressor will be back immediately. Can you devise nothing to render your situation less wretched? Can I inform your friends—intercede with them?" "I have none," said she. "Will this purse, with its poor contents, be of service to you? Be not afraid to take it; I ask no requital. I would not buy your love, with all your charms. Come, accept it, and deal freely with me; my advice may avail you. Who is he to whom you dread to return?" She shuddered. "Your seducer?" She assented. "Has he sold you to this wretch?"—another assent. "She has given me the option of going home with you; do you give me leave?" "No!" said she, releasing the purse that I had pressed into her hand, and darting a fierce look at me. "You need not join in teasing me to return." "Far from being in league with your enemy," said I, "'twas but to sound your inclination that I asked. Refuse not this trifle, as it may enable you to cscape from the villanous hag."

"Will it so?" demanded the fury, who had crept softly within hearing, and now burst upon us blue with rage—"Will it so, you traitor? Begone! or I'll punish you, for seducing away my girl."

"Yours? infamous wretch!—and by what title yours?" "By the best of titles; I bought her, fed her, have clothed her, and every stitch on her is mine. Let me see who dare touch my property?"

"Polluted creature! do not you dread the law?"

"Tut, tut, let them indict me; I have lawyers enough to defend me; and if you don't be off, I'll get them to serve you out."

"I defy you and them; and in spite of both, will get this young woman out of your clutches," retorted I, in proper knight-errant style.

"Oh! will you indeed?" exclaimed the object of this vaunt; "I'll be your servant—your slave—your creature till death."

This animation excited my sympathy, while I was sensible of all the rashness of my declaration, which, in truth, was rather meant to daunt the old villain, than to hold out a protection that it was not in my power to afford.

"You would, but you dare not," sneered old purple-face; "you dare not offend Lord Champetre and Colonel Standfire, to whom she is engaged."

"They! the puny libertines! I'd eat up a dozen such. Go bring them here; I'll make them resign her to your face."

"I have noblemen and gentlemen enough to protect me; and if you don't be gone, I'll have you trounced," spoke my opponent.

"Bring them here! Let me see the man of them that will prevent my carrying off this lady, if she wish it."

"Indeed, I do," cried she; "and shall ever be grateful to you, sir."

"Decamp then, thou old bawd!" exclaimed I, elevated to the proper pitch, by the cling of this distressed damsel to my arm—

"Decamp, or I'll do thee a mischief."

But the greater inclination to do mischief seemed to be on her side; she ran at me furiously, and with a grasp, intended for my nose, tore my collar clean off. In return, I caught her arm, and gave it a

scientific wrench that caused her to squeak out. "Oh! you coward! you monster! You have broken my arm; you have twisted it out of the socket—Oh! murder! I will call for help!" and she slunk back with pain, not intending to execute her threat in the least. I had enough to do to rescue my hat entire, from her feet and hands. I seized it, however, before the water was entirely spilt, and jerked it in her face. "Take that," said I, "it will cool your passion; and now go home and dry yourself. If you give me the least opposition, I will call up the park-keepers, and deliver you to them as an improper character."

"I'll stick by you, and dog you wherever you go, you robber," returned she. "Swinge me, but you'll suffer for this, if I once catch you in the street."

I began to be alarmed, lest she should keep her word, and track us; therefore, though my *protégée* seemed anxious to get away, I dreaded leaving the park, and encountering a rabble in the road. We stood mutually defying and abusing each other, while the chattering of the teeth of my poor ally reminded me of the unfitness of this situation for one so indisposed as she had been. One time I thought of settling the old woman by a stunning blow and running off while she was insensible; but no argument of convenience could overcome the instinct that rendered such a step revolting to me. At another time, I thought of committing her to the rangers; but the doubt was, would they meddle with her; or might they not detain us all, and give publicity to the whole adventure. I had formed and renounced a hundred plans, when two gentlemen appeared at the top of the walk, and I instantly determined on seeking their assistance. When they had approached, I moved hastily up to them, and begged their aid in detaining the old woman until I had got away with the young one, stating the case as one of choice on the part of the latter. They were astonished at the oddness of the request, but did not absolutely decline, until they should have examined the parties, which was very equitable. Here a fresh dilemma occurred. "Had you not better manage the old fury," whispered one, "while we convey the young lady to any place appointed?" I studied the proposition for a few moments, during which poverty, prudence, and virtue, said yes; while an unknown but powerful pleader at the bottom of my heart, said no. I knew what the proposer meant by undertaking such a trust, but still I must not appear to see through it.

"If the young woman consent, I cannot have the smallest difficulty in complying."

"—because, you perceive," continued he, in the same low finical tone, "you have already intimidated the old Hecate, and she stands in awe of you, if violence be required; but I trust a little deceit will do. Not that I have the smallest fear or compunction in obeying you—but then—where would you like the lady to be taken?"

"We have not inquired yet," quoth I, "whether it be agreeable to her to put herself under your protection, though I have not the smallest doubt of your honourable intentions."—I had thought; but if the coin was bad, it was borrowed from him.—"Aye, true! I'll speak to her aside," quoth he, "that the old devil may not hear, and I'll report her answer to you."

He'll outdo me, thought I; but let him try. He went up to her, and whispered her, as she afterwards informed me, in this strain—"My dear madam! that fellow is a mere scrub, as you may observe; unfit to yield you protection—and he consents to give you up to me. Come with me then, my sweet girl, and I will keep you in ease and splendour all your days."

"She shall not," interrupted the old eaves-dropper, who had broken off her narrative to his companion, in order to hearken. "She shall not go with you, nor with any one, for she is mine—my girl—and whoever sees her home, shall have her this blessed night."

The gentlemen looked at each other, and then at me, as much as to say, "that is the best thing we can do; let us never mind *him*."

"I do not mean to control her," exclaimed I; "but against her will she shall go with no one here."

"With you, sir, if you allow me; and with none else will I go," asserted she.

"That being the case, sirs," said I, "it is neither honourable nor safe for you to interfere, unless as required; if disinclined, why then go your ways." They conferred a moment, and I saw there was a contest between them, on which I drew cards from my pocket, and presented, but without hostility, one to each, saying, "they would find they had to deal with a gentleman, who knew how to make a proper return for their services."

"We by no means seek to frustrate your intentions," said the little courtier, who had addressed me; "but might we inquire of what nature they are towards this lady?"

"I should find it difficult to specify—merely, I presume, to afford her immediate protection from this savage."

"If that be the case," rejoined the smooth little personage, handing me a card, "might I beg that you will give me notice when you are inclined to transfer her to the charge of another?"

I could have kicked him for his honourable commission, but restrained myself, in hopes of obtaining an immediate auxiliary. "You may give her your address," observed I, "and put it in her power to intimate what she pleases to you."

"Well then," assented he, pulling me aside, "my tutor and I will detain the old hag, after I have explained a few words to the lady." The tutor had, in the mean time, very serviceably detached the old lady, and pacified her by some artful representations. "Now then, mother abbess," said the young gentleman, after having finished his ineffectual advances,—“Now then, my friend and I will go home, and have a roistering evening of it at your house; never mind those bad ones, let them go about their business.”

"You have my warmest thanks, gentlemen," offering my arm to the shivering fair, who eagerly clung to it; "I shall find a way of repaying the obligation."

"Unhand me, villains!" roared out the Jezebel, lustily, while they each seized an arm of her's, and drowned her accents in boisterous laughter. "A handkerchief to her mouth, my friends, and her arms over the back of the seat, so—farewell! Come, lean on me, sweet, and fear not. How shall I call thee, my fair prize?"

"Olivia," said she; "let us hasten by the Bayswater side, in a con-

trary direction to her house. Oh! am I out of her power once, and shall I fall into it again for want of strength?"

"Not if you avail yourself of mine;" and I bore her slender form along, almost poised upon my arm. We passed the gate, and continued to fly along the road with nearly the same precipitation. At first, my exultation was too great to allow me to utter more than exclamations of pleasure; but when I felt the throbbing of her heart against my frame, I was lost in a whirl of novel sensations. As her forces declined, and they were failing fast, anxiety usurped the place of all other emotions. She had relinquished all attempts at progression, and passively permitted her whole frame to lean upon me, but still any motion was too much for her, and she cried out faintly, "Stop, I cannot go further: what shall we do?"—That simple question dispersed all my airy transports. I had scarce put it to myself, nor once thought what I was about; into what connection I had entangled myself; how I was to dispose of her. And now that it was suggested, a host of evil anticipations rushed into the place of my fading passions. I saw vice, misery, and want before her, and communicating their contagion to me. There was an alternative indeed—to rid myself of my incumbrance before she acquired claims upon my affection and support. Alas! she had already the strong claim of the desolate, which, added to the empire of her charms, were too much for the suggestions of prudence. Fallen angel as she is, thought I, she may have been thrown providentially in my path for her retrieval; and of all the sisterhood of women, she is the first from whom I am likely to obtain any return beyond the cold formalities of general society. Though the outworks of virtue have been broken down, the fortress may be defensible still; for have I aught but an obscure notion of her worthlessness, while the display of feeling that I have witnessed is a clear voucher of better qualities than the guilty usually get credit for?

"You shall remain where you are," replied I, at length, "until a coach arrives: this little boy, for some trifle, will fetch one." I claimed back my purse from her, and despatched the messenger. She gave me a grateful look, and exclaimed, "How could you leave yourself so unprovided on my account?"

The coach reached us about sun-set, while we still lingered nearly in the same place. "Where shall I drive to?" inquired the coachman. I looked at my companion for an answer, but she only lowered her eyes. "To Hyde-park gate," answered I, until we should have settled that point more definitively. "You shall remain at an hotel to-night," said I, "and to-morrow go into lodgings, which I will provide." She took my hand and pressed it in speechless thanks. "While I have the power, you shall not be reduced to infamous subsistence." She shook her head mournfully. "You think my protection includes the same thing, but you may be free. All-charming as you are, I will never make your love the price of my paltry services." "I did not doubt your goodness," said she, "but can I overcharge it so; might I not procure work and support myself?" "Well, be it so; it is an honest purpose, and may save you from utter ruin; only promise to use me on every emergency as a friend, till you can provide for yourself." She gave another pressure, and I read in her eyes her tearful

gratitude. I endeavoured to animate her by recalling her fortunate escape, and tracing prospects of future comfort, and succeeded in calling up a smile upon her pale cheek ; but I studiously suppressed all freedoms, lest they should appear an outrage on misfortune, and a violation of those disinterested sentiments which I professed ; not without hopes, however, that the delicacy of such forbearance would weigh more in my favour than any exhibitions of transport. We stopped at an hotel in that part of the town ; and mine host, or his deputy, not without some silent demur, admitted us to a sitting-room. I silenced his scruples by ordering dinner, and making an unusual fuss about his wines, the vintage of which he could not explain to my satisfaction ; so I contented myself with desiring him to bring a pint-bottle of pale sherry, and be sure it were the true Andalusian wine. To which he replied, " Yes, sir, certainly, we have no other but the Delusion wine in the house." " And, hark you, send up the chambermaid to show this lady to a bed-room for the night—mind the Delusion." I told Olivia with a blush, that, to save appearances, she must treat me with as much familiarity as if we were man and wife, and then consigned her to the female attendant. On her return we sat down to dinner, dismissing the running gentry as soon as possible, and enjoying ourselves as cheerfully as could be expected from her retrospections, and my anxieties for the future. I found her full of vivacity as well as sensibility, and with a degree of culture that astonished me for one of her condition ; but she explained it to me in her simple but extraordinary story.

Her seduction had been planned while she was but eight years old, at which time her surviving parent died, leaving her and a very small property in the trust of a guardian, whom the testator fixed on for his tenderness of disposition. This person took her from school shortly after, and brought her up under his eye, as she verily believed, with a view of making her his *chère amie* under the name of wife. He selected a particular course of instruction for her, tending to awaken feeling at the expense of understanding, for he was a voluptuary in sentiment as well as in passion, and desired that she should supply food to his tenderness as well as to his pleasures. The French novelists chiefly composed his library, from whom he always selected lessons for her study ; and was in the habit of reading to her, with tears in his eyes, the affecting passages of love-tales, before she could comprehend whence such intensity of feeling arose. She loved him habitually, as a child would love a governess who was gentle, and whose cares replaced those of a mother. As for him, he descended even to the regulation of her dress, and the order of her person. No office seemed unbecoming to him, to create for himself an *unique* sort of a wife, uncorrupted by feminine sophistications. He retained but one elderly female in the house, who did the menial offices, while all the neater and more skilful branches of domestic management were consigned to his ward, he himself directing her with epicurean nicety. Custom had reconciled her to this lonely life, or rather she had never known any greater pleasures than in fulfilling its duties ; and the only change she anticipated was, in transferring her attentions to the house of some Emilius or St. Preux, when he should arrive ; an event that did not press much upon her patience, because she had never felt the shock of

any of those budding passions, unfolded in society. She was already seventeen before she began to feel shame at the caresses which her tutor lavished upon her in his mawkish moments of sensibility, and one day very simply asked him what pleasure he could have in such foolery. The old satyr grinned libidiously, and answered, that it was high time to teach her. He then entered upon certain explanations of his views with respect to her, which were utterly as yet incomprehensible to her, and he was obliged to put Crebillon and other authors into her hands to assist her natural sagacity; for, though she knew from books what sentimental love was, she had been carefully kept from the knowledge of such a passion as lust. She was not long in forming an idea of it, however, and in interpreting, by its means, all that was inexplicable in her good old guardian; but, far from feeling a reciprocal excitement, she conceived absolute disgust for the first time in her life towards him. He was so different from the being her imagination had conjured up in secret as the object of her love, that his pathetic recitations had always appeared to her a mere excess of sympathy for others, and no ways indicative of any lurking inclination in his bosom; else, she would probably long before have become aware of the new passion now revealed to her, and have repulsed its developments as energetically as she would have rejected the pulings of his love. Her discovery formed a sudden revolution in their way of life: she could no longer submit to his reading or caresses, and he, in proportion as she withdrew her concurrence from his fantastical plan, became morose and imperious. He wept and raved by turns, till she was obliged to shun his society, become dangerous by the frenzy of disappointment. She still tended her daily occupations, and plied her household affairs with meekness, degraded now to the rank of a servant, and reproached with ingratitude and dependence. At length, when he thought her spirit humbled, he proposed marriage to her; offered to keep a coach for her; to take her into the world—all that could influence female ambition; but all these weighed lightly with her against natural aversion to such a mate, and she decidedly refused his offers. As his tenderness was vice, his severity was wantonness. He locked her up in solitary confinement; withheld books, clothes, and even food for trying periods, from her; and only released her, after many unmanly attempts, that she might wait upon him in a severe fit of illness, brought on by frantic agitation. She nursed him affectionately during a long sickness, throughout which he wrung her heart, by laying his death, as he expressed it, at her door. About the period of his crisis, his nephew was admitted to take leave of him, and formally reconciled, (after having been disinherited for his profligacy,) because, as the uncle said, his murderess should gain nothing by his death. This stranger saw Olivia, and became enamoured of her person. He condoled with her upon the old man's proceedings, and his dying bitterness; and mixed sympathy so adroitly with feigned passion, that she believed his affection, particularly as he began where the uncle had ended, by offering marriage, according to her idea of it. Her idea of it was, that it was a voluntary contract, to live together in love and constancy; for her guardian had never once mentioned a civil or religious obligation. As she felt for the young man something undefinable, a timid bashfulness, per-

haps, which the old one had not inspired, she conceived it to be love, and consented to become his wife. He would scarce defer making her *his*, as he termed it, while the uncle was still in the agonies of death; but nothing could persuade *her* to comply while her protector, harsh as he had been, required her attendance; nor after his death, while the memory of his former kindness overcame her with grief. As he renewed his solicitations one day very earnestly, she had no plea left, but to desire him to fix the time for the ceremony, having heard by the freer intercourse occasioned by the death of the solitary, that marriage was a solemnity. He paused a moment, and then artfully drew from her the extent of her information, which was, that the parties went to church together and were married. "Well," said he, "though that step does not make it more binding in my sight, still, if you insist upon it, we will go through that ceremony to-morrow." As there were none but his creatures about her, she remained undeceived, and the day following attended service, for the first time, in her life, that she recollected. There they interchanged whispered vows of love and constancy, and he carried the mockery so far as to put the ring upon her finger, and to proclaim her to his household as his wife. The reprobate had not long enjoyed his triumph, when satiety and libertinism induced him to invite, one after another, a set of abandoned women to his house, which became at last a den of infamy. Olivia soon learnt from these visitors how she had been deluded; and on reproaching her deceiver, was openly laughed at, and her artlessness made the sport of his whole harem. As she was unsuspecting of the consequences of her ruin, she forgave him as often as he repented of his infidelities and dismissed her rivals, towards whom she felt rather jealousy than disgust. But his inconstancies were too numerous not to alienate her entirely from him, especially when she found herself a prey to his debaucheries. When he had rendered her an unfit object of his pleasures, he used every art to reduce her to the most abject condition of female degradation. Nothing but disease saved her from the pollution of his low and infamous colleagues in vice. At length, finding her far gone in pregnancy, and believing her incurably infected, he made a stipulation with the owner of a notorious house to take her off his hands. She was transferred to London, under pretence of medical aid, and there happily restored, by proper treatment, to perfect health. In the meantime she became the object of several bargains, which were only postponed until her delivery should have taken place; previous to which she was treated with amazing kindness by the mistress of the house and her visitors. But the scenes which she witnessed there were of the most revolting kind; and had she not been in the most helpless condition, she would have fled from them. At length, the design with which she was kept there was unfolded to her by her companions in misery, and it determined her to fly with her infant as soon as she should be able to move, and seek an asylum any where rather than remain. Heaven spared her the burden of a living child, but not the anguish of a mother at its loss. She was no sooner able to walk than she made an attempt to abscond, which was frustrated by the accident of meeting with a frequenter of the house, who put her into a hackney-coach under pretence of taking her to his house, but only carried her to a brothel, when he pressed her to con-

sent to his desires. As she resolutely refused his dazzling offers, illness and apprehension supplying strength to her virtue, he treacherously drove her back to her former abode. From that hour, constraint was used with her, until she appeared to conform to their views. She was obliged to use deception, the last resource of the feeble, and to obtain, through the intercession of one of her destined paramours, a month's reprieve to recover strength, at the termination of which time she promised to yield to his suit. When the town thinned, the inmates of the house scattered themselves about at watering-places, and the conductress herself removed to Kensington, with a few of her worn, emaciated dependants.

Olivia was among these; and as the visitors became less numerous, and as there seemed no likelihood of faith being broken with her, she postponed her projects of escape till the end of the month should draw near, in hopes of being able to fix upon a retreat before then. In time she gained the confidence of one of the forlorn creatures in the house, who informed her of all that was passing in regard to her. A long list of libertines had stipulated in succession for her person, and the old wretch calculated upon the fruits to be collected from the sale of her victim, day after day, on the expiration of the month; but even this term was not to be allowed to expire, without a conspiracy, that chilled her with horror but to hear of. Her seducer, whom she looked upon as the murderer of her child, and the author of her miseries, had been informed of her recovery, and pledge; and had repaid the information with such *thanks*, that it was agreed to violate the engagement with her in his favour. She also learned that she was narrowly watched, notwithstanding her apparent freedom, and would find it useless to attempt an escape. After this account, the poor girl suffered so much from terror and despair, that she could scarcely move, much less take any vigorous step for her extrication. She would readily have placed herself under the protection of any one gentleman, at any price, rather than encounter the multiplied miseries that awaited her: but even this was out of her power, as she was now secluded from the sight of the male visitors. The nearer the time approached for her sacrifice, the more were means used to cheer and strengthen her; she was taken out daily in a coach, and made to walk, when arrived at some solitary part of the road. Art alone could accomplish her rescue, and she feigned so much contentment, that the old beldame was often induced to accompany her in short walks about the neighbourhood. It was on one of these occasions, while they sat that afternoon on a bench in the park, that Olivia perceived the corner of a letter sticking out of her companion's reticule; and her thoughts being filled with fears and suspicions, she adroitly drew it out unperceived, and pretending to have dropped a bracelet where they last had reposed, induced the old woman to step back and fetch it. As soon as she was gone, Olivia opened the letter, and read an intimation from her seducer, that he was coming the following night. She had scarce time to conceal the letter under her, when her companion returned, and charged her with having purloined it. It was useless to deny it, or to feign any longer, even if she had been able to do it. She was forced to rise—the letter was discovered—and it was insisted upon, that she should move home—

wards, which led to the altercation I had heard, and the scene of anguish I had witnessed.

I was moved even to tears at this affecting narrative, which she told with so much simplicity, and with such tones of unsuppressed feeling, where the recollection of her sufferings drew them forth, that I could no longer view her in a worse light, than as a deeply injured and betrayed woman. The scenes of contamination in which she had lived, might have worn away the brilliancy of that gem which gives the greatest lustre to the female sex, when education tends to polish and refine it: and, whatever were her defects, they had been instilled and stamped into her by others, and there was a hope of her reclamation when their influence should be removed. At present she spoke of profligacy less as a pollution of the mind, than as a source of pain and bodily suffering; and I know not what unaccountable chillness came over me, when I found her lamenting, that it might be her lot to sink at length into that state of complicated wretchedness; as if she had not fortitude to withstand temptation and distress. It was, that I could have wished her to possess that degree of perfection, which would justify my love, already fast growing to her; if mingled desire and tenderness can deserve that name. After all, there are as many kinds of love as there are of natures in men: even the best do not always feel it in its most exalted character: and heaven forbid that it could not be modified to suit that class of society in which we may be driven to select its object! But I was yet a boy, taught to love none but angels, fully imagining, at my setting out in life, that I should find angels to love me. As I became conscious of my own defects, I abated considerably in those high-wrought pretensions; and at this very time had seen so much meanness and deforming intrigue in the most esteemed conditions of society, that I was ready to transfer much of my reverence to the less reputable classes, among whom I saw the virtues abiding which had deserted the former.

We sat all the evening, communing upon her prospects, and I inquired narrowly into those matters which inexperience made her glide over as unimportant. From her replies, I conjectured that there must be some little property of hers, unaccounted for by her guardian, or his administrator, and I promised that I would leave no means untried to arrive at the fact and reinstate her in her rights. This gleam of hope threw an animation over her countenance that made it inexpressibly captivating, after the dejected air which it had hitherto worn. She kissed my hand, and called me her preserver in tones that bound me for ever to her interests; and folding her in my arms, I swore that I would never desert her, while she trusted to my protection. I went further, and, carried away by the first transports of affection that I had ever felt for woman, I declared my love to her, but with timidity and respect, vowing that I would take no ungenerous advantage of her gratitude. She received my declaration with blushes, but without repulsing my advances. I was too young in the passions, and too romantic, to augur any thing from her behaviour, that could induce me to press for larger concessions, and was about taking leave, animating my resolution with a few pompous maxims of a magnanimous nature. Her look was downcast while I spoke, and she suf-

fered me unresistingly to give her the last straining caress; after which I flung out of the room, as if fearful of my firmness.

I gained the street under the impulse of this sudden effort, and advanced under the pouring rain; but every step was feebler and more faltering than the last; and I walked on heedlessly, seeing nothing but her face, as if it were still before me. Methought I could trace a smothered regret upon it, that deepened to absolute mortification, as I proceeded. Coward that I am, said I to myself, I have neither strength enough to be generous, nor courage enough to be sincere. I will return, and brave a refusal. On reaching the hotel, I found all the official spies of the establishment collected in the hall; and I easily conjectured that my hasty flight had been the cause. Mrs. Chambermaid was among the number. "We thought you had gone, sir," said she, as she lighted me up. "Why should you think so? I mean to remain here to-night, if you can give me a bed." "Lord, sir, the lady ordered a room for two, four hours ago." Never had I been so surprized, and so agreeably relieved from embarrassment. I bribed her unsparingly with loose silver, as the only means of hushing her remarks upon my confusion; and then entered the room where I had left Olivia.

* * * * *

TRUEMAINE,

OR THE MAN WITHOUT REFINEMENT. 1820—6.

CHAP. XII.

One morning I took Olivia some fine paste-board for her work, and finding the door ajar, I pushed in quietly, and bent over her shoulder. She was finishing a handsome fire-screen that I had seen designed the evening before. It was surprisingly well executed, and made me think her an artist of no mean abilities, when I considered the rapidity with which she must have worked, even supposing that she had risen with the sun to her task. As she dipped her pencil in one of the saucers, I grasped her little hand, lest surprise should cause her to disfigure the work. She started up with a faint cry on seeing me, and threw her arms round my neck. "I am now happy," said she, her face resplendent with smiles. "You have made me happy."

"What?" said I, grudgingly, "happy! and I away? Can this employment then compensate for my society?" "No, indeed," said she, "but remember Julie's maxim, *s'abstenir, pour jouir*; the more I relish your company, the more I should do to earn it." "You have done admirably, my love, and I declare I think I must prize this pretty bauble, as an indemnity for the restless night that I have had away from thee, on condition, however, that you make me no more presents at that price. But how expeditious you have been to gratify me!"

"I cannot claim your thanks on that score," said she, smilingly, "for till this moment I never thought that you would place any value upon such a *bauble*; but now I shall feel double pleasure in finishing its companion, since you agree to accept them." "I thought you talked of earning, by some self-imposed task, my society. What did you mean by that?" She looked a little confused, but answered, that "she had imagined that she would do something towards earning my love, by depriving herself of the greatest pleasure in the world, when it was essential to both."

"How essential to both?"

"Why! the nights I spent from home," she argued, "would create unfavourable surmises; and, while I remained with her, it prevented her doing any thing towards her own subsistence."

"Surely you can paint while I am by your side?" retorted I.

She shook her head: "But would you be as contented with me?"

"That I should!"

"I feared not," said she; "and yet I might have guessed as much. Our intimacy has been of so different a nature from that carried on in the only school in which I have observed the sexes; in which the poor submissive thing is bound to divert her employer. I carry a taint about me from that school," sighed she, "that makes me unfit to appreciate your worth!"

"Oh! never, dearest Olivia, assimilate our connection to that mercenary compact. Once, indeed, your misapprehension made me happy; but have I ever since reminded you of your complaisance? Have I valued you the less, for having then identified yourself with those wretched slaves of our caprice? No, my beloved, assume your rights as my mistress, not as my creature. Every independent act of yours, though it deprive me of wonted happiness for a time, will endue me with lasting esteem. I was glad at heart, you little tyrant, when you resisted my persuasions yester-evening; but, I pray you, make not too harsh a use of this confession."

"Never," said she; "the more power you concede, the less I can bring myself to use. Can I not be your slave by the dearer claim of love?"

"No; my equal at the very least. Come now, finish your painting under my eye."

"No," said she; "I am to have my own way in this, and will now recreate myself awhile with your conversation."

"You are tired, no doubt, and have been at it long?"

"I did not think it long," returned she; "but what do you think I may get for it?"

"A sovereign, probably, for the pair."

"A sovereign!" exclaimed she. "What misery have I not seen endured for that sum! And you think I could earn a sovereign in a day?"

"Yes, if you can complete two such medallions as that in one day: but I should scarce have thought it possible, if I had not seen you begin it last night. What a rapid hand you must have? Let me see you at work." Her eyelashes fell, as I said this, and this mark of a sincere spirit, disclaiming undeserved commendation, did not escape me.

"You have not done it since last night, t'was the fellow of it that I saw!"

"No!" said she, "it was the same. I sat up some time by candle-light, preparing it for the colours."

"You have done wrong," said I, observing for the first time her pale cheeks. "How long did you sit up, cruel girl?"

"Nay," said she, "no chiding, nor tasking. If it has displeased you, I will offend no more."

"But how long?" insisted I. "Till midnight?"—"Yes."

"Till one?"—"Yes."

"Till two?"—"Yes."

"Good heavens! Had you no compunction on my account, if not upon your own? Speak, till what hour?"

"I dare not deceive you," said she, "though now I feel I have done wrong; but if you knew the price I set upon my undertaking, you would pardon my doing what I wished to conceal from you. I remained up till four, and rose at seven, forgetting the anxiety that you would feel upon learning it."

I felt a tear gathering in my eye as she spoke, for I fully appreciated her perseverance, though determined to check it. "Olivia," said I, impressively, "you are not so degraded as you think yourself. You cannot, my love, require such efforts to replace you in the road of virtue; and to make them to ensure my esteem is a censurable doubt of my candour. Am I better than an accomplice, if this state in which we live be so criminal? Do you mean to reproach me with having reduced you to it? with keeping you in it?"

She wept, and sobbed out, "I have not yet felt degraded by your favour, but ——"

"But what?"

"But doubtful of retaining it."

"Call it love," exclaimed I, "and be sure I must be worthless ere I could withdraw it: think better of yourself and of me. I object not to your laudable attempts to become independent, even of me; but to overstrain your powers, is to lose prematurely that energy which must serve you to attain gradually the summit, towards which spirits like yours invariably tend. The slower your ascent, the surer. And one word for all, be persuaded you shall always have that dignity in my sight, which you can without affectation assume."

"I shall always have enough," said she, "while I preserve your favour—your love."

I made it a request that she would not resume her work till evening; in the mean time we would walk out, and ascertain its probable value. Here again, the sense of self-depreciation acted upon her. She again identified herself with the unfortunates, among whom she had been domesticated, and spoke their inspirations rather than her own impressions, in objecting to going abroad in my company, as it might affix disrepute upon me to be seen with—

"Utter it not," exclaimed I, pressing my hand upon her mouth; "utter it not, whatever it be? You *shall* go with me, if it be but to rid you of such abasing thoughts of yourself. Those who could think ill of me for walking with thee, would be equally severe if they saw

me arm in arm with Saint Cecilia. Only we will take care to baulk their malice, by not being seen too frequently together."

Alas! her skreens, when finished, would bring but seven shillings the pair, though superior to those labelled one guinea. I told her, with a show of earnestness, that "I was not sorry for it, as it would punish her for having lost her rest over them, and guard her against such a sin in future." She replied, that, "if they were twice as valuable, she would not transgress my injunctions for the time to come." As I was that day to dine with my relative, General —, I left her, promising to bring her some books for her perusal. The difficulty was to select such as suited her malady. If I put into her hands those that overstrained virtue, till they rendered it unattainable, torturing poor humanity on the bed of Procrustes, I feared that she might begin to despair of ever, by any discipline, recovering her self-esteem. The seldom-pointed-out path of return, was what I wished, without wounding her, to indicate. A deplorable self-love made me over-rate her fall; and I repeated to myself with a degree of stupid conviction, that vulgar jargonism, that a woman has lost all who has once lost her virtue, without closely examining what was meant by the word, or inquiring by what treachery it might have been trepanned. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*, ejaculated I to myself. Thus it was that my head endeavoured to counteract my heart, that felt the sentence to be unjust and illiberal. Thus it is, that seducers justify their desertion of the poor victims of their wiles; mocking them with the taunt, that they have foolishly relinquished their *all* of virtue, for a shadow of affection; for real affection, says their crooked moral, cannot consist with want of purity. Till I could find out authors who treated human nature with more respect, than to conclude it irretrievably lost after the first plunge, I pitched upon such as painted us a compound of good and evil, compensating every bad quality by something that was redeeming, even in the most depraved. I left her a volume of Marmontel, and another of Sterne, on my way to General —'s, where I arrived about seven.

How different was every thing here from my ordinary fare! What a confused medley of *ragouts* and pic-nic dishes were served up upon silver, and eaten off plates of the same metal. The cookery was fine—exquisite! every one admitted: but then, you had to submit to have your plate snatched away from you a dozen times, before you could get enough; for as much meat and sauce as would barely cover over the coat of arms engraved in the middle of the plate, seemed to be the guage of a fashionable stomach. I have ever detested bright plates and bright covers; wherever you turn, your mouth seems so large and hideous in the convex reflection, that it actually is enough to appal a good trencherman. When overpowered with the sense of the trouble that I was giving to the servants, as well as the guests, I left off eating, though but half-fed, and began to pay some attention to the company. My distinguished friend had sported a number of anecdotes, not one of which had I caught the spirit of, amidst the din of plates and glasses, though I joined in the laugh quite sympathetically, affected by the grinning visages around me. But now during a *hors d'œuvre*, I criticised his stories with true dramatic spirit, and felt how

much more depends upon the mode of telling, than upon the point or newness of a story. Some men are too bad actors to deliver even a good thing well; whereas another gives us pleasure, like a good actor, every time we hear him repeat the same matter over again. My relative was of that stamp; it was not the anecdote we dwelt upon, but the man; but neither happened to be much to the taste of the company assembled, which consisted chiefly of military men, filled with their own importance, and able to relish nothing but what tended to raise them in the admiration of others. The substitute which they wished to introduce, was of all others the most wearying—their campaigns, and companions on service—as if to exclude all but martial heroes from a share of the talk. “Did you know colonel this, or captain that?” was the invariable prelude to some inconclusive history of themselves, their horses, their uniforms. One veteran seemed to me to be a walking army list, acquainted, besides, with the biography of every hero in that martial register. “Hoot!” he would puff out after one of the classical *bon mots* of the general. “That is gude, but vera auld! but I’ll tell you a recent circumstance of and about Sir Joshua Truncheon: you knew Sir Joshua, G.C.B., K.B.? He was in the 69th, in Corsica at the siege of Caluè and Bastia;” and then, after a long circumlocutory detail of those sieges, the good thing would come out at last, that Sir Joshua and himself had actually eaten a bit of a dead ass, at a dinner given to the English, by the French general who had signed the capitulation; the said general having nothing better left to treat his besiegers with. “And do you know, I liked it vera weel; as well as your sirloin, general: but when I reminded poor Sir Joshua of it, the other day at dinner, he could no swallow another morsel.” “He lost a second dinner then by an *ass*?” observed my inviter, drily. “Yes he did, he did indeed,” replied this perambulating chronicle, who sat next to me, and annoyed my sense of hearing by his accent, as much as he offended that of taste by his story; telling me *à propos* to sauce for partridge, that “Marshal Hogou used to affirm that appetite was the best sass.” His very fluency in citing names was suspicious to me, and I soon had an opportunity of detecting its character.

The conversation at the upper end of the table turned upon the attack of Seringapatam, in which the word *tope* incidentally occurred. “Pray, sir,” said his right-hand neighbour, “might I take the liberty of asking what is a *tope*?” “Liberty! surely, sar; you are not long in the army, I presume, sar, to ask the meaning of a *tope*?” “I have but recently been honoured with a commission,” replied the young man, mildly. “Well, sar,” returned the other, repulsively, “when you come to study fortification, you will find a *tope* to be a thing—a thing that it would be impossible to describe accurately in a general conversation.” “But a faint idea might be given of it,” said I, “from its derivation; *tope*, from the French *taupe*, signifies a mole, and a mole is a sea-battery.” “Vera right.” “Ah! but,” said Newcome, “the attack was a land one.” “Weel, and is not a mole a land animal, that digs entrenchments, and throws up little mounds termed mole-hills, whilk may have given origin to the *tope*, as this gentleman observes!” I was convinced by his vehemence that he was serious;

and I hazarded the remark, that a full description of it might be found in the nine-and-thirtieth article of Burnet's book. After this display of military learning, he appealed to me with much condescension during the evening, and contrived, on adjourning to the drawing-room, to seat himself alongside of me, and to pester me with an inexhaustible fund of gunpowder stories. I found myself not only overmatched, but almost silenced, and resolved to make one desperate *sortie*, and either be cut to pieces or come off with flying colours: "That last *manœuvre*," said I, "can only be equalled by the famous retreat of Major-General Xenophon, at the head of ten thousand, in which he showed himself such a remarkable tactician." "Na doubt! you mean in the peninsula?" I nodded. "It was vera fine, indeed! fine officer! I knew him weel." "You remember his own account of his march through the defiles of Mydia, when the vast army of the enemy was but a few parasangæ off? The allied troops, a suspicious set, in his rear; 'his own light corps in advance upon the heights;' and the main body enfilading the narrow pass: frightful position!" "Vera exceedingly frightful indeed. My friend, Colonel O'Dogherty commanded the rear-guard, and had a great deal to do to keep back Marshal Soult; Captain Neysmith was in command of the rifle and guerilla troops on the left flank, and —" I was heartily glad when my aged relative advanced, and gave me an opportunity of relinquishing my seat to him. I made a circuit of the room, and contrived to get, unobserved of the historian, within ear-shot of the sofa. "Major-General Xenophon! at the head of eleven thousand men! Peninsula!" repeated my relative dubiously, throwing me a look of connivance, "I think I remember hearing the name in my boyish day—but what of him?" "Have you na recollection of the famous *détour* he made in the passes of Almeida, when Soult was but a few parasangs off?" "I beg pardon, what is a parasang?" "Why a Spanish mile." "Thank you, I would not have betrayed my ignorance to another, but you, I know, will not divulge it," said the General, in a composed manner that made me retreat for fear of springing the mine too soon.—"You dog, you!" said this last to me, on my taking leave shortly after, "you will never do for the army if you play such tricks upon field-officers. I'll warrant, Mr. Parasang, it was you furnished him with his illustration of a tope?" "It was." "By my honour 'twas good! Well, my boy, for this once your joke was not misplaced, but beware of the character of a banterer."

I hastened back with a light step to Olivia, and found her proceeding with her skreen, not at all daunted by the poor profit which she expected to reap. "But, my love, how do you like Marmontel's three vials?"

"Very much; but how delightful if he had formed a fourth of all the three combined!"

"I see you are not satisfied to rest the happiness of attachments upon simple feelings; but what think you of the single-hearted Sterne as a lover?"

"I have not yet come to any *trait* of his love, unless his *tendresse* for the *fille-de-chambre* can deserve the name; but I should say, that he wanted not the delusion which constitutes all the romance of love.

He discerned feeling in every even involuntary gesture of those around him, and must consequently have endowed his mistress with an abundant share of heart and soul. If you will not rebuke me, I will own that all through that adventure, I was wishing that you could be as blind and partial to my defects as he to those of his *fille-de-chambre*; but I have since reflected, that such self-deception could not last long." I did not rebuke her; for I felt the more that I knew of her intrinsic worth, the more I loved her. I added gallantly, that the more she granted the more I would sue; that she need not fear to overcharge the debt, and make me ungrateful by excess of bounty.

Next morning I kept an appointment at a tavern, and overheard a gentleman in a black stock and flowing frill, talking of Colonel Wellesley, and the affair in the tope.

"Pray, sir, what is a tope?"

"A small mound-battery with covered ways to it, like a mole-hill, from the French *taupe*, a mole."

I shook my head, and begged pardon for doubting that an Indian word could have such a derivation.

"You may depend upon it," assevered he; "you will find it described at large in the nine-and-thirtieth article of—of—"

"Do you mean the Articles of War?"

"Tut! no, sir; I mean a work upon Fortification, by Bar—Bur—"

"Burnet?"

"Aye, Burnet, that is it precisely."

"I have read a Burnet upon the Articles, but they are the thirty-nine articles of the established church: I do not remember Bishop Burnet mentioning a tope."

"Bishop Burnet! odso! it cannot be him. No, sir, my memory must have deceived me."

I made every allowance for the badness of a retention that seemed at least upon a par with his understanding, whose informant I immediately smoked; and, after apologizing for intruding in the conversation, I drew it gradually to the Peninsular war, in which I was, as might be expected, quite *au fait*, thanks to the walking monument with whom I had conversed the day before.

"Sir," said he, at length, having exhausted a store of similarly retailed information, "did you ever hear of a Major-General Xenophon, and the famous retreat of ten thousand, before an army of twenty thousand men?"

"Yes, I have read his account, but I was not prepared to hear him styled Major-General."

"Yes, sir, that was his rank; he covered the retreat through the defile of Almeida, and made a most signal *évasion*. Sir, he had planted his sharp-shooters on the heights, whence they did tremendous execution."

"I remember the Toxotæ, or Cretan archers, with their long arrows."

"Arrows! you jest, sir; their small arms."

"Small arms! upwards of two thousand years ago? Impossible! Xenophon's retreat with the ten thousand Greeks took place some

hundred years before the Christian era. It is called the Anabasis ; every school-boy knows that. I appeal to this gentleman."

"Perfectly correct."

"By the Law, that's very good ! I all along suspected the fabrication ; for there was no such name under the major-generals, for these ten years back, in the Army List. And yet Colonel Drapeau, from whom I had it, could not have invented it. No, dam'me if he had wit enough for the imposition. Some one has gulled him with a flam, and given him the Thirty-Nine Articles of our religion for problems upon fortification ; and most likely the whole club has been enlightened by him before this. Good joke ! Be so good, sir, as write down that long word for me ; I'll expose him. Good evening, gentlemen. Sir, I thank you for correcting my mistake. Farewell."

He hurried off ; I returned to my lodging out of spirits quite, for Olivia had availed herself, though with diffidence, of the charter that I had given her, of excluding me when she pleased ; and I would not disobey her mandate, as I really wished to destroy in her the sense of subserviency and obligation.

(More odd Chapters in our next.)

ADVENTURES OF A FOREIGNER IN GREECE.

No. IV.

MAVROCORDATO was at that time indefatigable in his efforts to introduce greater order and activity into affairs. He saw that four months had been consumed in useless deliberation, and that nothing had been decided ; and endeavoured by every means in his power to redeem the lost time. Colonel Tarella, who was, as I have said, truly attached to the cause of independence, wrought such a change in the regiment, that they became as brave as lions, and were eager for an engagement in which they might see the effect of the bayonet. The colonel has frequently said to me : " If the Greek soldiers were but supplied with bare necessities ; if they had one half of what our European soldiers receive, they would be perfectly content. They are unacquainted with luxury or indulgence—unwearied in the march ;—the earth is the only bed—bread, olives, and water, the only food they require. If they are owners of a few paras, they take care of them, and husband them against the hour of need ; not like our soldiery, squander all they get in debauchery." The colonel having received orders to hold himself in readiness to set out, used great exertion to render the regiment fit for the field, although these poor soldiers were really objects of compassion—wretchedly clothed, and many of them without shoes. The colonel encouraged them to hope, that they would get all they wanted from the enemy, so that they looked forward with pleasure to the day of battle. The government saw that Attica was the part of Greece which it was most important to defend ; as in case of the slightest

invasion in that quarter, the enemy would form a junction with the Turks who were shut up in the fortress of Athens. They therefore sent us Colonel Voutier, who had been raised to that rank by Prince Ypsilanti. He had come to Greece on principle, to fight the cause of her independence, and had some knowledge of the artillery service. He had been a midshipman in the navy, and afterwards sub-lieutenant in a French corvette. In the great dearth of men who had any knowledge whatever of gunnery, of which Prince Ypsilanti himself was totally ignorant, he made him a colonel of artillery. Many superior officers, who afterwards came from Europe, who had purchased their rank with their blood, were disgusted at having to serve under colonels who had no experience or merit. Colonel Voutier had a great deal of trick and pretension; and had the art of throwing dust in the eyes of the Greeks, who looked upon him as an extraordinary man. The primates of Athens, who had come to Corinth for engineers, set out on their return, taking with them this colonel, and some other artillery officers, who were to draw up a plan of attack, and at the same time to direct the blockade. I must leave this blockade, and Colonel Voutier's conduct at it, for the present; when I have to narrate my own adventures in Athens, I shall give a few details on that subject.

Mavrocordato despatched many other chiefs to different points which were threatened by the enemy. The Frankish officers in Corinth, at that time, might amount to about two hundred: dissensions were of course frequent among men, every one of whom wanted to take the lead, and to establish his own claims to rank and seniority. In short, after much experience, and much reflection, I must candidly declare, that considering the mode of warfare to which the Greeks are accustomed, and their jealousy and distrust of the more western Europeans, I am of opinion, that the latter, while they are so small a body, do positive harm to the Greeks; while they expose themselves to be disliked, ill treated, and insulted, without any means of avenging themselves. Their numbers are too inconsiderable to enable them to make themselves respected, or to strengthen the hands of government, in its attempts to curb the haughtiness and license of the chiefs. Until at least three regiments of a thousand men each and a squadron of five hundred horse are sent into Greece, who may be under the immediate orders of the government, and assist it in humbling the insolence of the chiefs, the Franks will always be in a state of humiliation and wretchedness. Three thousand regular bayonets might strike some effective blow; they would be feared by all, and might fight in the open field, where the excellence of European tactics would be available; but so long as they are a small body, and yet endeavour to fight in the European manner, they are sure to be sacrificed, as they were at Peta and other places. They had much better adopt the Greek method,—conceal themselves behind heaps of stone, which serve as entrenchments, and when the enemy passes, fire with the greatest certainty of hitting—just as we do in wild boar hunting.

Another still greater evil was, that, as we were of different nations, continual disputes arose out of past events;—for example, the Germans and French, being sworn enemies, could not endure each

other. The consequence of this was innumerable duels, which did us great injury in the eyes of the Greeks, and gave them occasion to say we were always quarrelling and killing each other, while we pretended to have gone there to fight for them. This may not be very agreeable to Europeans; but it is a part of the impartial testimony I think it my duty to give. A few Greeks of good family were admitted into the two sacred companies, with the rank of sub-lieutenant. Colonel Doria appointed me *foriere** of the first sacred company; not from any claims of mine on the score of merit, or of seniority; but solely because I had a tolerable knowledge of the language, which enabled me the better to prepare provisions for my company.

My departure was now at hand, and I knew not how to leave my unfortunate Turkish lady. Many of my comrades were so intent upon the war, that they thought nothing about their Turkish women, though they knew perfectly well they would be murdered by the Greeks when they left them. But the good qualities of this woman had attached me to her, and I promised to find her some situation before I went. She, however, would not hear me speak of going; she declared she would never leave me,—that she would go with me wherever I went, and fight by my side. I spoke to Mr. Coletti, minister at war, entreating him to take into consideration the fate of this unfortunate creature, and telling him how she had fallen into my hands. He replied, that I, who was a soldier, had no business to attach myself to any woman; but that, to do me a pleasure, he would take her into his family as a slave, and would protect her from death and from insult. I was not much pleased at his proposal of making her a slave, which I let him see; I therefore thanked him, and told him I would give him an answer. On the following day, at the coffee-house, I made acquaintance with a captain of a Leghorn vessel, who had brought biscuit for the Greek government. After a good deal of conversation we took coffee together, and I begged him to accompany me home to my lodging. I introduced him to my Turk—he was enchanted with her appearance, and said, “If I had such a companion, I would never quit Corinth.” I seized the moment when I saw him half in love with her, (though he was of a middle age,) and related to him her melancholy history, my present situation, and the danger she would be in when I left her: knowing that sailors are very religious, I remarked to him that he might have her baptized in Leghorn, and thus restore a soul to God. The captain caught at my plan, and said, “Yes, my friend, I will be a benefactor to this woman; I will take her with me to Leghorn; I will make her a Catholic. I am not married;—who knows? if I find her possessed of all the excellencies you describe, I may marry her?” As he spoke a little Greek, he began to talk to her. I told her, that, to oblige me, he would take her to Leghorn, where she would be in peace and safety. When she found that I was really going to leave her, she began to weep, saying that she was determined to go

* A serjeant in each company of a regiment, whose duty it is to precede his company, and provide quarters and rations. As there is no corresponding functionary in our army, there is no corresponding word. The French have it,—*fourrier*.

wherever I went, and to die near me. The captain was the more pleased with her for these proofs of an affectionate heart. On the following day, with great difficulty, I prevailed on her to accept his offer, by promising that I would soon rejoin her at Leghorn. I took her on board, where the captain had prepared an excellent dinner: she would eat nothing. In the evening, when I told her I must go, she threw herself on her knees before me and kissed my feet: she thanked me for all I had done for her; but said, she had rather have died with her husband and children, had she known she was to undergo so great a sorrow as the parting from me. I thanked the captain for thus relieving me from a great weight of anxiety. I cannot deny that I did violence to my own feelings in parting from her; but I was going to fight for liberty, and the thought that I had placed her in safe hands consoled me. My comrades laughed at me for taking so much trouble about this poor deserted creature, but I felt the greatest satisfaction at having provided for her; and when they heard that those they had left were all massacred by the Greeks—when it was too late—they felt the greatest pain and regret.

All being ready for our departure, the regiment descended into the plains of Corinth, where the two sacred companies were assembled. The order of the day was read. It set forth that we were to swear to remain in the service six months, and that those who did not like to accept this engagement were to leave the ranks. There were eight who did so. We thought the government was right to make sure, that it might rely upon the regiment and the two sacred companies. After we had taken the oath, Mavrocordato delivered the colours to the respective colonels, and we defiled along the shore of Corinth, where was expected some Calassidiote vessels to convey us to Vostitza. That same evening we embarked on board some old ships which sailed at the rate of about a mile in an hour, so that we were four days in making a passage which usually is performed in one. We were provisioned for two days. The Greeks never seem to think it necessary, when they embark troops, to provide against the uncertainties of the sea. We were consequently two days without eating.

My readers will forgive me for interrupting the course of my narrative, while I give a succinct account of Curchid Pachà's invasion of the Peloponnesus, and the measures adopted on that occasion by both parties. The situation of the Morea and of Romelia is too well known, their passes, capable of being defended by a handful of men, are too celebrated in history, to make any description of them necessary here.

The Greeks, instead of concerting any plan for the defence of these passes, so important to the common safety, abandoned them. After a considerable time had elapsed, they sent some captains with a few troops, to guard them, but without provisions; so that they frequently threatened to abandon their posts, if they did not receive the necessary supplies. They were constantly amused with promises; but at length the soldiers, finding that no food arrived, put their threats in execution. The captains, hearing that the other chiefs were enriching themselves, while they were starving on the mountains,

left every thing to its fate. Ulysses, who guarded the pass of the Isthmus, either through jealousy of his countrymen, or in consequence of a treacherous understanding with the Turks, (I have never been able to ascertain which,) abandoned this important pass, when he knew that Curchid Pachà was marching with thirty-two thousand men upon the Morea, and that the Greeks would thus lose the fruits of all the toils and dangers they had hitherto encountered.

Scarcely had Mavrocordato left, when the chiefs refused to acknowledge the government, and every thing fell into the utmost confusion. Every man did what seemed right in his own eyes. Intelligence soon arrived that Ulysses had deserted his post, yet no steps were taken to obstruct the enemy's passage. As soon as Curchid Pachà learned that the Isthmus was evacuated by the Greeks, and that he could pass at pleasure, he marched on without reflecting that he was entering a country nearly desert, and destitute of every thing required for the maintenance of an army of thirty-two thousand men. Intoxicated with the idea of reconquering the Morea, he trusted to the Turkish fleet, then stationed in the gulf of Patras, and calculated on their landing provisions for his whole army. He passed the Isthmus triumphantly with twenty-four thousand men, under the command of Dram-Ali, and divided the remainder of his army to guard the passes, and to escort the artillery. The Turks reached Argos without firing a gun. The Greeks, who occupied the fortress of Corinth, not having provisions to stand a siege, did not wait to be attacked, but retired in the night, thus abandoning a fortress which it had cost them so much to get possession of. It is hardly credible that there were men calling themselves patriots, men who had got immense sums by plunder, and not one among them would spend a shilling to provision the garrison of Corinth.

The Greeks who were blockading Napoli di Romania did not wait for the enemy's arrival, but, as soon as they heard that he had passed the Isthmus, abandoned the blockade.

All the chiefs of the Morea, all the members of the government, embarked with their treasures on board the blockading ships, whence they could watch the movements of the hostile army, and in which they could, if occasion required, proceed to Europe to enjoy their wealth, totally indifferent to the fate of the poor wretches who would fall victims to their avarice and cowardice.

The Turkish fleet, consisting of eighty vessels, which had quitted Patras, now appeared off Napoli. Nothing could have been better conceived than this movement, if it had been executed with rapidity; but as the Turks must do every thing in slow time, smoking their pipes with the greatest composure, all Curchid Pachà's schemes came to nothing. The fleet might have provisioned Napoli and the army, and have thus put a speedy termination to the war. If Curchid Pachà, instead of loitering in Argos and Corinth with his whole army, had left strong garrisons in those cities, and marched on upon Patras, Modon, and Coron, where he might have got provisions, and have reached Crio-Nero without firing a shot; it would there have joined the army of Romelia, commanded by Reschi Pachà and Omer-Vrioni, and the whole of Greece would thus have been subdued with the

greatest ease. Curchid Pachà immediately sent intelligence to the Porte of the subjugation of the Morea, although he had not yet conquered a twentieth part of it.

The Greeks, being wholly without leaders or discipline, were beaten by the enemy in several slight encounters. Ypsilanti, who had lost all his weight and popularity, tried to regain them, by shutting himself up in the little fortress of Argos, with two hundred men, on the presumption that the Turks would blockade it, and that some time might thus be gained, during which the Greek fleet might come up and attack the Turkish fleet. I cannot deny, that, on this occasion, Ypsilanti behaved extremely well, and that the success answered his expectations. Curchid Pachà, instead of marching on and conquering the country, gave orders to blockade the fortress of Argos, whither he imagined the Greeks had conveyed a great deal of treasure, and where he hoped to seize Ypsilanti, whom, as the author of the proclamation, he was particularly desirous of taking prisoner.

The Greeks to whom the defence of Tripolitza was entrusted were on the point of abandoning it, thinking that an army of thirty-two thousand men would not leave it untouched. When, however, they found that Curchid Pachà had turned his forces against Argos, they took heart a little, and began by cutting off the communication between Corinth and Argos. The latter place hardly deserves the name of a fortress. Its only strength consists in its great height, being out of the reach of cannon-shot. The walls were broken in many places, which the Greeks had repaired, as well as they could, with stones.

Curchid, instead of following up his successes, amused himself with attacking small detachments of Greeks, over whom he frequently obtained slight advantages. The Greeks could not fight in the plain, as they were ignorant of the use of the bayonet, and could not form into square to resist a charge of cavalry.

Meanwhile there were thirty-two thousand men who must eat daily. Curchid Pachà saw the fleet, but gave no orders about the disembarkation of the provisions. Napoli was completely drained, and the troops were becoming extremely impatient. The Hydriotes, Spezziotes, and Ipsariotes, seeing that it was now in their power to save Greece, set sail to meet the enemy, whom they resolved to attack. The Turks were well aware, that, if they left the coast, there were no possible means remaining of provisioning the land forces, or Napoli; notwithstanding which the Capitan Pachà was struck with such a panic at the sight of this little Greek fleet, consisting of seventy brigs, that he immediately gave orders to fire in all directions; not with any idea of injuring the enemy, who were out of the reach of their shot, but merely that he might escape under cover of the smoke, before any Greek vessel could get near him. The Turks, in their terror, thought every Greek vessel was a fire-ship. Their fleet escaped to Tenedos, covered with disgrace and infamy.

The illustrious chief, George Canaris, knowing that they were detained at Tenedos by bad weather, took two fire-ships, dressed his men in Turkish uniforms, and sailed towards the Turkish fleet, with two Hydriot brigs in a feigned pursuit of him. The fire-ships

fired a shot from time to time, to make it appear that they were chased; when they were within a short distance of the Turks, the Greek ships sheered off; and the fire-ships steered, the one right towards the admiral's ship, the other towards that of the Capitan Bey. When they were almost alongside, the Greeks jumped into their boats. The Turks thinking this was from fear, suspected nothing. The Capitan Pachà succeeded in escaping by cutting his cables, and fled with the rest of the Turkish fleet to the Dardanelles, leaving the vessel of the Capitan Bey a prey to the flames, with twelve hundred men on board. Curchid, seeing himself abandoned by the fleet, and being without food for his army, endeavoured to collect all his troops, for fear he should be hemmed in on the plain of Argos, without any means of obtaining provisions. The Greeks knowing that the Turks were returning to Corinth, waited for them in the pass of the Trete. This was destined to be the grave of almost the whole Turkish army.

The English government in the Ionian Islands, or, more properly speaking, Governor Maitland, had sent an English colonel to the little island of Calamos, where some thousands of Greek families had taken refuge, and insisted on their all returning to the Pelopponesus; with the utmost indifference to the probability, nearly amounting to certainty, of their being massacred by the Turks.

The Greeks had usually only fled to the mountains in times of great danger and extremity; but seeing that the case was now one of the last urgency, and that if they did not defend their families all was lost, day after day they fought, and obtained a victory over a detachment which Curchid Pachà endeavoured to march to Patras by way of Vostizza. I cannot say that the conduct of Governor Maitland was deserving of much commendation; however, as the event proved, good came out of evil. Curchid Vizir soon found himself hemmed in on the plain of Corinth; his troops, without provisions, compelled to devour their horses, daily thinned by the plague, and exposed to the attacks of the Greeks, were reduced to ten thousand men.

The Turks had no sooner evacuated Argos than the Greeks commenced the blockade of Napoli, cutting off all communication both by sea and land. Curchid resolved to make a last effort to gain Patras. He saw there was no other way of escape; he could not return by the Isthmus, as he came, as Ulysses, with some other chiefs, had resumed the command there. Five hundred men, therefore, quitted the fortress, and advanced towards Patras.

They met with no resistance till they came to the pass which separates Corinthia from Achaia, where Captains Nikitas and Pentionessa, with four hundred Greeks, were expecting them. As they had nothing for it but to conquer or die, they fought desperately, and effected a passage. At the pass of Santa Irene, a very mountainous spot, and full of streams, the mere attempt to force a passage cost the Turks a thousand men, without advancing a single step. The Greeks offered them terms if they would surrender, but the Turks knowing what dependence is to be placed on the word of a Greek, refused them all. The following day they fought like desperate men, and but very few made their way through. The rest found a grave at Acrata. Such was the destruction of an army of thirty-two

thousand men, and of a formidable fleet; and I put it to my readers, whether, as far as the army is concerned, this is to be attributed to the bravery of the Greeks, or to the ignorance and cowardice of the Turks?

In many actions of which I was an eye witness, I have observed that fortune protected the Greeks, and that the Turks are unworthy to occupy the smallest corner of Europe. They are centuries behind us in tactics, and in every thing that regards the commanding or providing for an army. When I come to the siege of Missolonghi, I shall show to what a pitch Turkish stupidity can be carried.

To return to ourselves.—On the fourth day, as I said, we landed at Vostitza. I cannot express how famished we were. We found a number of Greeks upon the shore, selling wine, cheese, salad, and bread. We all fell to eating, and thought neither of the service nor of our rations. After we were somewhat refreshed, we went to bivouack under a plane tree on the sea shore, opposite to the place where Mavrocordato and his staff were stationed. This plane could, without the least exaggeration, shelter eight hundred persons. The circumference of its branches is a hundred and eight yards; the trunk is twenty feet in diameter; though a principal arm was destroyed by lightning, so that it is said to have lost nearly a third of its size. Near to this enormous plane there are twelve springs of water of incredible excellence and coldness; all the ships go to water there, as it is a most convenient place. After I had arranged every thing, and procured rations for my company, consisting of bread and meat, I wished to go to see Vostitza. I ascended by a street almost inaccessible. Vostitza is built upon the ruins of *Ægeum*, where the Greek kings are said to have met, to swear the destruction of Troy. I found all the houses burnt and ruined by the Turks in their passage. The Greeks, however, as soon as they returned, fitted up the shops as well as they could, that they might lose no time for commerce. Though I cannot but applaud their great activity in this matter, it had its inconveniences. They were often so intent on their shops and money-getting, that they neglected opportunities of gaining the most important advantages over the enemy.

The fields surrounding the city are extremely beautiful and fertile; they produce wine, and silk. In the year 1817 this place suffered dreadfully from an earthquake, which nearly ruined it; but as it was chiefly inhabited by opulent people, it was quickly rebuilt. The next day, before he set out, Mavrocordato reviewed us; he manœuvred the two sacred companies and the regiment. The drum-major of the regiment had bought a beautiful Turkish woman for two piastres, (about four shillings.) He had had her baptized, and had solemnly married her at church; he then dressed her in men's clothes, and took her with him. This poor woman having gone to a little distance from her husband to gather herbs to cook, some Greeks saw her, and fired at her twice;—she fell dead on the spot. The drum-major was almost frantic at her loss, but as he could never discover the murderers, he was obliged to bear it as he might.

We received orders to set out for Patras, where Colocotroni and Nikitas were commanding the blockade. At day-break we began our

march. I was sent with an advanced guard of twelve men to provide rations, and at the same time to keep a look out. Mavrocordato had never gone by this road, and did not know the distance. The chiefs, in order to teaze, insult, and fatigue us, made us march eighteen hours without halting half an hour. There was not the slightest necessity for a forced march; and when we reached the plains of Patras, at midnight, we all began to complain that this was not the way of conducting a march, and that the troops ought to have been allowed three days, at least, for the distance they had been compelled to go in one. Mavrocordato made some apologies to us, and said that he had been deceived. "Then," said a Dutch captain, "I must take leave to say, that a general who affects to conduct an army, ought to know the country through which he means to pass." Mavrocordato was conscious that he was wrong, and took this reproof in silence.

The Turks who were in Patras, and on the walls, seeing us defile over the hills, at about two miles' distance from them, fired a few shot at us, to let us see they were not asleep. Captain Nikitas saw that the regiment was tired, and the men almost without shoes, and that the two sacred companies were both in a state of great exasperation. He therefore called the *forieri*, and gave us some skins of wine to refresh our men, promising that, on the following day, we should receive plentiful rations. It was useless to make any more clamour, as nobody could give us any redress. We shall very likely be censured or laughed at for making such grievous complaints of one day's forced march. I have only to say, that the Europeans would willingly have marched for a month, to do any good; but when they saw this was done solely to weary and annoy them, they thought they had a right to complain. We bivouacked near Nikitas's troops. At day-break we received orders to march to the opposite side of Patras, next the sea shore, where Colocotroni was encamped; and to hold ourselves in readiness to embark for Missolonghi in the evening. Colocotroni received us very coldly, and showed his usual hatred of Europeans, and of every thing like discipline or order. He put on an appearance of cordiality with Mavrocordato. He knew too well the general esteem in which that Prince was held, to venture to do otherwise. He could not help, however, betraying his dissatisfaction at seeing the supreme command taken out of his hands, and those of Mavromicalis, bey of the Spartiates. Although Mavrocordato was thoroughly aware of the falsehood and treachery of his character, yet, as he was so rich as to be able to keep a formidable body of men in his pay, and thus thwart the designs and operations of government, he thought it necessary to keep on good terms with him. Colocotroni was then the most powerful individual in Greece; so he is still—and so he will always be, till some man has the courage and the virtue to rid the country of him. He used publicly to say, "Who are these men who are come to Greece? They try to get power into their own hands, and to give the law to us. Is it because they have acquired knowledge in Europe? We don't want learned men. We want men who were learning to fight in the mountains, while these gentlemen were living in ease and idleness in Europe."

Colocotroni, who was a captain of Klephts, had succeeded, during

many years of the Turkish domination, in eluding or defying their power, and frequently carried terror into the cities. Being at length compelled to yield to force, he resolved to quit the life of a robber, and to go to the Ionian islands, where he entered the Greek troops in the service of the British government. He was totally uneducated, his father being all his life a brigand in the mountains; yet his natural talents were such, as frequently to enable him to laugh at more civilized and instructed men, and to give to affairs any appearance he pleased. He is extremely crafty and politic, and treats a man with cordiality to-day, and with the utmost contempt to-morrow, as it happens to answer his purpose.

Notwithstanding his aversion to us, he thought proper to behave remarkably well, sending us sheep, lambs, wine, brandy, &c. in abundance, though we knew he would gladly have poisoned us all, beginning with Mavrocordato.

Under pretence of paying us a compliment, he came with Mavrocordato to request the two sacred companies to execute some manœuvre. I shall never forget the odious face of the traitor, and the sardonic smile with which he looked at our movements. After we had manœuvred for about ten minutes, he thanked us, and wished us well. We spent that day very agreeably, not only from the abundance of our fare, but from the beauty of the place. Nothing could be more delightful. We were sheltered from the rays of the sun by trees, and fanned by a refreshing breeze. Opposite to us was Patras, which we flattered ourselves it was impossible the Greeks should not attack, so easy did the conquest of it appear. We made a proposal to Colocotroni to lead the attack, which he, from jealousy, constantly opposed; beside which, Mavrocordato could not defer going into Romelia, where his presence was indispensable. In the evening we went down to the beach; we found eight Hydriot vessels at anchor in the gulf of Patras, where they maintained a strict blockade. We embarked, but as it was a dead calm, we were two days in reaching Missolonghi. I must return a moment to Colocotroni, to give my readers an opportunity of judging whether his solicitude was greater for the fate of Greece, or for that of his own purse.

I am sure that every body who is at all acquainted with the affairs of Greece, must agree with me, that no man living has done so much injury to her cause as Colocotroni. He was so indignant at not receiving the rank of generalissimo, to which he considered himself fully entitled by his services, that he resolved to be revenged. When Patras, after a blockade of four months, was nearly destitute of provisions; when it was manifestly the moment for him to redouble his exertions and vigilance; the Hydriote vessels engaged in the blockade began to call out for pay, and threatened to quit their station. It was surely his duty, as commander of the blockade, to find supplies for the ships, and by making himself master of a most important place, to reap the fruit of the months that had been consumed there. On the contrary, when he heard that the Turks in Napoli were so closely besieged as to be obliged to eat horses, cats, and even more loathsome food, and that they demanded terms of capitulation, he thought no more of the siege of Patras, of the time

that had been wasted there, nor of the inevitable result of his abandonment of his post,—the desertion of it by all. He knew that there were vessels laden with provisions lying off Zante, only waiting for an opportunity to pour supplies into Patras, where they would sell their cargoes for four times their value. Yet, in spite of all these considerations, no sooner did he hear that Napoli was likely to capitulate, than he abandoned Patras, without saying a word to any body, and flew to share in the spoil. This was his revenge for the affront he had received in not being appointed generalissimo. Such was Colocotroni;—nor was there any point so important to Greece, which he would not have abandoned at any moment to gratify the slightest impulse of avarice or of ambition. The other captains, of course, took leave to follow his example; the ships, receiving no pay, returned to Hydra, and the Turks were instantly relieved. The Pachà, who was besieged in Napoli, entirely changed his mind when he heard of the invasion of the Morea by Curchid Vizir; nothing more was said about capitulation, so that, in this instance, Colocotroni was completely balked. I am convinced, however, that though he might regret the loss of his expected prey, he felt no remorse at having abandoned Patras.

We landed at Missolonghi. Mavrocordato, at the head of seven hundred bayonets, and four hundred Moreotes, was received by the Missolonghites with the greatest possible enthusiasm; for however they may affect to despise military discipline, it is easy to see that regular troops are, in fact, regarded with the greatest awe. If Mavrocordato had possessed sufficient firmness and decision not to suffer himself to be prevailed on by the chiefs and the Missolonghites to send us up the country to be sacrificed, he might have made himself formidable to all parties, and have assembled around him a band of Europeans who would have enabled him to command obedience and respect.

It is much to be regretted, that not one of the numerous works which have been written on the affairs of Greece, has entered into details of the errors which have been committed, and which have hitherto so lamentably retarded the achievement of her independence. As I was there from the beginning of this campaign till after the siege of Missolonghi, and was an eye-witness of all that was passing in the army, I am enabled to give very minute particulars of all the various intrigues that were going on, and of the conduct of Mavrocordato with respect to them.

The Missolonghites, who were obliged to furnish rations for the troops, saw the consumption of their provisions with great dissatisfaction, and persuaded Mavrocordato to send the regiment to Natalico, and to leave only the two sacred companies to do duty at Missolonghi. They alleged that they would be better quartered in Natalico, which is a little island, six miles from Missolonghi; and I do not think the prince committed any error in acceding to this, as the regiment could be recalled at any moment.

The third day after our arrival, he demanded of the Missolonghites a hundred and fifty thousand Turkish piastres, to pay the troops. They refused, alleging that they could not raise the money, upon which Mavrocordato said in the council, "Very well; if you will not

give me the money, the Europeans must find it." At this the primates looked at each other, and the following day the money was forthcoming. This circumstance convinced me of what I have repeatedly asserted,—that Mavrocordato might have enforced all his orders, if he had retained us about him.

Colocotroni had promised to send his son, with two thousand men, into Romelia, but in a few days this young man arrived at Missolonghi with Captain Biliapopulo and five hundred men. Mavrocordato saw this conduct of Colocotroni's with great indignation, at a time when the necessity for taking the field was so urgent;—but he was incapable of comprehending the intrigues of his countrymen, and did not see that this was a concerted scheme for getting rid of the Europeans, whom the chiefs regarded as peculiarly attached to him, and who shared with himself their jealousy and hatred.

The three most important points of defence were given to the local forces. Pindus, which separates Epirus from Macedonia and Thessaly, dividing at Mount Agraphus into two parts, the one lying along the gulf of Ambracia, the other bounding the straits of Thermopylæ, formed a barrier which might yet have arrested the progress of the enemy, however superior in force. The three principal roads through which he was advancing were by Tritouni, Carperitze, and Arta, in order to open a passage for the Albanians. Mavrocordato saw what a tremendous situation we were in, but could do little with such a force as he commanded. He, however, despatched the Annatolites to occupy the most important passes; their number was too small to do much good; and as he was obliged to entrust the command to chiefs who were Greeks in name, but Turks in heart, he could not entertain very sanguine expectations of the result—but with his character he could do no otherwise. He was not a man of sufficient resolution for such a post; and he had the fault, or the misfortune, of trusting too easily, and too readily believing that others were actuated by the same sentiments and motives as himself.

The Missolonghites now joined the chiefs in their cabals against us. As we knew there was no want of provisions in Missolonghi, we insisted on having full rations, which greatly incensed them. Never did I lead so detestable a life as while I was *foriere*, particularly in Missolonghi. I cannot describe the difficulty I had in obtaining the rations. When I went to the primates to sign the orders, it seemed as if I demanded immense sums. They frequently said, "Who asked you to come here? We cannot give you food. Go into the country, and take it from the Turks." We reported this to Mavrocordato, who ordered that we should receive what we wanted. As we were able to enforce his orders, they were compelled to obey.

The council of primates now urged Mavrocordato to take the field with the European troops; they promised that they would send him necessaries, and that he should want nothing, and insisted greatly on the magnitude and imminency of the danger. Mavrocordato ought certainly to have taken the field, but he ought to have kept the Europeans near him as a corps de reserve, upon whom he could depend for having his orders executed. He ought to have insisted on receiving the necessary supplies; he ought not to have suffered himself to be led by the idle clamours of the Missolonghites, who had

nothing in view but to get rid of us, and send us into the country, where we might remain without food, as, in fact, we eventually did. There were some honest men who advised Mavrocordato to be on his guard against the Missolonghites, who would promise every thing and perform nothing. In spite, however, of these warnings, we received orders to march, without waiting to be joined by the regiment, and with only two four-pounders. The Missolonghites were delighted at our departure; they little dreamt how often and how fervently they would wish us back again.

The command of the whole body of Europeans had been given to General Normann. We set out on our march, and on the fourth day passed the Acheloüs, near the village of Stanna. The Acheloüs, from its breadth and impetuosity, is called the king of Acarnania. In some places it is a mile across. The Greeks call it Aspro-Potamos, (the white river,) from the quantity of foam on its surface. We next marched towards Loutraki, in our way to take up a position before the pass of Acrinoro. From this point we saw the Ambracian gulf, in which lay two gun-boats, commanded by the celebrated Corsican corsair, Bassano.

We were perfectly able to make an attack upon Arta, and if there had been unanimity among the troops, and no treachery, we might have marched upon Joannina.

While we were losing time in collecting a few troops, the Turks profited by our delay to assemble a large army, which was daily increased by men coming in from all parts. On the 2d of July, a company of the regiment which was on the left of the army, was attacked by a body of two hundred Turkish horsemen. I believe this was a mere experiment to try our fire, and see what European fighting was. The company formed immediately and opened a regular fire. The sacred companies and the regiment, put themselves in motion for a charge. A good many Greeks, who were near us with their captains, marched on our right along a chain of hills. The Turks, who saw the whole of this movement, when they heard our drums, turned and ran away to Arta. I cannot refrain from again expressing my admiration of Colonel Tarella, who had so disciplined a body of young recruits, totally ignorant of every thing belonging to regular warfare, that they fought most bravely, charged steadily with the bayonet, and showed no sign of trepidation at the onset of the cavalry. If those two hundred men had not been repulsed, the whole body of the Turkish army, who were slowly manœuvring in Arta, and watching our movements, would have been down upon us. After this skirmish we passed forty days in complete inaction. Provisions began to fail, for the Missolonghites, as had been predicted, had ceased to send any supplies. The whole country was laid waste: not a sheep was to be seen upon the mountains; the mountaineers and shepherds had fled with their families and their flocks.

Marco Bozzaris was at the head of about four hundred Suliotes. Listening only to the suggestions of his own intrepid spirit, he determined no longer to remain idle, but to attempt some *coup-de-main*. He hoped to fall in with some parties of Albanians, marching to join the army of Arta. He would certainly have succeeded, had not Omer-

give me the money, the Europeans must find it." At this the primates looked at each other, and the following day the money was forthcoming. This circumstance convinced me of what I have repeatedly asserted,—that Mavrocordato might have enforced all his orders, if he had retained us about him.

Colocotroni had promised to send his son, with two thousand men, into Romelia, but in a few days this young man arrived at Missolonghi with Captain Biliapopulo and five hundred men. Mavrocordato saw this conduct of Colocotroni's with great indignation, at a time when the necessity for taking the field was so urgent;—but he was incapable of comprehending the intrigues of his countrymen, and did not see that this was a concerted scheme for getting rid of the Europeans, whom the chiefs regarded as peculiarly attached to him, and who shared with himself their jealousy and hatred.

The three most important points of defence were given to the local forces. Pindus, which separates Epirus from Macedonia and Thessaly, dividing at Mount Agraphus into two parts, the one lying along the gulf of Ambracia, the other bounding the straits of Thermopylæ, formed a barrier which might yet have arrested the progress of the enemy, however superior in force. The three principal roads through which he was advancing were by Tritouni, Carperitze, and Arta, in order to open a passage for the Albanians. Mavrocordato saw what a tremendous situation we were in, but could do little with such a force as he commanded. He, however, despatched the Annatolites to occupy the most important passes; their number was too small to do much good; and as he was obliged to entrust the command to chiefs who were Greeks in name, but Turks in heart, he could not entertain very sanguine expectations of the result—but with his character he could do no otherwise. He was not a man of sufficient resolution for such a post; and he had the fault, or the misfortune, of trusting too easily, and too readily believing that others were actuated by the same sentiments and motives as himself.

The Missolonghites now joined the chiefs in their cabals against us. As we knew there was no want of provisions in Missolonghi, we insisted on having full rations, which greatly incensed them. Never did I lead so detestable a life as while I was *foriere*, particularly in Missolonghi. I cannot describe the difficulty I had in obtaining the rations. When I went to the primates to sign the orders, it seemed as if I demanded immense sums. They frequently said, "Who asked you to come here? We cannot give you food. Go into the country, and take it from the Turks." We reported this to Mavrocordato, who ordered that we should receive what we wanted. As we were able to enforce his orders, they were compelled to obey.

The council of primates now urged Mavrocordato to take the field with the European troops; they promised that they would send him necessaries, and that he should want nothing, and insisted greatly on the magnitude and imminency of the danger. Mavrocordato ought certainly to have taken the field, but he ought to have kept the Europeans near him as a corps de reserve, upon whom he could depend for having his orders executed. He ought to have insisted on receiving the necessary supplies; he ought not to have suffered himself to be led by the idle clamours of the Missolonghites, who had

nothing in view but to get rid of us, and send us into the country, where we might remain without food, as, in fact, we eventually did. There were some honest men who advised Mavrocordato to be on his guard against the Missolonghites, who would promise every thing and perform nothing. In spite, however, of these warnings, we received orders to march, without waiting to be joined by the regiment, and with only two four-pounders. The Missolonghites were delighted at our departure; they little dreamt how often and how fervently they would wish us back again.

The command of the whole body of Europeans had been given to General Normann. We set out on our march, and on the fourth day passed the Acheloüs, near the village of Stanna. The Acheloüs, from its breadth and impetuosity, is called the king of Acarnania. In some places it is a mile across. The Greeks call it Aspro-Potamos, (the white river,) from the quantity of foam on its surface. We next marched towards Loutraki, in our way to take up a position before the pass of Acrinoro. From this point we saw the Ambracian gulf, in which lay two gun-boats, commanded by the celebrated Corsican corsair, Bassano.

We were perfectly able to make an attack upon Arta, and if there had been unanimity among the troops, and no treachery, we might have marched upon Joannina.

While we were losing time in collecting a few troops, the Turks profited by our delay to assemble a large army, which was daily increased by men coming in from all parts. On the 2d of July, a company of the regiment which was on the left of the army, was attacked by a body of two hundred Turkish horsemen. I believe this was a mere experiment to try our fire, and see what European fighting was. The company formed immediately and opened a regular fire. The sacred companies and the regiment, put themselves in motion for a charge. A good many Greeks, who were near us with their captains, marched on our right along a chain of hills. The Turks, who saw the whole of this movement, when they heard our drums, turned and ran away to Arta. I cannot refrain from again expressing my admiration of Colonel Tarella, who had so disciplined a body of young recruits, totally ignorant of every thing belonging to regular warfare, that they fought most bravely, charged steadily with the bayonet, and showed no sign of trepidation at the onset of the cavalry. If those two hundred men had not been repulsed, the whole body of the Turkish army, who were slowly manœuvring in Arta, and watching our movements, would have been down upon us. After this skirmish we passed forty days in complete inaction. Provisions began to fail, for the Missolonghites, as had been predicted, had ceased to send any supplies. The whole country was laid waste: not a sheep was to be seen upon the mountains; the mountaineers and shepherds had fled with their families and their flocks.

Marco Bozzaris was at the head of about four hundred Suliotes. Listening only to the suggestions of his own intrepid spirit, he determined no longer to remain idle, but to attempt some *coup-de-main*. He hoped to fall in with some parties of Albanians, marching to join the army of Arta. He would certainly have succeeded, had not Omer-

Vrioni been informed of his design by Gogo, an Anatolite chief, who was perfectly acquainted with the country, and actually instigated Omer-Vrioni to send out skirmishing parties. No sooner was Marco Bozzaris gone, than this infamous traitor sent an express to Arta. Omer-Vrioni instantly sent a body of troops to meet him, and the brave Bozzaris, being unable to contend with so unequal a force, was obliged to retire over the mountains in a different direction.

As General Normann saw that our force did not increase, that we were in a very exposed position, and that our men were daily falling sick from bad and insufficient food, he resolved to take up his position in the village of Peta, leaving a small corps de reserve. We were now in the most wretched condition, and in a state of perfect inactivity. The Turkish cavalry, supported by the Albanians, frequently came out of the town by night, and lay in ambuscade, but they were always discovered, and compelled to return to Arta.

Mavrocordato was at head-quarters, at a distance of six hours' march. He used every exertion to obtain supplies, and wrote the strongest representations to the Missolonghites, but they were entirely disregarded. We were reduced to rations of fifty drachms of meal a day. We began to say that we had rather be killed by the enemy than by hunger. Mavrocordato still suffered himself to be deluded by promises, and deferred taking any decisive step, in the hope of receiving reinforcements. Though indisputably a man of talents, he was, as I said, no match for Greek manœuvring, much of which was directed to his and our destruction.

Intelligence had reached us that the brave Marco Bozzaris was beaten; but it was not known that he had been betrayed, nor, what was worst of all, that he could not rejoin us. Our position was a strong one. The village of Peta is built on several small streams. It was occupied on the right by the regiment. The Philhellenians had claimed the post of honour, to which they were fully entitled, and we were posted at the point on which the enemy must direct his first attack. On the left was a small body of Cephaloniotes, commanded by Spirio Panno. Captain Alexaki guarded an advanced post with three hundred men; and the infamous Captain Gogo, with a thousand and fifty Anatolites, guarded our rear—a point of the utmost importance.

Intelligence was received that the enemy was about to make a decisive attack upon us; but it was rumoured that he had not more than fifteen hundred men. General Normann wrote to Mavrocordato, informing him that the regiment was much thinned by disease, and that it now consisted of not more than three hundred and fifty men; the sacred companies of ninety; and the Cephaloniotes, whom he could reckon upon, were not more than seventy-five. That in case of an attack, Captain Alexaki would hardly be able to render us any assistance, and that no reliance whatever could be placed on Gogo and his Anatolites, who would most probably desert their post. That it appeared, therefore, to him impossible that we could sustain an attack, as he was persuaded the enemy would come upon us in much greater force than had been represented. No writer has made any mention of this letter.

Mavrocordato ought not after this to have persisted in his own designs, particularly as he knew Captain Gogo. But he did; and many of his bravest soldiers were the victims.

He replied, that the position was very strong, and might be defended against an army of eight thousand men, and moreover, that he was confident that Captain Gogo would maintain his post with honour. The General communicated the prince's answer to the respective corps, and we awaited with impatience the moment which would, at any rate, make some change in our situation.

There was a sub-lieutenant, named Monaldi, in the first sacred company, an Italian, who was so worn out by the miseries he had suffered, that he could endure them no longer, and determined to go to Arta and join the Turks. He quitted his post by night, and went unarmed in the direction of Arta. Some Turks who saw him, seized and bound him, and led him before Omer-Vrioni, who asked him what he did in the enemy's camp. Monaldi answered, that he could no longer endure the wretchedness and want he had suffered, and that he had resolved to come and serve with the Turks, who, he thought, would treat him better than the Greeks had done. Omer-Vrioni immediately ordered him to be unbound, told him to sit down, and desired his people to bring him coffee and a pipe. Monaldi thought his fortune was made. After he had taken the coffee, Omer-Vrioni asked him, with an air of great mildness, a number of questions as to the position of the Greeks, the number of the Franks, and what opinion the latter entertained of the Turkish army. Monaldi, thinking to ingratiate himself, told all he knew. After the Turk had extracted from him all the information he wanted, he said, "And do you think I will employ a traitor? A man who has sacrificed his friends? No, never." He turned round to his people, and ordered them to take him out and hang him instantly. Monaldi began to supplicate for mercy, but in vain; he was taken to the piazza and hanged.

I cannot refrain from recording an instance of barbarity with which the Greeks treated the Europeans. Many of the latter were dangerously ill at Peta. This was made known to Mavrocordato, and he was requested to send horses to convey them to Missolonghi. As it is the order of the day among the Greeks to neglect every thing, it may be supposed that they were not very careful of the lives of those who had gone to their assistance. On the eve of the battle, and of our defeat, a circumstance occurred which I can never forget. There were four officers dreadfully ill: we had taken them to the road side, knowing that horses frequently passed on their return from carrying provisions to the Greeks, and we thought that our poor comrades would thus have a chance of being conveyed to Missolonghi. It was not long before some suttlers passed with six horses, which had been unloaded. We entreated them to take these unhappy men to Missolonghi. "We will not tire our horses unless you pay us," replied they. I was so exasperated, that I seized a stick, and began to cudgel them, till I obliged them to take the sick men on their horses. I must remark in my own defence, that the only way to ensure respect and obedience from a Greek is to beat him; the bastinado is the Turkish instrument of government. They accordingly took them, and set out. After five hours' march, the suttlers halted in a little wood

to let their horses feed. The poor officers threw themselves on the grass completely exhausted, and all fell asleep. When they awoke the suttlers were gone, and they were left in the midst of a wild country without food, and without the power of going in quest of any. Seeing themselves thus abandoned, without the smallest prospect of succour, they gave themselves up to despair at the fate they saw awaited them. In this state they remained all day. At length night came on—the cold air of the mountains and want of nourishment, joined to their illness, terminated the sufferings of the two weakest, who expired in the arms of their comrades. The survivors, though they saw the same end must at no great distance of time be their own, yet being of stronger constitutions, held out to the following day; when by great good fortune some of the soldiers of the regiment, passing that way in their flight from the enemy, saw the two lying dead, and the other two just at the last gasp. They laid them across their muskets, and carried them to a village, where they did what they could to revive them, after which they were transported to Missolonghi.

Such were the rewards we received from the Greeks. I could relate many other histories of the melancholy end of the Europeans who died there, but I must proceed to the more important narrative of our defeat.

General Normann posted his two field-pieces, and ordered us to hold ourselves in constant readiness. On the 16th of July, at day-break, we saw the enemy's army march out of Arta, and advance upon the plain in the direction of our position. The army consisted of a thousand horse and six thousand foot. The cavalry divided themselves into several parties on our left, for the purpose of intercepting any succours, or cutting off our retreat. The Albanians galloped towards us, singing and waving their numerous banners. We opened a regular fire, and in a few minutes saw a number of dead lying at the foot of the village. Knowing our great advantage over an army composed entirely of irregular troops, we shouted victory, and fancied we should dine in Arta. The moment the Turks receive the signal to begin the attack, the standard-bearers advance, and the others follow and direct their blows wherever they think it expedient. If, in their advance, they meet with any ditch or obstacle, the standard-bearer leaps it, and plants the standard on the other side. The soldiers rush on, regardless of danger, wherever they see the standard, and when they reach it, the firing recommences. In this way, little by little, they come up with the enemy. I have seen seven standard-bearers fall dead in succession—they were instantly replaced. They frequently advanced for a few minutes at a full gallop.

We laughed at their mode of fighting. We continued our fire very coolly, seeing the hundreds of dead before us, while we had not lost a man. We had kept up a brisk fire for two hours. The enemy were continually shouting, and were evidently beginning to take alarm. Ah, on a sudden we heard dreadful cries behind us. At first we thought they proceeded from Greeks coming to our assistance. So far, however, from this being the case, it was Captain Gogo and his Annatolites flying to the mountains, and leaving a passage open to the enemy in the middle of our line. In one moment the Turks rushed upon us like a torrent, the Cephaloniotés being unable to make any

resistance, fell back upon the regiment; the Philhellenians could not make head against the whole force of the enemy, so that we were compelled to abandon our position, which the enemy had broken in every direction. It is really impossible to describe the manner in which we fought in this moment of desperation. The regiment, though composed of recruits unpractised in the use of the bayonet, opened a way for our retreat.

If the Turks and Albanians, instead of quarrelling among themselves for the privilege of stripping the dead, whom, as Europeans, they believed to be laden with money, had chosen to massacre the survivors, not a man would have been left to tell the tale. But as the Turks and Greeks never follow up an advantage, but are always contented with their success as soon as it enables them to plunder; they never obtain a complete or decisive victory, nor indeed do they care about it. About half of our whole number consequently escaped. The European officers suffered by far the most, as was to be expected.

Were I to record the names of all the brave men who distinguished themselves in this action, I should weary my readers; I cannot, however, omit to mention Captain Mignac. After laying eight Albanians dead at his feet, his sabre broke, and he was taken prisoner. Lieutenant Chauvassaigne, after fighting with the greatest bravery, received a sabre wound in the head; with the blood streaming from his head, he rushed upon a standard-bearer, and tore away his standard, shouting, "Courage, my friends, victory!" With these words on his lips, he sunk on the ground, when the Turks despatched him. Colonel Tarella, Colonel Doria, and many other officers, were taken prisoners, and carried to Arta. I shall soon have to relate their tragical end.

Our bayonets having, as I said, made us a passage through the Albanians, we left our two field pieces, and succeeded with great difficulty in climbing along a chain of mountains inaccessible to cavalry. We escaped in the utmost disorder, and knew not whither we were going. We were too hotly pursued to be able to keep together. After three hours of forced march, or rather flight, I found myself with one of my comrades on a hill, by which flowed a little stream of water. We were faint with weariness, heat, and hunger; we had thrown away our coats and cartouche boxes, and had kept only our muskets and ten charges. We saw through the trees two Greeks sitting near the rivulet, eating bread and cheese very tranquilly, while we had been fighting their battles. We accosted them, and asked them for something to eat, relating our disasters, defeat, and escape. The Greeks began to laugh, and said they should not give us any of their food, for that they wanted it for themselves. We were so exasperated at such a reply, and so desperate at our situation, that we levelled our muskets, and said, "put down all your provisions upon the ground this moment, and go away; if you don't, we will shoot you."

As they saw we were in earnest, they rose, left their bread and cheese, and went away without saying a word. I can assure my readers that, in the horrible state in which we were, I should have had no hesitation whatever in killing two men who treated us like brutes, had there been no other means of obtaining food.

After some hours had elapsed, we began to assemble. We found General Normann worn out with fatigue, breathless, his clothes torn,

and slightly wounded in the breast. After he had taken breath, he said to me, "All this, my dear comrade, I foresaw. Now Mavrocordato will be satisfied. We must, however, try now to take up a position, collect our stragglers, and, if possible, save a few more of our unhappy comrades." Weary as we were, we took up the position of Langada, whence small detachments were sent out to pick up our stragglers.

A number of poor fellows belonging to the regiment came in terribly wounded; there was nobody to dress their wounds. The soldiers began to murmur, saying, that the Turks would pursue us, and that it was better to go than to remain where there were no provisions. General Normann told them that they must not abandon their comrades, who were scattered about the mountains, and that we had better remain for the night in that position; that he was certain the enemy were too much occupied with stripping the slain to think of pursuing us. And in fact we saw nothing more of them. Every minute some straggler joined us. It is utterly impossible to describe our situation; the next morning, however, we set out for Vracoro, leaving a few Greeks at Macrinoros and Langada.

If Reschid Pacha and Omer-Vrioni had instantly marched upon Missolonghi, they would not have found a man to oppose them, and would have at once subdued a country which they will never be masters of again. Reschid Pachà knew that there were eighty ships lying in the gulf of Patras—he knew that the Greeks were in the greatest consternation—that all the Greek families of note had fled to Calamos—that all was confusion, and that every man thought only of his personal safety, fully persuaded that the enemy would follow up his victory, and subjugate the whole of Romelia. In spite of this, he chose to overrun Acarnania. Omer-Vrioni beheld this with jealousy, and interfered in his operations. Disputes arose between them—nothing was done in concert.

Meanwhile the Greeks, finding that they were not pursued, began to take courage. The Turkish fleet having received orders to go to Napoli, to provision the army of Curchid Vizir, quitted the gulf of Patras. The Turks invariably quarrel among themselves for a thing before they have it. If the European powers had not interfered in the affairs of Greece, neither would the Greeks be able to maintain their independence, nor the Turks reduce them to submission. The revolution would have been long ago settled and forgotten, if the Turks had had a single good commander.

Intoxicated with their victory, they returned to Arta, taking with them the heads of all the Europeans who had fallen in battle, and twenty European prisoners. The heads were sent to Constantinople. Omer Vrioni ordered the prisoners to be brought before him, and said, "Brave soldiers, I am extremely sorry to put you to death. If I could be sure you would serve me faithfully, I would give you excellent situations in my army; but as I know that if I spare your lives you will return to the Greeks the first moment you can, I must order you all to be hanged—showing you especial mercy, in not having you impaled." Among them was a Greek lieutenant, named Locopalo, who spoke Turkish remarkably well, and pleaded hard for mercy. He was young and beautiful, and the pachà relented so far as to say, "I will spare your life for the present, but never hope for pardon."

There was also a German physician, who, stepping from the rank of prisoners, advanced towards the pachà, and made signs that he was a physician. The pachà said, "What, do you expect that I should spare your life? Are you wounded?" The German replied, "I will cure my wound, and in a few days I shall be perfectly restored." As the Turks hold physicians in great estimation, his life was spared. The others were all hanged on trees, and died a lingering and cruel death. As soon as the German was cured, Omer-Vrioni appointed him his physician, and in a short time he had amassed a hundred and fifty dollars. Omer-Vrioni became greatly attached to him, particularly from his having cured several Turks. He was generally regarded with great respect and esteem.

Shortly after, Omer-Vrioni's nephew fell ill at Prevesa, and the pachà wished him to be attended by his own physician. The German readily undertook this commission, in the hope that he might find means of returning to the Greeks. After he had been in Prevesa a few days, he made acquaintance with a captain of a ship, to whom he offered all the money he had to take him back to the Morea. The captain was tempted by the largeness of the sum, and thought not of the risk. He therefore undertook to take him secretly on board, and land him by night. He set sail without discovery or suspicion. The next morning the nephew of Omer-Vrioni was extremely ill, and sent for his physician: search was every where made for him, but in vain. The captain put him on shore at Cano Papa, in the Morea, after taking care to get all his money, and continued his voyage. The poor German was obliged to walk many miles to reach Gastouni. When he arrived there, the Greeks would not give him a morsel of food, and told him he was a fool for leaving the Turks, where he was well paid.

Such, however, was his enthusiasm for liberty, that he suffered these sneers with cheerfulness and patience, hoping that, in Tripolitza, where the government was established, his devotion to the Greek cause would be justly estimated, and the sacrifices he had made to it would not be forgotten. He arrived, almost starving, at Tripolitza, presented himself before the primates, and afterwards before the officers of government. They all told him he had done wrong in quitting the pachà's service—that one man, more or less, was of no importance to Greece, and so on. This was his reward. My readers will hardly believe me, when I declare to them, that some months afterwards, I saw this very German begging alms in the coffee-houses of Tripolitza. He was in the extremity of wretchedness, and the government would not even allow him rations.

I must again disclaim any intention to injure or misrepresent the Greeks—but so great have been the exaggeration and misrepresentations in their favour, that I determined to state simply and frankly what I saw with my own eyes, and heard with my own ears.

DIARY

FOR THE MONTH OF OCTOBER.

1st. It has been said in the newspapers, that the Theatrical distress is not confined to London, and that the provincial Theatres are in a very bad way. I believe that there is no doubt of this fact. The spread of Methodism has probably much injured the provincial Theatres, which are generally miserably attended. Some months ago I went into the play-house at a well-frequented watering-place, and found myself the sole spectator. I, I alone, constituted the audience. It was then late in the evening, and the company had been going through the performance with as much method and regularity as if they had had a crowded house. I observed but one sign of relaxation of established order, and that was in the instance of a great chowder-headed brat in dirty petticoats, who was scrambling over the music-desks in the orchestra, and diverting himself in his travels by making a humming noise, like a bee in a pitcher, which served as an odd accompaniment to the dialogue on the stage. After my appearance he was enticed out of the orchestra, and things went on in all respects according to order. At half-price about half-a-dozen people dropped in. The troop, so handsomely encouraged, was really by no means a bad one; indeed, there were two very respectable actors among them, and one very clever actress. They played nightly, and I liked them so well, and admired their constancy under adversity so much, that I went several times to see them, but never counted twenty persons in the theatre at any one time. How they contrived to live I have no conception; and from the cool and regular manner in which they went through their business before empty benches, it was clear to me that it was no new thing to them. Nevertheless, I used to observe numbers of the company walking about the parades in the day time, looking gay, and making a respectable appearance. I seldom omit a visit to the theatre in a country town, if there be one open, and I have never yet seen an audience that would pay the rent and nightly expences—rating them at the lowest—and leave bread and cheese to the actors; and I have never yet seen a provincial troop that had not its good actor; good actresses are greater rarities, but I have seen them too. The worst companies are decidedly those which are subject to Stars. The Brighton corps of regulars, for example, has less merit in it than any I have observed. I saw the opera of Oberon played in that theatre without the music, which almost matched the performance of the serious and moral part of the Provoked Husband in the puppet-show, without the dialogue, in Tom Jones. When I say without the music, I mean the operatic music, for there was a noise going on in the orchestra nearly the whole time. They were probably playing the accompaniments to music that might, could, or should have been sung. But I was grateful to them for not singing it. A sad, bouncing, roaring genius personated Sir Huon.

— One sees every day in the world beautiful examples of assurance, which surpass the broadest strokes of invention. I read yesterday in

The Times this modest proposal, which breathes a self-confidence that cannot be sufficiently admired, and pre-supposes a folly in the public no less wonderful.

MORTALITY AT GRONINGEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

"9, Judd-street, Brunswick-square, Sept. 28.

"Sir,—Observing in your paper of to-day, the melancholy accounts of the mortality that is taking place at Groningen and other parts of Holland, from the disease now raging there, I beg leave to communicate to those anywise interested for that country, that if a passport and safeguard from the King of the Netherlands is provided for me I will proceed there, and feel confident that the disease will easily yield to my treatment. Your insertion of this in your valuable paper will further the ends of science and profit humanity.

"I am, Sir, your very obedient servant,

"JAMES MORISON, Hygeist."

As there is a fine name, now-a-days, for every thing, I suppose that "*Hygeist*" is the polite description of quack doctor. Talking of quacks, as the story-tellers always say, I must record a joke I heard the other day concerning Sir James Macintosh. Some one remarked that the Economic ought to have more *Assurance* than any Society in London, seeing that Macintosh was its president and F. its director.

6th. The Chronicle of to-day gives a long critical account of the Birmingham Musical Festival, which discovers in the writer an ignorance of music, and all that belongs to it, that is in these musical days perfectly astonishing. Whether the article is of Chronicle origin, or copied from a provincial paper, I know not; but if the latter, the Chronicle should have had the discretion to give the credit of it where it was due. If, on the other hand, it is its own home-brewed, it does signal honour to its discretion in the selection of a musical critic. The writer begins by affirming that Mozart's Sinfonia, Jupiter, was sung in fine style by the whole assembled chorus! The deuce it was! He then gives the words of "Rest, Warrior, rest," *for the amusement of the reader*,—who is not supposed to have heard them usque ad nauseam. After this he speaks of the recitative in Sampson, "by, we believe, the same composer" as the composer of Esther, *i. e.* Handel! The musical critic actually only believed Sampson to be by Handel—he did not *know* it. As well might a literary critic speak of Paradise Lost, "we believe, by Milton." In conclusion, he writes thus knowingly of Kieswetter and Lindley, whom he is pleased to make—how shall we commit it to paper—rival performers!

"Kieswetter, on his violin, delighted us with a concerto that would have fully established his claims to the character of a peerless musician, had not Lindley contested the palm with such spirit, as to leave the question of supremacy doubtful. On the whole, we may say of both what the Mantuan poet said of his shepherds, 'et vitula tu dignus, et hic.'"

What the critic merits is very obvious—it is not a calf certainly, for he seems to have enough of that in him already, but we would leave it to Kieswetter, the violinist, and Lindley, the violencellist, to determine what the Brummagem connoisseur deserves who has made them rivals.

6th. Kean has been spotting at a dinner at Montreal. His speech is such a one as none but an actor could have conceived and delivered—all fustian and flummery. He declared that the good people of Montreal had *lighted up his heart*. That their conduct was like dew-drops to the parched, sun-beams through the prison-grate, or a key unlocking the barrier to society. He said that when he left England, he watched the departing object [*i. e.* England] with *outstretched* eye, which was odd, physically speaking; for though we have heard a saying, from the Polite Conversations, about “putting one’s eyes upon sticks,” we had an opinion that they could not, consistently with personal convenience, be removed from their sockets. On leaving the land, he confessed that he thought it proper to play the misanthrope, and that he made faces, and pretended contempt of the world. His stringless heart hung, he protested, like the harp in Tara’s Hall, neglected and discordant, till *tuned* by the good folks of Montreal, it awoke again to tones of harmony. He promised to take every opportunity of visiting the Canadas, first from gratitude, and next from *the joy that an Englishman feels in pressing to his bosom the banners of his king!* He alluded to the delight which the Montreal dinner would give to his friends in England, saying that it would enliven them “*fast as the winds can bear these tidings [the tidings of the dinner!] to the British shores.*” What a thing it is to have a genius for magniloquence! While one laughs, however, at Kean’s flights of mock-heroic, one must rejoice that the persecution of him seems to have ceased, and that he is once more making fools and made a fool of, like others of his calling.

“Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—It is customary on these occasions to pretend diffidence, and to commence a laboured address, with apologies for want of oratory. I shall differ on the present occasion from such gentlemen, by boldly affirming that your kindness and liberality have given me a confidence that inspires me with sufficient language to express the most grateful acknowledgments. To assert I had never risen on similar occasions, would be a falsehood, rendering me unworthy of that respectable society by which I am surrounded; but on no occasion of my life did I ever express my obligations of feelings more gratefully or sincerely. I had conceived such happy honours had for ever fled—a waif upon the world’s wide common. I expected nothing more than to drag out the remaining portion of my existence in hard exertion of my public duties; how then shall I thank those beings who have rekindled the social spark, almost extinct, and *have lighted up my heart* again to friendship and esteem! It is *as dew-drops to the parched, as sunbeams through the prison grate*—the key unlocking the barrier to society—the symbol that I have not wholly lost the affections of my countrymen. Such raptures as the present carry with them their alloy, when I reflect that a few days will take me from my liberal benefactors, but struggling to prove myself worthy of their favour. So deeply, gentlemen, have you impressed my feelings, that I shall leave the city of Montreal with a weakness bordering on womanhood—a pang that can only be paralleled by the recollection of that fatal moment when the ship was under sail that was to bear me, perhaps for ever, from my country—from *fame*—and from home; my *outstretched* eye watched the de-

parting object till the veil of distance clouded the land in which my every affection concentrated. It was then I forgot the indignities I had received, forgave my most malicious persecutors, and wiped from my eye all the resistless tears that fell *in spite of* my country and friends. I was scarcely from the land, when *reason told me I had lost a portion of my respectability* as a man, and my chief resources depended on the exertions of the actor! I assumed, therefore, a callous indifference, played for a time the character of a misanthrope, knit my brow, and pretended contempt for the world—but it was but acting—

‘The penetrating eye could soon discern
Smiles without mirth, and pastime without pleasure.’

“Deeply I felt the loss of that society I had for years associated with, and every act of kindness penetrated the brazen armour I had borrowed for the occasion.

“The generous Citizens of the United States have received my humble talents with enthusiasm, and temporarily healed a shattered mind and fortune; but, gentlemen, it was in the moment of retirement and reflection that the unrestrained sigh would have full vent, and the heaving pulse would still throb for England!—*my stringless heart, hung like the harp in Tara’s Hall, neglected and discordant, till, tuned by you, it awoke again to tones of harmony and affection.* I shall take every opportunity of visiting the Canadas, whether professionally or not—first from my determination to prove that I cannot forget these marks of attention; and next, *from the joy that an Englishman feels in pressing to his bosom the banners of his King*, more than on my own account. I hail this day hallowed. *Fast as the winds can bear these tidings to the British shores*, it will enliven those who, in spite of my inconsistencies and errors, watch with anxious eye my progress, and whose grateful heart will beat like mine at the receipt of that friendship that restores me again to the rank of a gentleman. The laurels of this day shall be handed down as heir-looms to my posterity, and I shall ever think that son unworthy who would not, in his prayers, remember the protectors of his father. I shall no longer, gentlemen, trespass on the time that may be better employed—I wish that every individual that has contributed so much to my happiness may enjoy the same. The act is indelibly stamped, where nothing but the All-seeing Eye can penetrate, and whose dispensing spirit has infused itself into the breasts of liberal men, to restore a soul almost subdued by vindictiveness and falsehood. I close my address with wishing you all happiness, and be assured this day shall live—*Memoria in Eterna.*”

7th.—The advantage which the poor should derive from the Benefit Societies, contributed to by them when in health, on the condition that they are to be supported by the common fund in sickness—is too much defeated by the little, dirty, and dishonest evasions and pretexts to which the officers of these institutions resort, in order to cancel the claims of sick members. In the police reports of *The Times* to-day, I observe that a poor old man, a carver and gilder, had his name struck out of the books of his Benefit Society, because it was alleged that the secretary had seen him preparing the materials for gilding a picture, when receiving support for illness. On this ground his al-

lowance was stopped, and he was expelled from a Society to which he had for thirty years contributed, for twenty-three of which he had not made a single claim on its funds. Sir George Farrant, the Magistrate, regretted to perceive the general disposition in these Societies to strike out member's names on the most frivolous pretences. He remembered, some time ago, that a poor man had his name struck out because he had been found *in the act of stopping a hole in the floor of his room*, through which the wind entered. As the poor fellow happened unluckily to be a carpenter, this was called working at his trade! On another occasion, a poor tailor was *scratched* (the slang phrase) from the books of his Society, because he had been caught in the act of mending his own breeches!

All this is very cruel, unjust, and impolitic. It is cruel and unjust to the particular individuals, who suffer by the pretexts for depriving them of an advantage which they have purchased by the hard-earned and ill-spared contributions of years; and it is impolitic, as these examples alarm the poor, and deter them from joining Societies which thus endeavour to evade their claims in the hour of need. When a member is able to work for his bread, he should certainly no longer be supported on the sick list of the Society, and if he really does earn his bread while he receives the support of one incapable of doing so, he deserves to be expelled; but there is a wide difference between a man's being able to earn his bread, and his being merely found engaged in some trifling piece of work. The unhappy tailor who was *scratched out* for having been detected in the act of mending his own breeches, was perhaps solacing himself, beguiling the tedium of his convalescence, and at the same time trying his ability to make and mend other men's breeches by this labour of love on his own. How unjust to convict him of being a working man for this *coup d'essai*.

Benefit Societies, honestly conducted, would be institutions of great advantage to the poor, and it is much to be wished that the dishonest tricks which we have adverted to, which must bring them into general discredit, should be steadily resisted by magistrates, and a discharge of their obligations rigidly enforced. In the case which led to these remarks, an order was made that the poor man should be reinstated in the Society, after a suspension of two months.

As anecdotes of Dr. Parr are just now in season, I feel tempted to contribute one which has escaped the gossips—that it is true I have the strongest possible assurance; whether it is characteristic or not, I leave it to those who are better acquainted with the learned Doctor, to determine. Lord Chedworth left the bulk of his property, which was very considerable, real and personal, to a Mr. Penrise, an apothecary at Penzance, and Mr. Richard Wilson, the solicitor. The will was disputed by his lordship's kinsmen, who alleged that he was not in a sound state of mind when he made it, and Dr. Parr, who was a friend of his lordship, deposed in affidavit, that to the best of his knowledge and belief his lordship was not in a state of mind to be trusted with the disposition of his property at the date of the will, or for some time previous to his death. It happened unfortunately, however, for the consistency of this learned man's evidence, that among Lord Chedworth's papers two letters from the Doctor were found, bearing a date subsequent to the period at which he had fixed

his lordship's incapacity, in one of which the Doctor reminded his noble patron that he had once promised him a silver soup-tureen, and suggested to him a pattern for it, at once solid and elegant; and further submitted to his lordship's judgment, subjects and appropriate classical mottos for the medallions, with which he would have it embellished. The tureen, so literally *spelled for*, appears to have been duly sent to the Doctor, for in the second letter he approved of it, observing that his lordship had omitted only one thing, which was a necessary companion to a silver soup-tureen, and that was, a silver soup-ladle, the pattern of which, I believe, he also suggested, especially recommending that solidity, the sterling worth of which outlives the caprices of fashion. The man thus solicited for presents was the man whom the Doctor declared in his affidavit to be at this very period in a state of mind which unfitted him for the management of his affairs, or the disposal of property!

The fulsome panegyrics on the Doctor have provoked this anecdote.

9th.—I find great amusement in reading advertisements in the first page of *The Times*, many of which I cannot help fancying are strongly characteristic of the disposition of their writers. There are persons who pretend to judge of character from the hand-writing; I think the advertisement a better indication—that is, supposing that the advertiser is not a regular quack or hack advertiser, for their invention baffles all inferences. For example, no one can form an idea of what manner of man Charles Wright is—we know that he is the only poet of the age who now produces any thing, that he is inexhaustible in praise of Champagne; that he is the Anacreon who unceasingly sings Cape Madeira and Opera-house masquerades. We know all this, and yet we cannot infer from puff or paragraph what kind of man Charles Wright is. His advertising style being decidedly factitious, no conjecture is to be founded on it. We should rather guess him to be a slight dapper little man, with a sharp expression of countenance, contracted from his Madeira, and a brisk manner, like the effervescence of his “matchless Champagne.” But nothing can we infer of him with any degree of confidence, for advertising over-much has destroyed all the original characteristics of his style. In such an advertisement, however, as the subjoined, extracted from *The Times* of this day, it is impossible not to discover the manner of man who composed it, and a very particular old gentleman he must be. How positive the terms are! how much is required, or rather *insisted on*, and with what exactitude, and in what a peremptory tone, the demands are made. Nothing can be more characteristic than that clause, in which the gentleman stipulates for the sole and separate enjoyment of a certain convenience—he will not keep a corner in the thing he loves. He bears, like the Turk, no brother near the throne. And then no other lodger is to be *allowed*. What a strong word—how it smacks of command. This gentleman must have had all his life a moderate but sufficient income; he has had no kith or kin, and has never been contradicted. He sees no company but his apothecary, and a kind of protégée, the son of an old servant, whom he has educated, who visits him on Sundays, walks about without making a noise, and speaks softly. He was never crossed in life, but once, and that was in the plum season, when he was kept out of a house of temporary accommodation, by an

individual of sedentary habits, to his unspeakable distress and great bodily grief, whereupon he made a vow to have a thing of his own in future, which should be, by virtue of a solemn league and covenant with landlords and landladies, sacred to his special use. All these circumstances we divine from the tone and terms of this affiche:—

“FURNISHED APARTMENTS.—An elderly Gentleman, leading a retired life, and seeing very little company, wishes to be accommodated with neatly furnished Apartments, *replete with every convenience as if they were in his own house*, in a small family in the habit of *having every thing kept in proper order*, and where no other lodger is to be allowed. *The situation must be free from noise and nuisance, airy, and somewhere between Bond-street and Regent-street, with a light easy staircase and a patent water-closet, of which the gentleman is to have the sole use.* A short statement of particulars, giving some intimation of what the rent will be, may avoid unnecessary trouble on both sides. All letters, post paid, directed to A.B.C., at Mr. John Norris’s, upholsterer, High Holborn, will be duly attended to, but no other will be received.”

— A moderate panegyric:—

“Master Grossmith, the young Roscius of deserved celebrity, performed by particular request, on Thursday evening, in the free-school room of New Alresford, before a most respectable and crowded audience. *To speak of this extraordinary youth in language adequate to his merits, would be a difficult attempt.* The pathos of tragedy and the ludicrous of comedy are equally accessible to him. The force of his conception is sustained by a corresponding accuracy of execution, and *as he shines with transcendent brilliancy*, while embodying the spirit of the sublimest passages of Milton, so, when he stoops from his height, and descends into the humble and captivating regions of the comic world, *his mild lustre, though it dazzles less, is not less pleasing.* The sensibility, as well as *the profundity of his genius*, is such, that however high the expectations may be raised by the encomiums bestowed on him, they will be more than realized to all who listen to his performances. We understand he will, by the request and desire of the inhabitants of the town and vicinity, attend again in the same room on Wednesday week, after which he will proceed to Portsmouth.”—*Portsmouth Paper.*

9th.—The erudite Pangloss, who writes the theatrical articles in the Morning Chronicle, profoundly and learnedly observes, that persons who keep their faculties alive at uninteresting performances, often do so by showing that they have too much of the *nasum rhinocerontis*. Mr. ——— being found reposing under an *oak*, by Lord ———, observed, with the design of showing the extent of his acquirements, “Here I am, my Lord, sub tegmine *fagi*.” “Would not quercus be as well, Mr. ———?” quietly asked his Lordship. So we would inquire of the learned doctor, whether *rhinocerotis* “would not be as well.”

Erudition ought to be accurate, and as this learned critic has been so unreasonable as to find fault with us for not correcting his Latin, we have proposed the correction of his slip. This friendly emendation will, we hope, set us right with the learned Doctor Pangloss, who accused us of ignorance because we did not rectify his errors, coming

to this conclusion on the same whimsical grounds on which the conceited gardener in *Rob Roy* argued that Sir Henry Vane was no scholar, "because," said he, "he does not pick me up when I tell him the learned names of the flowers." Having stated that a Mr. Edwin, a new performer, is a descendant of the celebrated actor of that name, the learned critic brings, according to his custom, a quotation to bear on the anecdote—indeed the fact is mentioned for the sake of the quotation; Mr. Edwin is, he says, *not*

Indignus genere, præclaro nomine tantum
Insignis —————

This is an excellent way of lugging in a quotation. Apply it to that which a man is, or to that which he is not. Thus you make sure of your quotation, whatever the man may be. You have him both ways. The performance criticised by this profound person was the *Heir at Law*, and it is not a little diverting to observe the uneasiness with which he evidently regards his brother Pangloss on the stage. Most ungenerously, we must say, he endeavours to disparage his rival, when obviously bringing him into a secret comparison with himself. Pangloss's quotations (quoth he with an air) any body can understand, for they are from Lilly's Grammar. The superiority claimed is not to be denied. The Chronicle critic is what the school-boys call *a cut above Lilly*; and then, moreover, he is not limited to Latin, he speaks words of Italian and French like a young lady who has just brought home her education from the boarding-school.

10th.—We are often reminded of the story of the Scotch minister, who, when preaching against dram-drinking *to excess*, gave his flock permission to drink *temperately*, at the rate of a dram about every hour, which he deemed a moderate allowance. This paragraph from a medical work contains a similar exhortation to moderation in mercury. Much mercury is in bilious complaints declared *never necessary, and always hurtful*. But a little calomel or blue pill, one grain of the former, or *four or five grains* of the latter, given *every day*, or every other day, is pronounced of great service. Such is medical moderation! What then is the excess?

"In those prevailing maladies which are considered bilious or stomach complaints, it is certain the administration of much mercury is never necessary, and always hurtful. A little calomel or blue pill, for example, one grain of the former, or four or five grains of the latter, given every day, or every other day, is frequently of great service, but beyond this they are seldom safe; and now that calomel is so frequently and largely administered, to the great injury of those who thus take it, this is a point worthy of serious attention."—*Graham's Domestic Medicine*.

11th.—Some amusing knowledge appears in the Marlborough Street Police Report of a squabble between a *soi-disant* Baron de Kruger and a M. Medex. M. Medex declared that the Baron was no baron. But the Baron observed, that the *de* before his name, as the magistrate *must be aware*, signified baron! This was pretty good on the Baron's side; but Mr. Medex, in his more knowing and circumstantial exposition of the meaning and history of *de* before proper names, completely eclipsed the Baron, and his account of the matter, to make

it more whimsical, is, he declares, the result of a *life's study of literature*:—

Mr. Medex took the opportunity of observing, "*That he had studied literature nearly the whole of his life*, and he was fully persuaded that the word 'De,' placed before a Christian name, did not signify the title of baron. *At the time Bonaparte entered Spain, he found so many persons of one name, that he felt some difficulty in recognizing them. Now, as 'De' signified 'Of,' he placed it before the names, in order that he should know them as the sons of that particular individual.*"

Such specimens of impudent ignorance are extremely delightful. I would have given the world to see the air of edification with which Mr. Conant listened to this little private anecdote touching the origin of the *de* before proper names. Mathew's should hitch the whole discussion into his next entertainment. I can fancy that I hear him in the character of Mr. Mendax, observing, that he had studied literature all his life, and then going on so glibly and with an air of such sweet complacency, "*At the time Bonaparte entered Spain,*" &c. as above. In hitting off the style of this kind of character, Mathews is inimitable. In his profession he has of course seen an abundance of impudent ignorance, and he represents it with admirable truth.

13th.—A morning paper has this paragraph:—

"Miss F. H. Kelly, who played the part of Juliet with extraordinary success a few seasons ago at Covent Garden, is at present on a tour on the Continent. *She has visited the tomb of Juliet, at Verona, which she describes as a simple coffin-shaped monument, of Florentine marble. She has procured a dress at Milan, corresponding to the costume of Juliet, as it is represented in a celebrated picture in the Gallery of the Arts and Sciences at Milan. This attention to her professional pursuits* is highly creditable to this young lady. She returns shortly to this country; we may hope, therefore, that she will quickly arrive at that eminence of which her first appearance had gave such promise."

"*This attention to her professional pursuits!*" What attention to her professional pursuits? Does the scribe really imagine that visiting the tomb of Juliet at Verona, and procuring a dress at Milan, are *professional pursuits*? Miss F. H. Kelly would have been much better employed with a view to her professional pursuits, had she been smelling the dips at our country theatres. When we saw her a few years ago, she was a promising actress, who wanted—not a visit to the tomb of Juliet, nor a dress at Milan—but that theatrical training which is to be procured most advantageously on the provincial boards. Actors and actresses used formerly to learn the drill in the country, and they came up to town perfect in the mechanical part of their business, and able to give the best effect to their higher powers; now it is the fashion for them, the women in particular, to come out at once on the London boards, and they are often under-rated and discouraged, because the public, in judging of them, sets off their awkwardness and other defects arising from the want of regular training, against their merits, without considering that the former will be cured by practice; and let performers make a weak or unfavoura-

ble impression in London at first, and they are condemned for ever. Such at least is the general rule: exceptions may be stated, but they are very rare. That it is decidedly prejudicial to an actress, to bring her out first on the London boards, we are firmly persuaded; and it is politic in the public not to countenance the practice, for it is rather too bad that performers should be learning their A B C, as it were, on the metropolitan stage, where we have a right to expect them to be perfect in their lessons. Mr. Charles Kemble has instructed and brought out many of these raw recruits; and though most of them have had superior capabilities, not one has succeeded. They possessed good materials, but had not learnt by practice how to make the best use of them. After a *debut* in London, this operation cannot be commenced. The star, or would-be star, must not accept of inferior engagements in the country, for that would be inconsistent with her pretensions; and she cannot get good ones, for her degree of success in London has not been such as to allow of them. She is thus excluded from the country, while the opportunity is not given her of improving on the London boards—the treasury denies it. But would the misses who have been Charles Kemble's pupils, have submitted to the training of country theatres, to playing in *troops*, with runaway apprentices, and too amiable milliners? No, their own feelings, and those of their respectable friends, would forbid the idea. Then the truth is, that the stage is becoming too genteel. We shall see well connected and highly accomplished young ladies on it, but very indifferent actresses. The *aspirantes* will insist on beginning at the wrong end, because the right one is too low, and would contaminate them. This resolution may undoubtedly be good for their morals, but it is bad for their acting, and with that is our main business. Many of the old school, however, went through this trying ordeal, unscathed and triumphant; but they commenced with humble ideas and humble views, and both their excellence and their fame grew by the slow degrees of a series of little successes. But the respectably born and highly educated young ladies, who are now tempted to make the stage their profession, could not submit to this career, their feelings of pride would recoil from it. Their gentlemen fathers, and gentlemen brothers, would think with horror of their being exposed to the contaminating society of a provincial troop. Mrs. Siddons, however, was not ashamed of playing in a barn. *She* did not start a fine lady. And she who does start as a fine lady will not end a Mrs. Siddons.

13th.—There is in one of Mathews' entertainments a Major Longbow, who concludes every bounce with, "I'll swear that it's true—what will you lay it's a lie?" I every day see Longbow stories in my newspaper, on the falsehood of which it would be no bad speculation to lay bets with the Editor. For example, the subjoined paragraph lately appeared, and I did intend to offer a bet that it was a lie, but unluckily we appear only once a month, and the contradiction of the journal's facts generally comes in two or three days, or by return of post at furthest. So that there is no time for me to turn a penny in that way. However, the Evening papers might gamble very pleasantly in this manner: "We swear that it's true—what will you lay it's a lie?" says the Morning; "Five to one it's a lie," replies the Evening. This gambling, it is to be observed, would have the advantage of being

greatly promotive of truth, for the one party would take some trouble to ascertain the grounds of his stories before he risked his money on them, however freely and carelessly he might risk people's characters on them, while the other would have an interest in detecting misrepresentation of falsehood, if there were any. A prudent compiler of a journal, for instance, would not offer a bet on the truth of the paragraph I now quote, because he could not fail to remember that Lady Scott had only been dead three or four months, and that Sir Walter, whatever may be his faults, is a man who respects the opinion of the world too much to offend it by an *indecent*.

"Sir Walter Scott, it is reported, is shortly to be married to a lady of immense wealth. Mr. Bruce, who, under the patronage of the late Lord Melville, became professor of logic in the university of Edinburgh, and afterwards historiographer to the East India Company, and lastly, in conjunction with Sir — Hunter Blair, printer to the king for Scotland, lately died, leaving behind him, to a maiden sister, an immense fortune, some say of three hundred thousand pounds. The worthy baronet, it is reported, has successfully made love to this accomplished lady, who, on her part, insists on his receiving from her, *before* marriage, one hundred thousand pounds to clear his incumbrances. Who, after this, will say, that the climate of Scotland is cold?"—*Morning Chronicle*.

In due season the following, of course, appeared:

"The statement in the *Morning Chronicle* respecting Sir Walter Scott's marriage is altogether premature. The story is said to have originated in a *joke* of Mr. Jeffrey, who, as a match-maker, is said to have expressed an opinion that Sir Walter should marry either Mrs. Coutts or Miss Bruce. This proposal, in being repeated, was metamorphosed into the complete rounded-off fiction, against which neither the London nor the provincial papers can always guard. Should a marriage follow the rumour, it will not by any means be the first that has had such an origin."—*Glasgow Chronicle*.

The story originated in a *joke* of Mr. Jeffrey. Ye gods! is that a *joke*? The fun of Mr. Jeffrey would seem to be no laughing matter. The late lamentable dulness of the *Edinburgh Review* is accounted for at once if this is the style of his jokes.

— I have for some time had my eye on the Royal Society and its President, suspecting (which is most explicitly charged, in a letter from Mr. Herepath to the *Times*,) that the interests of science are less thought of in the Somerset House conclave than the jealousies of the little click which constitutes the council.

Mr. H—— (into whose case I have not had time to look) says:—"I ought to add, there is one thing more which operates to keep my opponents in silence. The President knows he has treated me ill—exceedingly ill—and that in this treatment he has also acted in opposition to the duties of his office, and injured the interests of the public. He is, therefore, most anxiously solicitous to prevent inquiry. He calculates, that if he can suppress public feeling for a short time, I shall exhaust myself, and things will die away. How long the public will allow one man to injure them in prosecuting his resentment against another, who has devoted his life to the advancement of their interests in the progress of discovery; how long the Royal Society, regardless

of their character, of justice, and of feeling, will suffer themselves to be made the tools of avenging their President's private animosity; or how long the mathematical and philosophical world will quietly submit to see a member of their body thus treated, thus oppressed by a mere chymical experimentalist, I cannot of course be expected to determine; but I beg to observe, that Sir Humphry was never more in error in his life—not even in his ‘ships’ copper-protectors’—than in supposing that I shall exhaust myself.”

15th.—I have remarked that the advertisements of schoolmasters are never, by any chance, written in good grammar. From a desire to find an exception to this rule, which I should regard as a curiosity, I make a point of reading all paragraphs headed EDUCATION; and to-day, my eye being attracted by one under this title, I had the good fortune to meet with a new species of puff, which has never yet been noticed by any of the puffologists, and is not to be placed in any of the known classes described by Sheridan or others. I was at first disposed to style it the Puff *Vicarious*, but on consideration found that this name would not apply, as the puff is in fact obviously not puffed by another, but by the puffed himself under another character. Having been much perplexed to fix the description of this puff with the desirable exactitude, I am, on reflection, induced to leave the settlement of the matter to the superior experience and sound practical knowledge in puffing of Professors Collurn and Carolus Wright, who will ascertain the species and determine the title in a paper in the Philosophical Transactions. In the meantime I submit the specimen to the inspection of the curious.

“EDUCATION.—*A gentleman who has a son ten years of age, educating by a clergyman of the Established Church, residing on his living fifty miles from London, is desirous of increasing the number of scholars, there being some few vacancies; and takes this way of attempting to do so, without the knowledge of the clergyman, from a sense of his merits as a scholar, a teacher, and a gentleman.* The advertiser can refer to several gentlemen in London and elsewhere, whose sons have been educated from six or seven years of age till they were to go into the public schools at twelve or fourteen, which they have done with credit to themselves, and much to the satisfaction of their parents. The number taken is twelve, and the *terms* are 100 guineas, which *includes* every sort of expense except clothing. Farther particulars may be known by applying to Mr. Lloyd, Bookseller, Harley-street, Cavendish-square.”

— A correspondent in the New Times gives us the following information:—“Long before this time, Parliament had made provision for the poorer clergy, by the appropriation of the first-fruits and tenths, of all spiritual preferments in the kingdom. These revenues, which originally formed part of the Papal usurpations over the English clergy, were annexed to the Crown, by 26 Henry VIII. cap. 3, and 4 Eliz. cap. 4, but restored to the church by charter from Queen Anne, which was confirmed anno 1703, in Parliament, by a statute (2 and 3 Ann. cap. 20). This liberal grant, which has obtained the very appropriate name of Queen Anne's Bounty, is introduced by reasons, in the highest degree honourable to the Sovereign and the Parliament

from whom it proceeded." But here the honour ceases, and cannot be extended to the rich clergy, who have defeated this liberal grant, robbing their poorer brethren of the provision intended for them. We all know how tithes are exacted and paid; but every body is not aware, that the clergy only pay first-fruits and tenths according to the nominal value of their livings, as rated some centuries ago in the King's books; and here I must correct the reverend writer.—When he calls the exaction of first-fruits and tenths a Papal usurpation, he ought to remember, that if tithes be of Divine origin, the first-fruits and tenths of them are reserved by the same law; and that if the Christian priest is entitled to the Levitical provision (which, by the bye, I more than doubt), the head of the Church is equally entitled to the portion set apart for Aaron and his successors. Common honesty requires that they should pay and receive in the same coin, even as among strangers; much more, then, when the poor of their own body are to be the sufferers by a variation.

— The most obscene passage that ever appeared in any newspaper—a joke that could scarcely disgrace the conversation of a brothel—may be found [I dare not transcribe it] in this day's John Bull. This publication, be it remembered, is supported almost exclusively by the parsons. Some of the reverend gentlemen, who have daughters, may see the propriety of countermanding their subscriptions—others I suppose will explain the joke to their wives, and then hasten to their pulpits to meditate in the intervals of prayer on their Sunday's *bon bouche*.

— It is reported that the Commander in Chief has hit upon another expedient for encreasing his own patronage and the expenses of the country—other reasons to be sure are assigned in the high military circles; but as I noted the number of Somersets and Lennoxes and Coninghams, et *iis similia*, for whom the unattached and brevet retirement schemes made way, I cannot but suspect a similar result to this new device.

"The outlines of the plan appear to be, that, in time of peace, for the sake of regimental duty, the brevet is not to go any further down than the lieut.-colonels; but that in the other ranks there is to be a promotion (as recently) on the half-pay, viz. subalterns having served 15 years or upwards (and *nine* as lieutenants) to be captains—captains 21 years and upwards (and *seven* as captains) to be majors—and majors serving 25 years and upwards (*five* as majors) to be lieut.-colonels on the half-pay, from which they are to be replaced in the service by those young and active officers lately promoted, amongst whom the field officers are generally those who have been captains or subalterns in the late war—thus old officers rusting in the service will be promoted on the half pay, from which the army will receive the young but experienced field officers now lounging about our streets and taverns. Whether this is a correct statement of the proposed measure we cannot confidently state, but it appears to be one which will be highly beneficial to the service, and will afford another proof of the illustrious Duke's care and solicitude for the interest of our army, which under his Royal Highness's controul and command has risen to the highest pitch of military glory."

Thus the half-pay list, already quite long enough (as Mr. Robinson

will find when he has to deal with poor Lord Bexley's dead weight) is to be again encreased. The old officers, who have been *rusting* [query?] in the service, will be put on the shelf, and the young lordlings who have been *rusticating* at Belvoir, or collecting military experience at Doncaster, Long's, or Crockford's, are to be foisted over the heads of those who have fought from Lisbon to Toulouse.

How does it happen that his Royal Highness, in all his solicitude for the interests of the army, has never hit upon the obvious expedient of having some public examination of the qualification of candidates for promotion. Suppose he were to institute a board of examiners, who should inquire whether the young gentlemen could read, write, and cypher? whether they had ever heard of Cæsar, Turenne, or Malborough? could recount the progress of any one siege, or the tactics of any one battle, estimate the tonnage of transports, or calculate the march of converging columns. If he were to do so, I will answer for it [for I know the men] he would find officers now *rusting* in idleness, who would do much more credit to the service, than those who are selected from the weight of their purse, or the length and parliamentary strength of their solicitations.

Public attention must be drawn to the much vaunted military merits of his Royal Highness; for it is quite evident that a pretty considerable haul is meditated on the public purse, and it is well we should know what we pay for. The Duke is popular in the army, and all military men, dreading his probable successor, contrast the present with the expected future: this estimate is highly in favour of the commander in chief; but it is a false mode; we must inquire specifically what he has done, what he has left undone—what abuses, with his great power, he has abolished; what he has retained; we shall then know whether the quantum of his services exceeds the quantum of remuneration already received, in money, power, and patronage; and calculate the balance accordingly.

16th.—The Americans are vehement admirers of things on a great scale, not excepting great crimes. Any excessive atrocity commands their respect, provided only that the actor plays his part with hardihood, and delivers abundance of bombast. They have lately been filled with admiration at the bearing of Beauchamp and his wife, who lately killed a colonel out of sheer sentiment, and the heroic elevation of their ideas. A history of this interesting couple is given in *The George Town Metropolitan*, and the writer avers that it frequently receives the tribute of a tear, even on the spot where their greatness of mind induced them to butcher the colonel. The story of the lady is thus told:—

“Miss Cook was a young and lovely woman, with a sylph-like figure, a countenance the most sweet and expressive I ever beheld. She was liberally educated, and her genius and mind towered far beyond her more wealthy associates. Her thoughts were as free as the air she breathed, and those whose souls never travelled beyond the dull and ordinary pursuits of life, did not scruple to affirm that her free thoughts ruined her. It is said that Colonel Sharp once addressed her—that, however, is not positively known; but it is well known that he seduced her. When a woman, like her, gives her heart, all else is but too apt to follow. She had a child, and her seducer was soon after married

to another woman. This perfidy stung her to the soul; her health became impaired for a time, and the gay and lively girl, whose society most men courted and women feared, drooped like a lily blighted by the storm.

"It was for some time feared that her reason had lost its empire: she gradually recovered, however, and her hand was sued for by young Beauchamp, a very sprightly and interesting youth, to whom she was united. Before her marriage, she ingenuously told him of the calamity that had befallen her, and he as generously buried it in oblivion; and when the recollection of her wrongs did not intrude themselves upon her, she lived comparatively contented. With the politics of our state much personal acrimony is blended, and the seduction of Miss Cook was charged upon Colonel Sharp to his prejudice. Mrs. Sharp and her mother were very vindictive upon the subject; to quiet whom it is said that Colonel Sharp exhibited certificates from the accoucheur that *the child of Miss Cook was a Mulatto*; and those ladies very imprudently talked of it, as having seen the certificates to that effect."

We have to observe now the terrible consequences of blackening young ladies' babies in the United States. One may safely swear in America that black's white, but not that white's black. Mrs. Beauchamp had an ugly habit of making free with her husband's letters, and she unluckily opened one in which this anecdote was communicated to him; its effect on her is thus sublimely described by the narrator, who has painted the scene with admirable circumstantiality, considering that he could not possibly have witnessed it:—

"As soon as the damning intelligence met her eye, she sunk in a chair for a minute or two, and, suddenly recovering herself, she extended her arms upwards, *her dark eyes flashing fire terrible as the lightning of heaven*—'Oh, my God! this [*i. e.* the story of the little black boy] demands vengeance! vengeance! See! see!' said she, handing the letter to her husband—'Charlotte Corday struck a tyrant down, and she is lauded in history; if I kill the villain, I shall be loaded with obloquy, and branded as a murderess.' Beauchamp took the letter, and read it; then taking his wife's hand, and looking her full in the face, said in a slow and emphatic manner, 'My much-injured, my much-insulted Ann, his doom is sealed!' With this declaration she seemed appeased."

Nothing it must be confessed could be more obliging and polite than the conduct of that "very interesting and sprightly youth," Mr. Beauchamp, on this occasion. A lady of our matter-of-fact world, who had not a touch of tragedy in her, would, instead of "flashing fire with her eyes terrible as the lightning of heaven," and saying *this demands vengeance*, and talking of Charlotte Corday, have spoken thus, had she been so bloody minded:—"My Dear B., that brute the colonel says that the little angel I had by him before marriage with you, sweet, was a black B.; whereas, love, upon my honour, it was quite white. Now this is not to be borne, B.; but I suppose if I were to kill the fellow I should be called a bad name, and hung for it as likely as not."—Thus would have spoken an ordinary mortal of Mrs. B.'s turn of mind, and an equally plain Mr. B., would have replied, "My dear Ann, make your mind easy,—I'll cut

his throat to please you, my darling." When that "interesting and sprightly youth," Mr. B., was in confinement for the murder of the colonel whom he had killed merely from the amicable motive of obliging his wife, she thus comforted herself, persuading him to suicide by talking like Lempriere's Classical Dictionary, of Arria and Pætus Cecinna, and Antony and Cleopatra, and Socrates!

"From the moment she went to the dungeon with her husband, all thought of self was lost—she stopped at no sacrifices, however painful, but helped to beguile him until it was known he had nothing to hope from the clemency of the Governor. It was then she endeavoured to arm him with fortitude, to instil into his mind contempt for death, and how much more it would become him, as a man, to die by his own hand, rather than by that of the hangman. 'I will die with you,' said she: 'you generously shared my unhappy destiny in life—I will show you how cheerfully I will unite mine with yours in death. Do you not remember,' said she, 'how Arria, when her husband Pætus Cecinna was accused only of a conspiracy against Claudius, stabbed herself, and handed the dagger to him, who followed her noble example? Do you not recollect, too, how Cleopatra refused to outlive the fallen fortunes of the great Anthony? The mind of Ann Beauchamp is made up, and she disdains to listen to the arguments of sophists and fools to move her from her purpose.' It was evident that Beauchamp had some religious qualms, and was not satisfied that suicide was justifiable under any circumstances; but her great soul soared far beyond such nice speculations.

"When they took the laudanum, she drank her's first: and, handing him the phial, said, 'Recollect, my dear, with what a determined spirit Socrates drank the hemlock!'"

The narrator winds up the sublime tragedy thus—how he happened to be so accurately informed of the particulars of a scene which he could not possibly have witnessed, we may not stop to inquire, because it would spoil the sublimity of the story—Historians must be presumed to know these things by intuition.—

"After their repeated efforts had failed, both of them expressed some impatience, and much disappointment: and it was now found necessary, if they were to accomplish their object, to resort to the knife. On the fatal morning when the bloody tragedy was acted, she took his hand, and, smiling with a kind of mournful composure, said, 'Come, my dear husband, the knife must do us the friendly office, after all.' The guard was then requested to retire; and, embracing each other tenderly, he exclaimed, 'Yes, Ann, we will die together, and throw ourselves upon the mercy of our God!' He then drew forth the knife, and stabbed himself! She seized his hand, as if anxious to perish at the same moment, and plunged it into her body! Her wound was mortal—he perished on the scaffold! The whole scene was one of such an agonizing character, that tears fell from every eye. It will be long, indeed, ere I forget it. A full account of these two ill-fated beings will shortly be published, when I will send you one of the first copies."

MORAL.

If young ladies have not white children before marriage, they will not find themselves necessitated to kill colonels for swearing that

white's black ; and then their husbands will not come to be hanged for obliging them ; and they will not have to poison or stab themselves in prison, to the unspeakable admiration of persons of sentiment.

17th.—When an architect has to build a fine house, the first thing which he does is to consider and perpend and weigh in his mind which is the most improper site for it, because having fixed upon the same, and raised the building on it, there is a good chance that it will be found uninhabitable, and then he may get another job. Or if he cannot build it in an uninhabitable place, he should nevertheless, if he have any genius, contrive to poke it into close quarters with a mob of tenements, or to place it exactly where it is utterly inaccessible—thus having built the house, he gets the job afterwards of clearing an opening round it, and making a way to it, as in this example:—

“IMPROVEMENTS AT ST. JAMES’S.—The plan of continuing Pall-mall by the splendid Crescent, and the new road and entrance to the Green Park and his majesty’s palace, will give a fine *coup d’œil* of the palace, from the extreme end of Pall-mall ; it will also give *beautiful* and refreshing *breezes* from the Green Park to Pall-mall, and that neighbourhood. The jewel office, also the lord chamberlain’s, together with Mr. Barnard’s house adjoining, are included in the new improvements.—*At present there is no approach to the Duke of York’s new residence, and it is resolved that an early period shall be fixed for the removal of the official residences that at present obstruct the Pall-mall entrance to the Duke of York’s mansion. Cleveland-row and Cleveland-square consist only of sixteen houses, which block up all view of the new palace and the Green Park, and form a sort of barrier to the Park, which, when removed, will give great consequence and splendour to the neighbourhood of St. James’s. It is a part of the town that has long been neglected ; and the estimated expenses being comparatively trivial to the advantage of the improvements, no time will be lost in getting the sanction of parliament to the measure.*—*Morning Chronicle.*

We can tell the Chronicle which talks so eloquently of “*the beautiful breezes,*” that there will be a *beautiful breeze* in Parliament at all these fine doings. At such a moment there is something repulsively profligate in this ardour of extravagance. While the country is ringing with distress, the metropolis is tricking out its ugly old face, and smattering itself up, and thinking of nothing but mending its looks, like some ancient harriidan ; who, tottering almost on the verge of dissolution, is rouging her hollow cheeks, *farding*, plumping and padding, and, as it were, setting her cap at Death—wasting on her vile cosmetics and finery that which if husbanded for wholesome nourishment might support her crazy constitution. I remember to have seen an excellent French print entitled “*Vanity and Misery.*” A lovely girl—not in the least like the cities of London or Westminster, it must be confesed—half naked, stockingless, and slip-shod, is ironing out a beautiful ball dress in a miserable apartment. The different articles necessary for a fine appearance are lying about—all the rest is wretchedness—the snow is beating in through the broken window, and there is no fire on the hearth ; but she smiles as she works away on her gay dress, obviously thinking of her *improvements*,

and insensible to the misery that surrounds her. Now this is shocking but excusable in a lovely young girl; but such fatuity in a smoke-dried, weather-beaten, brick-built, old metropolis, is unpardonable; and it is to be hoped that the friends of decency in parliament will pitch the whitewash, and plumpers and padders, the stucco, the trowels, the bricks, and the mortar, the estimates, the architects, and the abominations thereof, to Old Harry.

19th.—A writer in the Edinburgh Review, in an article on the Licensing System, humorously illustrates the absurdity of allowing the men who drink Madeira and Claret to be the supreme directors of the dispensation of porter and ale, to ride astride of a people's butts, and turn the cocks of a thirsty nation's beer this way or that at pleasure. The Reviewer sensibly observes, that in regulating matters which touch the palate, sympathy is absolutely necessary. The men of bottles ought not to meddle with the men of pots; nor the men of buckets, the aquarii, with the men of bottles. The present enthrallment of the nation's liquor is aptly represented by the common publican's sign—but too emblematic of his grievances—Bacchus, the god of wine, rides the beer barrel. Now Bacchus is notoriously not partial to beer; and Mr. Montagu, the advocate of water, might sit with as good a grace astride of a beer barrel, over an ale-house door, as he of the purple grape. I am decidedly inimical to partial vexation: if we are to vex each other, let us act on a grand system of mutual vexation, which will comfort the people, by showing them that their case is not peculiar. If the magistrate rides the beer barrel, let Mr. Montagu hold the cork-screw, or take the place at present occupied by Chanticleer, in the popular sign of "The Cock and Bottle," and let the toper have full authority to sway the pump-handle, and stop the spout. Thus all parties would be tormented, and an *equitable adjustment* of oppression effected. While, as things are now ordered, the men of wine, and the men of water, press with all their weight on the men of beer, fouling the stream and nipping the tide of the nation's drink. Happy would it be for John Bull were this the only grievance of which he has to complain, arising from the error of giving arbitrary power where there is no sympathy. We are a people crossed, not only in liquor, but in laughter. Magistrates are not only judges of how, when, in what measure, and of what quality, Bull is to drink his beer; but of how, when, in what measure, and of what quality, he is to take his amusements. The French say, that in England the military are called out when a child cries; it is incontrovertibly true, that the magistrates are in consternation, and the constables are called in, when a man laughs. As amusement seems to be regarded as a crime, it is perfectly consistent that magistrates should have the regulation of places of public entertainment, and that they should order them in such a sort as to prevent any unconstitutional degree of popular enjoyment. Sheridan makes one of his characters in the Critic observe, that there is too much reason to fear that people go to theatres principally with a view to amusement, and the magistracy obviously consider that it is their especial duty to correct so evil a propensity. They therefore keep a vigilant eye on the morals of public entertainment, and the bench puts a *veto* on any piece or custom which does not exactly square with its ideas of what is right.

So many magistrates, so many sentiments. One dislikes this, another finds something amiss in that, and the hapless manager has to listen to each, to comply with the commands of each, under pain of the loss of his licence, in other words the confiscation of his property, for such it in effect is. "Over many masters, said the toad under the harrow, when every tooth gave him a tug;" and so must the poor manager, subject to this authority, complain, when every sapient justice requires some reform in his entertainments. The fable of the old man and the ass must surely have been written with a prophetic view of the licensing system, the consequence of which is, that he who is to please every body in the commission, pleases nobody out of it. At the autumnal Surrey Sessions, the Surrey Magistrates, by their own confession the finest in the country, are in the habit of showing the managers of the different places of amusement in their district, how to conduct their respective asses; and this year they have acted up to the very letter of the fable alluded to, and indeed fulfilled the catastrophe, having caused the Vauxhall proprietor to carry his jack ass, though by so doing they may chance to throw his property over the bridge. Some of the magistrates have an opinion that eleven o'clock is a more virtuous hour for fire-works than twelve; the proprietor pretexts that this change of hour would cost him five thousand pounds. "Sir," say the magistrates, "who should know best how your Gardens should be managed, you or the magistrates? and is not eleven a more proper time for fire-works than twelve, in our judgment?"—which being translated into other words, signifies, "Are we not the best judges how a man should treat his jack ass? and is it not more Christian-like to carry him, than for him to carry you?" Where there is authority, this is unanswerable; and were I a Surrey magistrate, such as Surrey magistrates are, I would not stop at eleven o'clock, but would peremptorily require the fire-works to be let off before sun-set, on pain of the refusal of the licence. The only hitch in this mode of legislating is, that though the magistrates can command the manager to amuse the public in a certain manner, which seems good to them, they can by no force of authority cause the public to be amused in such manner. But that is not their affair. All that they have to consider is what pleases them, and what displeases them; and the last article they do not seem to know with any great certainty, easy as it appears to be. For example, Mr. H. Sumner having taken exception, in succession, to "The History of George the Third," at the Coburg theatre, and the "Murder in Hertfordshire," also found, or fancied he had found, something violently amiss in "The City of the Plague," but what it was that so mightily offended, neither he nor any body else seemed to know. "The City of the Plague," was a representation of the plague in the reign of Charles the Second; and Mr. H. Sumner appears to have been filled with consternation by the idea that George the Third was a character in it! Thus spoke his worship:—

A placard was put in circulation, announcing for representation a piece, called "The City of the Plague." He obtained possession of one of these placards, and kept it until about a fortnight since, when it unfortunately escaped from his hands, and he had not since seen it. He, however, recollected that the piece was entitled "The City of the Plague," and into that piece was to be introduced one of the most afflicting calamities that could befall a nation—he meant a description of that dreadful malady

under which our late king had laboured for ten or eleven years. He would ask any man who remembered and revered his late majesty, whether there could be any thing more disgraceful, more revolting to the feelings, than such a representation? Some person who saw this placard, felt it right to take it down, and send it to the Secretary of State for the Home Department, by whom it was transmitted to him, (Mr. Sumner,) upon which he immediately went to town, and a negotiation was entered into with the parties at the theatre, in consequence of which the piece was not acted. So far this was well; but it ought not be left to the discretion of any individual magistrate or manager to decide whether such a piece ought not to be acted. It should be decided that they must not be permitted.

Mr. Davidge said, that the pledge alluded to had been given, and, he trusted, honourably kept, by the lessees and managers of the Coburg. Some mistake had taken place with respect to the "*City of the Plague*," which, with the leave of the court, he would explain. *That performance had not the slightest reference to the life or times of his late majesty George III., but was a representation of the plague which took place in London in the reign of Charles the Second, and of the desperate fire which followed it.* Having heard that there was some rumour afloat relative to the piece, he immediately sent the manuscript copy to the clerk of the court, (Mr. Lawson, clerk of the peace,) a month before the performance commenced.

Mr. H. Sumner said, *he would ask Mr. Lawson whether he did not agree with him as to the impression which the placard was calculated to make?* A negotiation afterwards took place, and the piece was altered from the original.

Mr. Davidge pledged his word of honour, that no alteration had been made either in the manuscript copy of the piece or the placard, from the period of their having been submitted to the inspection of Mr. Lawson.

Mr. Lawson said, *his impression upon reading the placard decidedly was, that no one could see its reference to the melancholy state of our late sovereign King George the Third.*

As Mr. H. Sumner had his blunder, so Mr. R. Jackson was resolved to have his.

Mr. R. Jackson fully concurred in every thing which had fallen from his honourable friend (Mr. Sumner). He had seen the placard, and his impressions relative to its object and tendency were precisely the same. It stated that into the "*City of the Plague*," would be introduced an episode from a play of the previous year, giving an account of the life and family of George the Third, in which piece, a character delineating all the passions would be represented by an eminent performer, and that a person in a state of lunacy would also be introduced. He made it his duty to inquire into this, and he found that it was to be a scene from a play which had given such general public alarm, that Sir Richard Birnie and other magistrates thought it necessary to witness its first performance. He (Mr. Jackson) went to see this latter piece, and he found it to be throughout a clumsy eulogium from first to last upon his late Majesty. Notwithstanding this, he still felt it not right that such representations should be permitted. Let managers or performers represent if they will the kings and queens of antiquity, but let them not approach too near the personages of the present age. *He had witnessed the episode introduced into the "City of the Plague," and the story was simply this:—*There was a poor man to whom his late majesty was described to be, according to his usual benevolent character, extremely kind. This poor man had a daughter, whom he idolized, and who formed the solace of his life. It happened that the poor man's cottage took fire, and was burned to the ground before his face; but, to complete his misery, his daughter, he imagines, perishes in the flames. This shock overpowers him, and he becomes deranged. His majesty, with a benignity and kindness which ever characterised his every act, endeavours by every means to solace the poor sufferer; and learning that the child had escaped the flames, recommends that she should be brought before her father, as the best means of recalling his wandering reason. The experiment succeeds; the wretched parent is again restored to his child and to happiness, and thus the scene concludes. *He trusted that this explanation of the mistake would be found sufficient.*

Mr. Davidge hoped that he might be allowed to correct a mistake which the honourable member (Mr. Jackson) had made, relative to the "*City of the Plague*." There was not one word of the "*Episode*" alluded to by Mr. Jackson in that production; it was introduced into some other piece.

This is the accuracy of authority! a chapter of blunders! On the

subject of Vauxhall the doctors differ. The scene, as reported, is worthy of a place in farce.

Mr. Henry Drummond adverted to several written and verbal communications which he had received, relative to the loose behaviour at Vauxhall, *particularly in the dark walks!* Some persons alleged that they had seen nothing improper in the Gardens, but that was owing to their having gone away long before twelve o'clock. It was urged, that much strictness was attempted to be used towards Vauxhall Gardens, while vicious places were allowed to remain open at the west end of the town. But the cases were widely different; a great portion of the visitors at Vauxhall were clerks and apprentices, who were obliged to be up early in the morning, and to whom late hours were ruinous.*

Mr. H. Sumner declared that he had gone down those dark walks, as they were called, *and had seen nothing improper there.*

Mr. Spiers bore testimony to the respectability of Vauxhall Gardens, as at present conducted.

Mr. H. Sumner asked *why it was that the fireworks were let off at twelve o'clock instead of eleven?*

Mr. Gye said, *that such had always been the case.*

Several magistrates here declared, that they remembered the fireworks commencing at eleven; while nearly an equal number asserted that twelve was the usual and regular hour!!!

Mr. R. Jackson asked Mr. Gye, if he was ready to undertake that no dancing, other than professional dancing, should take place in the Gardens?

Mr. Gye asked, how it was possible to prevent it? Children, and sometimes grown persons, would dance, in spite of any regulation to the contrary.

Mr. H. Sumner asked, if any improper characters were admitted for the purpose of dancing round the Gardens?

Mr. Gye: "Certainly not."

Mr. R. Jackson said, that if Mr. Gye declined undertaking to prevent all dancing, except professional dancing, he should press his motion for excluding dancing altogether.

Mr. Spiers suggested that the proprietors might, according to the old plan, put up notices, stating that dancing in the Gardens was objected to by the magistrates; whenever private parties attempted to dance, the bands should cease.

Mr. Gye said, that the duty which the proprietors owed to themselves, as well as the stations which they held in society, must induce them to watch over the morals and decorum of the establishment.

Mr. R. Jackson asked, if Mr. Gye was ready to adopt the suggestion of the worthy magistrate (Mr. Spiers)?

Mr. Gye said, he did not clearly comprehend what the worthy magistrate meant.

Mr. Spiers wished the proprietors to adopt the course pursued at Vauxhall in Baron's time; namely, that notices to prevent dancing should be posted up, *and that when persons began to dance, the band should change to a minuet, or a [dead] march, and so prevent them from proceeding.*

Mr. Gye said, that when half a dozen or a dozen parties commenced dancing, at the same time, and where some 3000 or 4000 persons were assembled, they would be likely to take the case into their own hands.

Mr. Hedger observed, that a large body of police was employed at the Gardens, and they could, of course, prevent that as well as any other disorder.

Mr. Pallmer said, he had three points to propose for the consideration of the proprietors; first, that the dark walks must be fully lighted up; secondly, the fireworks must commence at eleven o'clock; and, lastly, the dancing must be confined to stage dancing only.

With regard to the two stipulations, that the dark walks should be lighted, and that the fireworks should be let off at eleven, that being the hour declared canonical, probably out of compliment to Mr. Cannon, the complainant against the Gardens, Mr. Gye said—

* There ought to be a penal statute, compelling these persons to go to bed at eight o'clock in winter, and nine in summer. This would be better than interfering with the management of places where they are tempted to sit up, and so spoiling the amusement of other people, who can lie in bed in the morning, without injury to society.

That the dark walks should be fully lighted ; but as to the fireworks, commencing them at eleven o'clock, would be nothing less than the destruction of the property.

Mr. Pallmer asked if he could show any proof of this ? *

Mr. Gye said, that the nobility never came till after twelve o'clock.

Mr. H. Sumner observed, that if they could see the fireworks at eleven, they would go at that hour. The general observation amongst the circle he moved in was—
“Come, let us be in time to see the fireworks.”

The Chairman asked how the property could be destroyed by making the hour for the fireworks earlier ?

Mr. Gye repeated, that the nobility would not come earlier.

Mr. H. Sumner wished to know if the nobility formed one-tenth of the visitors at Vauxhall ? †

Mr. Gye said that they formed a large proportion.

Mr. H. Sumner said, certainly not a tenth, and of those more than six-tenths would attend before eleven, if aware of the alteration.

Mr. Gye said a question had been put to him, and *he had explained how the property must be injured by the proposed alteration relative to the fireworks.*

Mr. H. Sumner then feared that the licence must be refused altogether.

The Chairman wished to ask once more, whether the proprietors were willing to abide by the regulations of the court ?

Mr. Gye *respectfully submitted, that the proposed regulation would have the effect of destroying the property altogether.*

A magistrate observed, that Mr. Gye must certainly best understand the feelings of those who visited his establishment. [How came so sensible a man among them ?]

Mr. H. Sumner said, that the magistrates must certainly be as well acquainted with the different branches of society as the proprietors of Vauxhall Gardens could be. The question now was, whether the magistrates were to rule Vauxhall Gardens, or Vauxhall Gardens to rule the magistrates ? When he found that such was the case, *he should give up his feelings for the Gardens altogether.*

Mr. Thessiger observed, that when the fireworks went, the people would go too.

Mr. Gye said, that such would certainly be the case, *and with them would go all the profits. If he had any means of accomplishing it, he would prefer giving five thousand pounds, to acceding to the proposed regulation relative to the fireworks.*

The chairman again asked Mr. Gye, if he was prepared to conform to the order of the court upon the three points mentioned.

Mr. H. Sumner thought it right that females of loose character should be prevented from dancing round the gardens ; but for himself he saw no harm in allowing tradesmen's wives and daughters to dance if they pleased.

Mr. Page said, they had been dancing round this subject all day, without effect, and it was time they came to some conclusion.

The end of the farcical discussion was, that the licence was granted on condition that the fire-works should commence at eleven, and that the dark walks should be enlightened—it would be well if the Surrey magistrates would include themselves in the last clause.

I have given so much of this edifying exhibition at length, because I am satisfied that the ridicule which will be provoked by it will be a wholesome corrective of these officious whimsies (which, though laughable, are really cruelly oppressive in their effects) ; and the affair is so excellent in the way of absurdity, that it deserves to be rescued from the oblivion that fast falls on the newspaper reports of the day, however curious or interesting they may be. For the very exact and dramatic account of the discussion I am indebted to the Chronicle.

The John Bull has had an excellent squib on this subject, pleasant and *not* wrong, a somewhat rare combination of merit with John. I

* Mr. Palmer is too impatient. He must wait till Mr. Gye has suffered the loss, and then he will have the proof. He is like the woman, who being charged by her husband with having poisoned him, retorted, “Why don't you cut open your belly, monster, and so prove your words.”

† No, perhaps not. But the little fishes follow in shoals where the big ones lead.

should have given it a place here with peculiar pleasure, but as it has, by virtue of its humour, already gone the rounds of the press, it is now probably known by heart by all readers of perseverance.

— Among other notable joint-stock company schemes, devised in the prolific brain of that "Honourable Gentleman" Mr. Wilks, was one for making soft wood hard wood, by condensation. Mr. Wilks was probably led to conceive this brilliant design by the circumstance of his having had extensive dealings with soft heads, which he has in some degree hardened by dint of squeezing and screwing, the art of which he perfectly understands. The people who have been under his hands are not nearly so soft as they were before he operated on them; he has taken the softness out of them to some purpose, and they will be the wiser, if not the wealthier, for the rest of their days. Of what green stuff these blocks were made, we do not exactly know, but as for the projector it is easy to guess at his grain. The proverb says, *ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius*, and *fir* is undoubtedly the proper material of the patron of thieves, or the projectors of joint-stock companies.

22d.—The subjoined passage has been extracted from an harangue of Mr. Brie, under the title of "Cant about Mr. Shiel's speech against the Duke of York." There has doubtless been much cant in reprobation of this speech, but, on the other hand, we have not yet seen a sufficient justification of it. The following, certainly, does not answer that description:—"The Catholics are abused for continually complaining; but why should they not, until the causes are removed? In certain instances the terms in which those complaints are couched have been objected to—this is purely a matter of taste.—It might not have been expedient to have used such strong terms as have on one or two occasions been employed respecting a high personage who was labouring under some bodily infirmity; but it could never be forgotten, that that individual came down to the House of Lords, to swear eternal and inflexible enmity to the Catholics of Ireland, and for which we must ever regard him as our ENEMY—as the Enemy of Ireland. (Great cheering.) I am told this high personage is on a sick-bed. I don't care whether it is his sick-bed or his death-bed; but I regard with disgust and indignation the canting hypocrisy of the London journals. Those very prints, when that great man Napoleon, who, to the eternal disgrace of England, was immured in a prison, where a speedy death was known to be the inevitable consequence, was on his death-bed, those very prints, I say, had the hardihood and turpitude to sneer, day after day, at the agonies which he suffered.—(Loud cheers.)—*Shall it be forgotten, that an English tradesman, the subject of disease, had his bodily infirmity made the theme of ridicule and scorn by a British Minister of the Crown, and that the House of Commons cheered this Minister's jests?* When all this is remembered, are we not astonished at the delicate sensibility of the London journals, on the occasion of Mr. Shiel's speech about the Duke of York?"—*Speech of Mr. Brie at the County of Dublin Catholic Meeting, Oct. 13.*

And shall it be forgotten that the British Minister who thus outraged humanity, was subjected to a most wholesome castigation for his offence, and that down to the present time he receives, every now and then, a sore stroke on this old score. There is a very vulgar saying

which contains a trite truth, often strangely overlooked, that "two blacks do not make a white." The cruel jest of Mr. Canning can be no excuse for the cruel jest of Mr. Shiel. Lawyers doat on precedent; but precedent is not, as Mr. Bric seems to imagine, a justification of inhumanity. Granted, too, that the House of Commons cheered the joke; but did not the better portion of the community show its superior moral sense by reprobating it? There has, doubtless, been much cant in the attacks on Mr. Shiel, as there was much cant in the defence of Mr. Canning; but the cant in either instance cannot alter the character of the case. The Duke of York has earned the enmity of Ireland—that is not to be denied, and we have not been slow to avow our opinion of him here—but there are bounds to be prescribed to the justest political hostility by generous feelings, and even by *taste* (which often serves as a substitute for higher qualities), and those bounds Mr. Shiel has, in our humble opinion, transgressed. Addison remarked, that there was no such thing as a satire on poverty, and but for two supremely eloquent and exuberantly jocose gentlemen, the world might also have been spared merry jests on bodily suffering. The matter however, is perhaps below the censure that has been spent on it. The man who carries war to the sick-bed ought to have a certain vessel emptied on his head—that is the true vial of wrath proper to be poured out in his case, and an old wife may administer it.

— The Morning Herald has applied itself to the cure of corns, for which it proposes this agreeable receipt:—

"EASY MODE OF CURING CORNS.—*Macerate* the feet for half-an-hour, two or three nights successively, in a pretty strong solution of soda, or lees of potash. The alkali dissolves the indurated cuticle, and the corn falls out spontaneously, leaving a small excavation which soon fills up."

This reminds one of the old receipt for the cure of the tooth-ache. Fill your mouth with cold water, and hold it over a fire till it boils.

As well might the Herald recommend to us this—

EASY MODE OF CURING CORNS.—Put your feet in a fish-kettle, filled with water, over a gentle fire, and let them boil to a jelly; draw off the liquor, when nothing will be left but the bones: add sugar, lemon, and white wine to the liquor; fine it with the white of seven eggs, and let it stand till it is cold, when it will be a firm and real calf's-foot jelly. Eat it, and such are the nourishing properties, that the flesh will grow again on the bare bones of your feet, but you will never more be troubled with corns. Or if you are, you have only to repeat the remedy.

— BUCKINGHAM *v.* BANKES.—When any man has obtained a verdict for 400*l.* against a libeller, the matter is generally considered by the ministerial press as a great triumph. In the present instance, however, the New Times, with singular want of tact, and strangely perverted reasoning, endeavours to construe a verdict for the plaintiff into a triumph for the defendant; and actually tells Mr. Buckingham that "he is on his defence," at the very moment that he has defeated his accuser on all points. I can easily conceive that the angry feelings of a peculiarly malignant junto may, in such a moment, lead them into the commission of very gross absurdities; but I could not have conceived that the New Times, even since its inauspicious union with the unlucky

Representative, should have so miscalculated the public feeling as to adopt the cause of the ex-member for Cambridge, when his own father and the redoubtable Mr. John Murray had abandoned it as indefensible. However, I am very glad that the question is kept alive; the more it is agitated the better, both for Mr. Buckingham, who, in this and other instances, has been grossly injured; and for the public, who have further opportunity of estimating the Corfe Castle party, of viewing the machinery of the Quarterly Review, and reviewing the character of its proprietor and publisher.

We all know the origin of this contest, and must remember that actions have been brought for other libels, growing out of the same matter, against Mr. Bankes the elder, and against Mr. John Murray, either of whom, if the facts stated by Mr. W. J. Bankes had been true, might have put that gentleman in the witnesses' box to substantiate them upon oath. They have not done so; they have paid costs and damages, and have thereby tacitly admitted, that the charges made against Mr. Buckingham were false. There has now been a third opportunity of substantiating the accusation, and for the third time the accuser has failed. The facts are now fully before the public. Mr. Buckingham requires no further defence, and if he did, he is well able to defend himself; but there is a peculiarity in the case which deserves reiterated notice. Mr. Buckingham transmitted the manuscript of his *Travels in Syria*, with drawings, maps, and engravings, to Mr. John Murray, for publication. Mr. Bankes the elder, and Mr. Gifford, the editor of the Quarterly, interfere; and, at their instance, Mr. Murray declines. The manuscript is returned; but some of the prints are, by *accident*, (mark, by accident,) retained; by *accident* they also come into the hands of Mr. Bankes's attorney; and by *accident* they constitute the whole strength (such as it is) of the defendant's case. Let us pause an instant here. The whole gravamen of the original charge against Mr. Buckingham (on which the *New Times*, in spite of a verdict, persists in affecting to believe him guilty) was, that he had copied Mr. Bankes's notes and plans. On this charge he is loaded with vituperation. What are we to say of Mr. John Murray? What will his late Representative say for Mr. John Murray? who on his own confession has ——— (they would use the proper word at Bow-street,) retained Mr. Buckingham's engravings, (*old* engravings, which had never been in Mr. Bankes's possession, on which Mr. Bankes had no possible claim,) and handed them over to the defendant or his agents. This constitutes one of the most disgusting features in this most disgusting case. Let us hear Mr. Buckingham's own statement of another trick:—

“ But the most remarkable of the whole affair is this: that neither these engravings of Casas, nor the two drawings from Myers, equally acknowledged, have ever been made use of at all! The Quarterly Review, in its article on the *Travels*, when they first appeared, now known to have been written by Mr. William Bankes, incorporating with his own venom the spleen of Mr. Gifford, and the private information confidentially entrusted to Mr. Murray himself, accused me of plagiarism in putting forth d'Anville's map as my own—when, unluckily for the reputation of the critic, on referring to the printed book, the map of this geographer (originally directed, when Mr.

Murray was instructed to publish it, to be given as d'Anville's for the ancient geography, in addition to a later map for the modern divisions of the country,) was not to be found at all—the new publishers, Longman and Co., having taken it upon them to omit it, as unnecessary and expensive. And now Mr. Bankes's counsel and solicitors, drawing their information from the same pure source, bring forth a series of engravings, which Murray treacherously places in their hands, to use against the man he had already injured, and whose property alone they were; while they raise together a yell of triumph at thus detecting the fancied fraud of putting forth old engravings as new drawings, when, in truth, they have never been used at all! (for these also, which Murray had himself consented to publish without scruple,) were omitted by Messrs. Longman, as well as d'Anville's map, chiefly to avoid expense.)”

Thus we see Mr. Gifford, the editor of the Quarterly, interfering, on a private and *ex parte* statement of Mr. Bankes, to prevent Mr. Murray, the proprietor of the Quarterly, from publishing Mr. Buckingham's Travels—and when they are published by Longman, this same Mr. Gifford, well knowing the personal enmity of the parties, suffers Mr. W. J. Bankes to review his rival's work, which Mr. W. J. Bankes does, not from inspection of the published copy, for then he could not have fallen into the error as to d'Anville's map; but from the information which he derives from Mr. John Murray, of Mr. Buckingham's former intentions, communicated in confidence as between author and publisher.

Here therefore I leave Mr. W. J. Bankes and his confederates. It is said that his costs will amount to three thousand pounds; the family can afford money; but they have no popularity to spare—this business lost him many votes at Cambridge; let him profit by his dear-bought experience! and if the articles in the New Times are not from his own pen, let him entreat his ill-judging advocate to be silent—“The more you stir”—the proverb is in Don Quixote.

DOCUMENTS RESPECTING MILTON, FOUND IN THE STATE
PAPER OFFICE.*

WE do not take up Mr. Todd's Life of Milton with any view, either of criticising his biographical talents, or of discussing, for the thousandth time, the merits and beauties of the writings of the immortal subject of his pen. But concerning several incidents of the life of Milton much obscurity has hitherto prevailed; and as documents which Mr. Todd has now published for the first time in his valuable biography, throw much light on some of them, and as they are of themselves interesting, both publicly as respects history, and more privately as respects the poet, we shall take the liberty of making some copious extracts from these papers, which are not otherwise accessible to the world at large.

* Some Account of the Life and Writings of John Milton, derived principally from Documents in his Majesty's State Paper Office, now first published. By the Rev. H. I. Todd, M.A., F.S.A., and R.S.L., Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty, and Rector of Settrington, County of York. London, 1826.

It is well known that Milton married for his first wife, Mary, the daughter of Richard Powell, a country gentleman of some property, who resided at Forest Hill, near Shotover, in Oxfordshire. The unhappy terms on which he lived with her are well ascertained, but the origin of the connexion, the circumstances of the marriage, and many other particulars of the connexion between the poet and his wife's family, have only lately come to light from an examination of the sequestration papers of the commissioners appointed during the commonwealth to manage the compositions of the Royalist estates. With respect, moreover, to the official life of Milton, little else was known, than that he was for some time Latin Secretary to the Council of State, during what is termed the Usurpation. But of this Council of State, the *Order-books* have been discovered by Mr. Lemon, in the same office in which he found the theological work, which has been lately published by order of the king, and edited partly by Dr. Sumner, but chiefly, we understand, by the care and pains of one of the most accurate scholars of the University of Cambridge, we mean Mr. Sidney Walker, Fellow of Trinity College. These *Order-books* contain frequent mention of Milton; and from the extracts from it, which have been communicated by Mr. Lemon to Mr. Todd, we derive much interesting information respecting him. There are papers and letters, which also relate to Christopher Milton, the brother of the poet, and to Andrew Marvel, who, it is known, was his colleague in his office of Latin Secretary. These valuable additions to our stock of knowledge of a subject which possesses charms of the most unfading kind, entitle the work before us to an attention which, on other grounds, it might not perhaps have successfully claimed.

Edward Phillips, the biographer of his uncle, the poet, records that Milton suddenly left his house, remained absent for a month, "nobody knowing the reason," and at the end of it returned with a wife. In this short time it is supposed that he wooed and won his bride, Mary Powell. The connexion appears, however, of much older date. Milton's grandfather and Mr. Powell were neighbours; and even when the poet was a boy at Cambridge, a debt of five hundred pounds was owed to him by Mr. Powell, the father of his future bride. So that the visit to Forest Hill, which ended in marriage, in all probability commenced in a dun. A beginning so inauspicious was followed by consequences equally unfortunate: Mary Powell had been brought up in a cheerful family in the country, and was fond of merry-making, which did not in the least coincide with the solemn and stately notions of her husband. Very soon after the marriage, as is well known, under the pretence of making a visit to her father, she left her home and returned to Forest Hill, which the commands of Milton did not induce her to leave, until the destruction of the Royalist party prevailed upon her to seek a reconciliation with him, for the sake of the protection he was able to afford her family. Aubrey relates that "she was brought up and bred where there was a great deal of company and merriment, as dancing, &c. and when she came to live with her husband she found it solitary, no company came to her, and she often heard her nephews cry and be beaten. This life was irksome to her, and so she went to her parents."

The turn in affairs reduced Mr. Powell to sue to the Commission to

be permitted to compound for his estate. His case was not settled at his death, when his widow and Milton appear to have quarrelled in the arrangement of his affairs. The widow was executrix ; but Milton appears ultimately to have been allowed to compound on the score of his debt, and probably of his connexion with the family, and without all doubt principally because at this time he was Latin Secretary to the Council of State. In the papers he is spoken of harshly, and in a way which jars with our elevated notion of the poet's character. The contention is altogether peculiarly painful, and the tone in which he appears to have conducted the affair, is apparently unworthy of a generous spirit.] Milton's whole conduct to the Powell family, except in the fact of his affording them shelter in his house, seems marked by harshness. Even in his will, though it should be observed it was a verbal one, he mentions the two children he had by his first wife, with bitterness. It should be remembered, that we know not his provocations. The documents themselves will show better than we can state, the relations of the parties—they are valuable also as good examples of the modes of procedure in these cases.

First of all we shall give the case of Mr. Powell, as drawn up and entered in the composition papers.

"Richard Powell of Forest hill in the County of Oxon, Esq.

"His Delinquency, that he deserted his dwellinge and went to Oxford, and lived there whiles it was a Garrison holden for the Kinge against the Parliamente, and was there at the tyme of the Surrender, and to have the benefit of those Articles as by Sir Thomas Fairfax's certificate of the 20 of June 1646 doth appeare.

"He hath taken the Nationall Covenant before William Barton, Minister of John Zacharies, the 4th of December 1646, and the Negative Oath heere the same daye.

"He compounds upon a Peticuler delivered in, under his hand, by which he doth submitt to such Fine, &c. and by which it doth appeare:

"That he is seized in Fee to him and his Heirs in possession, of and in the Tythes of Whatley in the Parish of Cudsdon, and other Lands and Tenements there of the yeerely value before theis troubles, 40*l*.

"That he is owner and possessed of a personall Estate in goods, and there was owinge unto him in good debts, in all amountinge unto 600*l*.; and there is 400*l*. more in Tymber, which is alledged to be questionable.

"That he is indebted by Statutes and Bonds 1500*l*.

"He hath lost by reason of theis warrs 3000*l*.

"He craves to be allowed 400*l*. which by a demise and lease dated the 30th of January 1642, of the lands and tenements aforesaid, is secured to be paid unto one Thomas Ashworth, gentleman, and is deposited to be still owinge.

(Signed)

"D. WATKINS.

"8 December, 1646.

Price at 2 yeeres value, 180*l*."

The particular referred to is as follows:

"A particular of the reall and personall estate of Richard Powell of Forest Hill.

"He is seized of an estate in fee of the tythes of Whatley, in the Parish of Cudsdén, and three yard lands and a halfe there, together with certayne cottages, worth before these times per annum. } 040 00 0

"This is morgadg'd to Mr. Ashworth for ninety-nine yeares for a security of four hundred pounds, as appears by Deed, bearing date the 10th of Jan. in the 7th of King Charles.

A demyse for 99 yeeres defeated by a paymente of 400*l.* Jan. 30, 1642. Ar-rears unpaid.

"His personal estate in corne and household stuffe, } amounts to 500 0 0

"In timber and wood 400 0 0

"In debts upon specialityes and otherwise owing to him } 100 0 0

"He oweth upon a Statute to *John Mylton* 300 0 0

"He is indebted more before these times by specialityes and otherwise to severall persons, as appears by affidavit } 1200 0 0

"He lost by reason of these warres three thousand powndes

"This is a true particular of the reall and personal estate that he doth desire to compound for with this honorable committee, wherein he doth submitt himselfe to such fine as they shall impose according to the articles of Oxford, wherein he is comprised.

(Signed)

"RICHARD POWELL.

"Received 21^o Novembris, 1646."

But before this return of his property had been made, he had received the following protection.

"Sir Thomas Fairfax, knight, generall of the forces reaised by the Parliament.

"Suffer the bearer hereof, Mr. Richard Powell of Forrest Hill in the county of Oxon, who was in the city and garrison of Oxford, at the surrender thereof, and is to have the full benefit of the articles agreed unto upon the surrender, quietly, and without let or interruption, to passe your guards with his servants, horses, armes, goods, and all other necessities; and to repaire to London, or elsewhere, upon his necessary occasions. And in all places where he shall reside, or whereto he shall remove, to be protected from any violence to his person, goods, or estate, according to the said articles; and to have full liberty, at any time within six months, to goe to any convenient port, and to transport himselfe, with his servants, goods, and necessities, beyond seas; and in all other things to enjoy the benefit of the said articles. Hereunto due obedience is to be given by all persons whom it may concerne, as they will answer the contrary. Given under my hand and seal the 27th day of June 1646.

(Signed)

"T. FAIRFAX.

"To all officers and souldiers under my command, and to all others whom it may concerne."

Indorsed, "Richard Powell, No. 1137, Dec. 1646. Reported 1^o Oct. 1649. Fine 180*l*."

After Mr. Powell's death, his widow petitions for an allowance for damages done to the estate, by the seizure and sale of timber, &c. contrary to the Oxford articles.

"To the Right Honorable the Commissioners for Breach of Articles.

"The Humble Petition of Ann Powell, Widow, Relict of Richard Powell of Forrest Hill, in the County of Oxon, Esq.

"Humble sheweth,

"That your Petitioner's late Husband was comprised within the Articles of Oxford, and ought to have received the benefit thereof, as appears by His Excellencie's Certificate hereunto annexed.

"That your said Petitioner's Husband by the said Articles was to have the benefit of his reall and personall estate, for sixe moneths after the rendition of the said cittie, and to enjoy the same for the future, soe as he made his addresses to the Committee at Gouldsmiths' Hall to compound for the same within that tyme. That your Petitioner's said Husband accordingly in August, one thousand sixe hundred fortie sixe, petitioned the said Honorable Committee, and in his Particular inserted for tymber and wood fower hundred pounds, but, before he could perfect the same, dyed.

"That the Honourable House of Parliament, upon some misinformation, not taking notice of the said Articles, did, in July one thousand sixe hundred fortie sixe, order the said wood to severall uses, which was thereupon, together with the rest of his goods and moveables, seized and carried away by the sequestrators to the Committee for Oxon, contrary to the said Articles.

"That your Petitioner, as Executrix to her said Husband, is now sued in severall Courts of Justice at Westminster for manie debts due to diverse persons, and is noe waie able eyther to satisfie the same, or provide a scanty subsistence for herselfe and nine children.

"She therefore humbly prayes, that shee maie reape that favour which the said Articles doe afford her, by restoringe to her the said tymber and wood, and other her goods soe taken away, or the value thereof.

"And your Petitioner shall praie, &c.

"ANNE POWELL."

"Vera Copia Exta.

(Signed)

"TRACY PAUNCEFOTE, Regr."

The Petition was taken into consideration, and an order for inquiry issued.

"By the Commissioners appointed for releife upon Articles, &c. Painted Chamber, Westminster.

"Veneris 16^o. die *Novembris*, 1649.

"Present.

"Lord President of the Council of State.

"Sir Henrie Holcroft,

Colonel Rowe,

"Sir Nath. Brent,

Colonel Taylor,

"Colonel Cooke,

Colonell Whaley,

"Sir William Rowe,

Mr. Sadler.

“ Mr. John Hurst, of Councell for the Commonwealth.

“ Upon readinge the Petition of Ann Powell, Widow, Relict of Richard Powell of Forrest Hill, in the Countie of Oxford, Esq. It is ordered, That a Coppie of her said Petition, attested under the Register's hande of this Court, be delivered unto the Commissioners for compoundinge with delinquents sittinge at Gouldsmith's Hall, whoe are desired to make Certificate unto this Court within one moneth from the date of this Order, at what tyme the said Richard Powell petitioned to make his composition, and whether the wood mentioned in his Petition were expressed in his Particular delivered in unto them, with what else they shall thinke fitt to insert touching the matter of complaint sett downe in the said Petition. Whereupon the Court will proceed further as they shall thinke fitt.

(Signed)

“ By Command of the Commissioners,

“ TRACY PAUNCEFOTE, Regr.”

The relief was ordered to be granted by the Committee of the Painted Chamber, but the widow does not seem to have derived any advantage from the order.

We come now to Milton's petition to compound. It is preceded by the subsequent report.

“ According to your order of the 25th of February 1650, upon the petition of *John Milton*, desiring to compound for certaine lands lately belonging to Richard Powell, Gent. deceased, extended by the petitioner, who alledgeth in his petition that he petitioned here to the same purpose about the middle of August last; I have examined, and find:

“ The 11th of June 1627, Richard Powell of Forrest Hill, in the County of Oxford, Gent. and William Hearne of London, citizen and goldsmith, acknowledged a statute-staple of 500*l.* unto *John Milton* the petitioner, defeazanced by John Milton, the petitioner's father, on the behalfe of the petitioner, upon payment of 312*l.* the 12th of December, then next ensuing, as by a copie of the said statute deposed by Thomas Gardner, and by the counterpart of the defeazance produced by the petitioner appears. Since which the said Richard Powell and William Hearne are both dead, as is informed.

“ The 5th of August 1647, the Sheriffe of the County of Oxford, upon an inquisition taken upon the said statute, did seise into the King's hand certaine messuages, lands, and tithes, in Whateley, whereof the said Richard Powell in his life was seised in his demesne as of fee; a third part wherof Anne his wife [claims] for her life as her dower, of the cleare yearly value of 58*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* The which messuages and premisses the said Sheriffe, by virtue of a liberate, did the 20th of November 1647, deliver unto the petitioner, to hold unto him and his assignees as his frank tenement untill he were satisfied his said debt of 500*l.* with damages, costs, and charges. As by a copie of the liberate, and the execution thereof deposed by the said Thomas Gardner, appeares.

“ And the petitioner deposeth, that since the extending the said statute, he hath received at severall tymes for the same, and costs of suit, the summe of 180*l.* or thereabouts; and that there is yet re-

maining due, and owing unto him of the principall money, interest, and costs of suit, the summe of 300*l.* or thereabouts; and further deposeth that neither he nor any other for him or by his direction, privity, or consent, hath released or otherwise discharged the said statute; and that he doth not know or conceive any reason either in law, or equity, why he should not receive the said remainder of his debt, damages, and costs of suit.

"And the petitioner by a particular under his hand saith, that the said tithes and lands extended by him, and whereof the said Richard Powell was seized in his demense as of fee, and for which he desireth to compound, are of the cleare yearly value of 80*l.*

"And he craves to be allowed 26*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* per annum, during the life of Anne Powell, the relict of the said Richard, being a third part of the said 80*l.* for her dower.

"And he craves alsoe to be allowed his said debt of 300*l.* All which is submitted to judgement.

(Signed)

PET. BRERETON.

"40. Mar. 1650."

Then comes Milton's petition.

"To the Honourable the Commissioners for Sequestration at Haberdashers' Hall, the Petition of John Milton,

"Sheweth,

"That he being to compound by the late Act for certaine lands at Whately in Oxfordshire, belonging to Mr. Richard Powell late of Forest Hill in the same County, by reason of an extent which he hath upon the same lands by a statute, did put in his Petition about the middle of August last, which was referred accordingly; but having had important business ever since by order of the Councell of State, he hath had no time to proceed in the perfeting of his composition; and in the mean time finds that order hath been giv'n out from hence to forbidd his tenants to pay him rent: He therefore now desires he may have all convenient dispatch, and that the Order of Sequestring may be recalled, and that the composition may be moderated as much as may bee, in regard that Mrs. Powell the Widow of the said Mr. Richard Powell hath her cause depending before the Commissioners in the Painted Chamber for breach of Articles, who have adjudg'd her satisfaction to be made for *the great damage don her by seizing and selling the personall estate divers days after the Articles were seald.* But by reason of the expiring of that Court she hath received as yet no satisfaction, and besides she hath her thirds out of that land which was not considered when her Husband followed his composition; and lastly the taxes, free quartering, and finding of armes, were not then considered, which have bin since very great and are likely to be greater.

"And your Petitioner shall be ready to pay what shall be thought reasonable at any day that shall be appointed.

(Signed)

"JOHN MILTON.

"25 Feb. 1650."

A particular of the property follows, with Milton's affidavit:

"A Particular of the lands late Richard Powell's of Forrest Hill,

in the County of Oxford, now under extent, and for which *John Milton*, Esquire, desireth to compound.

"The said Richard Powell was seised in his demesne as of fee of the tythe corne of Whatley and certaine cottages then of the cleare yearlye value of

60	0	0
} per annum.		

"The said Richard was seised also in his demesne as of fee of three yards $\frac{1}{2}$ of land, arable and pasture, of the cleare yearly value of

20	0	0
} per annum.		

"Out of which he craveth to be allowed for the thirds which he paieth to Mrs. Anne Powell, the Relict of the said Richard Powell, for her Dower.

26	13	4
----	----	---

"And alsoe craveth that his just debt of three hundred poundes, as he hath deposed, may be allowed upon his composition.

300	0	0
-----	---	---

"JOHN MILTON."

"Whereas Richard Powell of Forrest Hill, in the County of Oxford, Gent. and William Hearne, late Cittizen and Goldsmith of London, deceased, by their writing or recognizance of the nature of a statute-staple, beareing date the eleventh day of June, which was in the third yeare of the raigne of the late King Charles of England, &c. made and provided for the recovery of debts, and taken, acknowledged and sealed, before Sir Nicholas Hyde, Knight, then Lord Cheife Justice of the Court then called the Kings Bench att Westminster, did acknowledge themselves to owe unto *John Milton*, then of the University of Cambridge, Gentleman, sonne of John Milton, Cittizen and Scrivener of London, the somme of five hundred poundes of lawfull money of England, which said statute or recognizance is by a writing, beareing even date therewith, defeazanced for the payment of the somme of three hundred and twelve pounds of like money unto the said *John Milton* the sonne, his executors, administrators, or assignes, on the twelfth day of December then next ensuing, as by the said statute or recognizance and defeazance thereupon, whereunto relation being had more att large may appeare. Now I, *John Milton*, the sonne, (being one and the same partie before mentioned for Cognizee in the said statute or recognizance) doe make oath that (since the extending of the said statute) I have received att severall tymes in part of satisfaction of my said just and principall debt, with damages for the same and my costs of suite, the somme of one hundred and fowerscore pounds or thereabouts, and that there is yett remayneing due and oweing unto mee of my said principall money, interest, and costs of suite, the somme of three hundred pounds or thereabouts: And I doe further make oath, that neither I the said *John Milton* or any other for mee or by my direction, privity, or consent, have or hath released or otherwise discharged the said statute or recognizance; neither doe I knowe or conceive any reason or cause either in law, or equity, why I should not receive the said remainder of my said debt, dammages, and costs of suite.

(Signed) "JOHN MILTON." { Jur: coram Comris.
28o. Feb. 1650.

(Signed) "E. WINSLOW."

Indorsed, "Milton John Esq. 4o. Martii 1650.

Fine 130l."

Milton having extended the lands in fee, and being allowed to compound, on refusing the widow her third, unless a saving in the extent were made in lieu of them by the commissioners, she presents this petition.

" To the Honoble. Commissioners for Composicons &c.

" The humble peticon of Anne Powell, Widow, &c.

" Sheweth,

" That your petitioner brought a considerable porcon to her sd husband, which was worth to him 3000*l*, yet through the carelessnes of her freindes and relying upon her husband's good will therein, hee haveing had many losses in his estate, by reason of the warrs, and otherwise, your petitioner had no joynture made unto her, nor hath any thing at all left her, but her thirdes, wch. is due by lawe, for the maintenance of herself and eight children; haveing sustained 1000*l* in their personall estate's losse, by the Committees in ye county, contrary to the Articles of Oxon. Shee most humbly prayes your Honors will please, being the fine is now agreed to be paid by Mr. Milton for the said estate, that shee may continue the enjoymt. of her thirdes, as formerly, wch. she humbly conceaves, had not the fine been paid, as aforesaid, yet your Honors would not have abridged your petitioner of her thirdes, in this case, for the maintenance of herself and poore children.

" And she shall pray, &c.

" 19o. Apr. 1651.

(Signed) " ANNE POWELL."

The answer is inscribed at the foot, and looks as black as a death-warrant. THE PETITIONER IS LEFT TO THE LAW.

Upon the petition itself, the following very extraordinary observations are made in the Papers.

" By ye law shee (Mrs. Powell) might recover her thirdes, without doubt; but she is so extreame poore, she hath not wherewithall to prosecute; and besides, *Mr. Milton is a harsh and cholericke man, and married Mrs. Powells daughter, who would be undone, if any such course were taken agt. him by Mrs. Powell: he having turned away his wife heretofore for a long space, upon some other occasion.*

" This note ensuing Mr. Milton writ, whereof this is a copy.

" Although I have compounded for my extent, and shall be so much the longer in receiving my debt, yet at the request of Mrs. Powell, in regard of her present necessitys, I am contented, as farr as belongs to my consent to allow her the 3ds of what I receive from that estate, if the Comrs. shall so order it, that what I allow her, may not be reckoned upon my accompt."

(Indorsed.) " *The estate is wholly extended, and a saving as to the 3d. prayed, but not graunted; We cannot therefore allow the 3ds. to the petitioner.*"

Although this indorsement records the refusal of the condition made by Milton, viz. that an allowance should be given him for the widow's thirds, yet, in the course of a few months, the Commissioners appear to have yielded—for in another petition it is alleged by Mr. Powell, that even when the allowance was made to her son in law, he still refused to pay her thirds.

" To the Honble. the Comrs. for Compounding, &c.

" The humble peticon of Anne Powell, Widow, &c.

" Sheweth,

" That your petitioner brought 3000*l.* porcon to her late husband, and is now left in a most sadd condicon, the estate left being but 80*l.* p. ann, the thirds whereof is but 26. 13. 4, to maintaine herself and 8 children.

" The said estate being extended by Jo. Milton, on a Statute Staple, for a debt of 300*l.* for wch. he hath compounded with yor. Honors, one ye Act of ye first of August, and therein allowance given him for ye petrs. thirds; yet the said Mr. Milton expects your further order therein, before he will pay the same. She therefore humbly prayeth your Honors' order and direcon to ye said Mr. Milton, for the paymt. of her said thirds, and the arreares thereof, *to preserve her and her children from starving.*

" And as in duty bound &c.

(Signed)

" ANNE POWELL.

" *To be Recd. next petition day, S. M.*

" *July the 14th 1651. 16o July, 1651.*

Another petition follows from the same unhappy woman, to the commissioners for relief upon articles:—

" The humble peticon of Anne Powell, Widow, &c.

" Sheweth,

" That your petitioner's late husband was comprised in ye. Articles of Oxford, as appears by the Certificate of ye. late Ld. Genll. Fairfax, already before this Court in yor. petrs. behalf. That within the time limited by the said Articles yr. petrs. sd. husband preferred his peticon, at Goldsmiths' Hall, and was admitted to compound, according to ye. sd. Articles, for his estate reall and personal, as may appeare by ye. Certificate of ye. Comrs. for compounding, already likewise before this Honble. Court. That her sd. husband dyed seised of an Estate in Fee (lying in Wheatley, in ye. County of Oxoff,) whereof yor. petr. claymeth her Dower; which, upon her sd. husband's death, was assigned to her by ye. heire of her sd. husband, and accordingly was enjoyed, for some time, by yor. peticonr. That John Milton Esq. did extend the said lands in Fee, by virtue of a Statute to him acknowledged by yor. petrs. sd. husband, before ye. late warres; but long after yor. petrs. marriage to her said husband. The sd. John Milton by virtue of an act of Parliamt., imo. August, 1650. was required to bring in a Peticuler of ye lands, so extended by him, to ye. Comrs. for compounding, and accordingly did pay the composicon due for ye. sd. lands: And yor. pet. also offered to compound for her Dower, but could neither be admitted to compound for her sd. Dower, nor obtayne an Order from ye. sd. Comrs. to receive it, without a composicon: So yt. for nigh these two yearesshee hath bin, and still is, debarred of her Dower, which is most justly due unto her. Yor. petr. humbly prayeth, *That shee may bee forthwth. restored to Dower, most wrongfully detained from her: That your Honors will seriously consider this, and those other great pressures (represented in a former peticon, now depending before you) under which yor. petr. being a mother of seven fatherlesse children,*

(since one of them, Capt. William Powell, Capt. Lieutent. to Lieutent. Genll. Monck, was some few dayes past slaine in Scotland, in ye. service of ye. Parliamt.) hath, for a long time, groaned, by ye. most injurious violacon of her Articles: And that you will speedily proceed to give her such reliefe in this and her other grievances by her Articles, and otherwise in justice shee makes suite to have.

“ And yor. Petr. shall ever pray, &c.

(Signed)

“ ANNE POWELL.

(Signed) “ TRACEY PAUNCEFOTE, Regr.”

These are the chief documents connected with this history. We are not informed how the matter ended.

We now come to a more agreeable class of documents, viz. the extracts from the council book, which discover the poet more honourably employed than fighting with a widow for her thirds.

The council of state having determined upon carrying on their correspondence in Latin, it made it necessary to choose a Latin secretary. Their choice fell upon Milton, and the situation was offered to him, as appears by this Minute:—

“ 1648-9. March 13. Ordered, that Mr. Whitelocke, Sir Henry Vane, Lord Lisle, Earl of Denbigh, Mr. Martyn, Mr. Lisle, or any two of them, be appointed a committee, to consider what alliances the Crowne hath formerly had with Foreigne States, and what those States are; and whether it will be fit to continue those allyances, or with how many of the said States; and how farr they should be continued, and upon what grounds; and in what manner applications and addresses should be made for the same continuance.

“ That it be referred to the said committee to speak with Mr. Milton, to know whether he will be employed as Secretary for the Forreigne Tongues; and to report to the Councell.”

He accepted the offer for the entry, under March 15, is—

“ Ordered, that Mr. John Milton be employed as Secretary for Forreigne Tongues to this Councell; and that he have the same salarie, which Mr. Weckherlyn formerly had for the same service.

By various subsequent entries, the nature of his services appear. We shall extract them in chronological order.

“ 1648-9. March 22. Ordered, that the letters, now read, to be sent to Hamburg, in behalf of the company of Merchant-Adventurers, be approved; and that they be translated into Latine by Mr. Milton.

“ 1649. March 26. Ordered, that the letters, now brought in by Mr. Milton to the Senate of Hamburg, be approved; and that Mr. Isaac Lee, Deputy of the Company of Merchant-Adventurers there, shall be appointed agent for the delivering of them.

“ 1649. March 26. Ordered, that Mr. Milton be appointed to make some observations upon a paper lately printed, called *Old and New Chains*.

“ 1649. March 28. Ordered, that Mr. Milton be appointed to make some observations upon the complication of interest which is now amongst the several designers against the peace of the Commonwealth, and that it be made ready to be printed with the papers out of Ireland, which the House hath ordered to be printed.

" 1649. May 18. Ordered, that the French letters, given in to the House by the Dutch ambassador, be translated by Mr. Milton; and the rest of the letters, now in the House, be sent for and translated.

" 1649. May 30. Ordered, that Mr. Milton take the papers found with Mr. John Lee, and examine them, to see what may be found in them.

" 1649. June 23. Ordered, that Mr. Milton doe examine the papers of *Pragmaticus*, and report what he finds in them to the Councill.

" 1649. Nov. 12. Ordered, that Sir John Hippley be spoken to, that Mr. Milton may be accommodated with those lodgings that he hath at Whitehall.

" 1649. Nov. 19. Ordered, that Mr. Milton shall have the lodgings that were in the hands of Sir John Hippley, in Whitehall, for his accommodation, as being Secretary to the Councill for Forreigne Languages.

" 1649. Nov. 29. Ordered, that a letter be written to the Commissioners of the Customes to desire them to give order, that a very strict search may be made of such ships as come from the Netherlands for certaine scandalous bookes, which are there printed, against the government of this Common-wealth, entituled *Defensio Regia*, and which are designed to be sent over hither; and to desire them, that if any of them upon search shall be found, that they may be sent up to the Council of State, without suffering any of them to be otherwise disposed of upon any pretence whatsoever.

" That a warrant be directed to the Master and Wardens of the Company of Stationers, to the purpose aforesaid.

" That the like letter be directed to Mr. Thomas Bendish, an officer in the port of Yarmouth, to take care of searching for the abovesaid booke, which is expected to come out of Holland.

" 1649-50. Jan. 8. Ordered that one hundred pounds bee paid to Mr. Thomas Waring for his paines and charge in compiling of a booke containing severall examinations of the *Bloody Massacre in Ireland*.

" That Mr. Milton doe confer with some printers or stationers concerning the speedy printing of this booke, and give an accompt of what he hath done therein to the Councill.

" That Mr. Milton doe prepare something in answer to the booke of Salmasius, and when he hath done itt bring itt to the Councill."

" 1649-50. Feb. 2. Ordered, that orders be sent to Mr. Baker, Mr. Challenor, Mr. Weckherlyn, Mr. Willingham, or any others who have in their hands any Publique Papers belonging to the Commonwealth, to deliver them to Mr. Milton, to be layd up in the Paper Office for Publique Service; and that Mr. Baker be appoynted to order those Papers, that they may be ready for use.

" 1649-50. Feb. 18. Ordered, that Mr. Milton, Secretary for Foreign Languages; Serjeant Dendy, Serjeant at Armes; Mr. Frost the younger, Assistant to Mr. Frost the Secretary; and all the Clerks formerly employed under Mr. Frost, as also the messengers, and all other officers employed by the Councill last yeare, and not dismissed; shall be again entertained into the same employments, and shall receive the same salary which was appointed them the yeare past.

" 1640-50. Feb. 23. Memorandum, that Mr. John Milton, Secretarie for the Foreigne Languages; Mr. Edward Dendie, Serjeant at Armes; and Mr. Gwalter Frost the younger, Assistant to the Secretary; did this day take the engagement following: I, being nominated by this Councill to bee _____ for the year to come, doe promise in the sight of God, that through his grace I will bee faithfull in the performance of the trust committed unto mee, and not reveale or disclose any thing, in whole or in part, directly or indirectly, that shall be debated or resolved upon in the Councill, without the command, direction, or allowance of the Parliament or Councill.

" 1650. March 30. Ordered, that it be recommended to the Lords Commissioners of the Great Seale to give order for the prepareing of a commission to Mr. Richard Bradshaw, who is to be employed Resident from this Commonwealth to the Senate of Hamburgh according to the Order of Parliament.

" That a credential Letter be likewise prepared for him by Mr. Milton.

" 1650. May 6. Ordered, that Mr. Milton doe attend the Lords Commissioners of the Great Seale with the Papers given in by Dr. Wall-sall concerning the goods of *Felo's de se*; to whom it is referred to take such course therein, for the advantage of the Commonwealth, as they shall thinke fitt.

" 1650. June 14. Ordered, that Mr. Milton shall have a warrant to the Trustees and Contractors for the sale of the king's goods for the furnishing of his lodgeing at Whitehall with some hangings.

" 1650. June 22. Ordered, that Mr. Milton doe goe to the Committee of the Armie, and desire them to send to the Councill the booke of Examinations taken about the riseings in Kent and Essex.

" 1650. June 25. Ordered, that Mr. Milton doe peruse the Examinations taken by the Army concerning the insurrections in Essex; and that he doe take heads of the same, to the end the Councill may judge what is to be taken into consideration.

" 1650. June 26. Ordered, that the Declaration of the Parliament against the Dutch be translated into Latine by Mr. Milton, into Dutch by Mr. Haak, and into French by Monsieur Augier.

" 1650. Aug. 14. Ordered, that Mr. Thomas Goodwyn, Mr. Bifield, Mr. Bond, Mr. Nye, Mr. Durye, Mr. Frost, and Mr. Milton, or any three of them, of which Mr. Frost or Mr. Milton to bee one, bee appointed to view and to inventorie all the records, writings, and papers whatsoever, belonging to the Assembly of the Synod, to the end they may not be embezzled, and may be forthcoming for the use of the Commonwealth.

" 1650. Dec. 23. Ordered, that Mr. Milton doe print the treatise which he hath written, in answer to a late booke written by Salmasius against the proceedings of this Commonwealth.

" 1650-1. Feb. 10. Ordered, that the way of treating with the Publique Minister of Portugall be by a Committee of the Councill, consisting of such a number as the Councill shall thinke fitt, in reference to the quality of the said Minister.

" That Mr. Milton, the Secretarye for Forreigne Languages bee appointed to attend the Committee at their meetings, and that Joseph

Frost be employed for such writing as the Committee shall have occasion for in this business.

" 1650-1. Feb. 18. Ordered, that Mr. John Milton be Secretary for the Forreigne Languages for the time of the Councell.

" 1650-1. March 5. Ordered, that it be referred to the Committee of Examinations to viewe over Mr. Milton's booke, and give order for reprinting of it, if they thinke fitt.

" 1651. March 27. Ordered, that the letters that are to be sent to the Ambassadour of Spain shall be sent unto him by Mr. Milton.

" 1651. March 28. Ordered, that Mr. Milton doe translate the *Intercursus Magnus*, which he is to have from Sir Henry Vane.

" 1651. April 4. Ordered, that such dispatches as come to this Councell from forreigne parts, in any forreigne tongue, are to bee translated for the use of the Councell.

1651. April 10. Ordered, that Mr. Vaux bee sent unto, to lett him know that hee is to forbear the removeing of Mr. Milton out of his lodgings in Whitehall, untill Sir Henry Mildmay and Sir Gilbert Pickering shall have spoken with the Committee concerning that businesse.

" 1651. April 23. Ordered, that the paper, now read, to be sent to the Minister of Portugall, bee translated into Latin; and the English copie to bee signed by Mr. Frost, and sent unto him.

" 1651. May 16. Ordered, that Mr. Milton doe repair to the Publique Minister of Portugall, and desire of him, from the Councell, a lyst of the names of such persons as hee desires to carrie with him as his retinue, that the same may be affixed to his passe.

" 1651. May 20. Ordered, that Mr. Durie doe proceed in the translating of Mr. Milton's booke, written in answer to the late king's booke, and that it be left to Mr. Frost to give him such reward for his paines as hee shall thinke fitt.

" 1651. May 30. Ordered, that Mr. Milton doe translate the Petition of Alderman Dethick, and the Letter of the Councell to the Spanish Ambassador, into Latin, that the same may be sent to the sayd Ambassador, according to former order.

" 1651. June 11. Ordered, that Lientenant-General Fleetwood, Sir John Trevor, Mr. Alderman Allen, and Mr. Chaloner, or anie two of them, bee appointed a Committee to goe from this Councell to the Committee of Parliament for Whitehall, to acquaint them with the case of Mr. Milton, in regard of their positive order for his speedy remove out of his lodgings in Whitehall; and to endeavour with them, that the said Mr. Milton may be continued where hee is, in regard of the employment which hee is in to the Councell, which necessitates him to reside neere the Councell."

Mr. Todd here observes,—

' From June till December 1651 no entry, relating to him, occurs in the Council-book. On the 29th of the latter month, it is ordered, "that Mr. Milton be continued Secretarie for Forreigne Languages to this Councell for this yeare to come." In this interval of six months, he was suffering under the near approach of total blindness, the symptoms of which he has minutely described, in 1654, to

his friend Leonard Philaras; adding, that *his left eye began to fail some years before the other*. Of that eye he is accordingly said to have lost the use in 1651. But he still exercised the duties of his station; in which, however, about this time, the nephew, whom we have just seen as a controversialist in behalf of his uncle, probably became, in the quality of clerk, a considerable assistant.

"1651-2. Jan. 2. Ordered, that Mr. Milton doe prepare a Letter in Latine, of the substance of what was now read here in English, to be sent to the Duke of Tuscany, to be brought to the Councell, to be there read, for the approbation of the Councell.

"1651-2. Jan. 23. Ordered, that Mr. Milton doe make a translate of the paper this day sent in to the Councell from the lords ambassadors of the High and Mighty Lords the States General of the United Provinces; which the Committee for Foreign Affaires are to take into consideration, and prepare an answer thereto, to be reported to the Councell.

"1651-2. March 3. Ordered, that the Letter now read, which is prepared to be sent to the Queen of Sweden along with the agent intended to be sent thither, be humbly represented to the Parliament; and the lord Commissioner Whitelocke is desired to doe it accordingly; and that the copie of this Letter be translated into Latine.

"1651-2. March 8. Ordered, that the remainder of the Articles to bee offered to the Dutch ambassadors, which were not taken up this day, be taken up to-morrow in the afternoone the first businesse.

"That soe many of the Articles, as are already passed, bee sent to Mr. Milton to be translated into Latine.

"1651-2. March 9. Ordered, that the Articles now read, in answer to the thirty-six Articles offered to the Councell by the Dutch ambassadors, bee translated into Latine by Thursday next in the afternoone.

"1652. March 31. Ordered, that the Paper, now prepared to be given in answer to the Spanish ambassadour, bee approved, translated, signed, and sent to him.

"That Mr. Milton doe translate the said Paper out of English into Latine, to be sent along, as a copie.

"1652. April 7. Ordered, that the answer to the King of Denmarke, now read, bee approved of, and translated into Latine by Mr. Weckerlyn.

"1652. April 15. Ordered, that the Paper, now read, to be sent to the Dutch ambassadours, bee approved of, and sent to Mr. Milton to be translated into Latine.

"1652. April 21. Ordered, that the Latine letter, now read, to be sent to the Duke of Savoy, be approved, faire written, signed, and sent; and delivered to the parties concerned.

"1652. April 27. Ordered, that the Paper, which was read in answer to the last Paper from the Dutch ambassadours, be approved of, faire written, and signed.

"That the Latine translation of the Paper, now read, be approved, and sent alonge with the other.

"1652. April 28. Ordered, that the Paper, now read, to be given to the Dutch ambassadours by the Commissioners appointed to treat with them, bee approved of; and that it be translated into Latine,

the English cotype signed, and both Latyne and English copies are to be kept untill they shall be called for by the lord Commissioner Whitelock.

"1652. May 26. Ordered, that the answer to the Paper, delivered unto the Commissioners of the Councell, appointed on that behalfe, by Monsieur Applebom, Publique Minister of the Queene of Sweden; and also the answer to the Queene of Sweden, now reported to the Councell from the Committee of Foreigne Affaires; be translated into Latine, and humbly represented to Parliament for their approbation.

"1652. July 6. Ordered, that the Articles now read, and reported from the Committee of Forreigne Affairs, in answer to the proposalls of the Danish ambassadours; and alsoe the Articles, prepared to be given to the said ambassadours from the Councell; be approved of, and translated into Latine.

"1652. July 13. Ordered, that Mr. Thurloe doe appoint fitt persons to translate the Parliament's declaration into Latine, French, and Dutch.

"1652. July 20. Memorandum, send to Mr. Dugard to speake with Mr. Milton concerning the printing the declaration.

"Mem. send to Mr. Milton the order, made on Lord's Day last was sevensnight, concerning doctor Walker.

"1652. July 29. Ordered, that a copie of the Declaration of Parliament, concerning the business of the Dutch, bee sent to each of the ambassadours and publique ministers in town, and also to the publique ministers of this Commonwealth abroad.

"1652. Aug. 10. Ordered, that the Paper, now read, in answer to the Paper of the Spanish ambassadour, be approved of, translated into Latin, and sent to the lord ambassadour of Spaine by Sir Oliver Fleming.

"1652. Oct. 1. Ordered, that the Answer, now read, to be given to the Danish ambassadours from the Councell, be approved of; and that it be translated into Latine, and sent to the said ambassadours.

"1652. Oct. 7. Ordered, that the Paper, this day given in to the Councell by the lord ambassadour from the King of Portugall, be translated by Mr. Milton into English, and brought in to the Councell to-morrow afternoone.

"1652. Oct. 21. Ordered, that the Paper, now read, to be sent to the Portugall ambassadour, bee approved of, translated into Latine, and carried to the said ambassadour by Sir Oliver Fleming, Master of the Ceremonies.

"1652. Oct. 22. Ordered, that the Paper, signed by Mr. Speaker, to be sent to the Danish ambassadours, bee translated into Latine, and sent unto them by Sir Oliver Fleming.

"1652. Oct. 28. Ordered, that the Paper, now read to the Councell, to be given in to the Portugall ambassadour to-morrow in the afternoone by the Committee of the Councell appointed to that purpose, bee translated into Latine, and delivered by them to the said ambassadour.

"1652. Nov. 3. Ordered, that the Letter, now read, which is to bee sent to the King of Denmark, bee approved of and translated into Latine, and offered to Mr. Speaker to bee signed by him; and the lord President is desired to offer it to him.

"1652. Nov. 15. Ordered, that it be referred to Mr. Thurloe to consider of a fitt reward to be given to Mr. Durie for his pains, in translating into French the book written by Mr. Milton, in answer to that of the late king's entitled His Meditations.

"1652. Nov. 19. Ordered, that the Paper, now read at the Councell, in answer to the Paper delivered in to the Councell from the Portugal ambassador, bee approved of and translated into Latine, and delivered by the Committee of this Councell to the Portugall ambassadour.

"1652. Dec. 1. Ordered, *that Mr. Milton be continued in the employment he had the last yeare, and have the same allowance for it as he had the last yeare.*"

In the year 1652 Milton became totally blind. Mr. Philip Meadows is mentioned, in the year 1653, as sharing the duties of translation with him, which Milton appears still to have continued to perform, even after the total loss of sight.

"1653-4. Feb. 1. Ordered, that Friday next in the afternoone be assigned for receiving from Mr. Secretary Thurloe what he shall offer in reference to an establishment of the clerks and officers to attend the Councell.

"1652-3. Feb. 2. Ordered that the Letter, now read to the Duke of Venice, bee approved of, translated into Latine, and sent to the Secretary of that Commonwealth, in order to be sent by him to Venice.

"1653-4. Feb. 3. According to an order of Wednesday last, Mr. Secretary Thurloe did this day present to the Councell an establishment of under-clerkes and officers for attending and dispatch of the affaires of the Councell, viz.

	£	s.	d.
" Mr. Philip Meadows, Latine Secretary, at per annum	200	0	0
" The Serjeant at Armes, at twenty shillings per diem	365	0	0
" Mr. Gualter Frost, Treasurer for the Councell's Contingencies, at per annum	400	0	0

" Mr. Milton. [No salary is specified.]

" Seaven Under-Clerks, &c.

"1652-3. Feb. 4. Ordered, that the Articles, now read, to be propounded to the Portugall ambassadour, bee approved of, translated into Latine, and delivered to the said lord ambassadour.

"1653. April 1. Ordered, that the Commissioners of the Customs doe permitt certain bookes, written by Mr. Milton, in answer to the booke called the late king's, being translated into French, to bee transported into France custom-free.

"1653. June 28. Ordered, that the Paper, now read, in answer to the Paper of the lords Deputyes from the United Provinces, bee approved of, translated into Latin, and delivered unto them.

"1653. Aug. 10. Ordered, that the Answer to the Paper of the lord Lagerfeldt, Publique Minister of the Queen of Sweden, of the 3d of August, now read in the Councell, bee translated into Latin, and delivered unto the said lord Lagerfeldt by the Committee of the Councell to-morrow in the afternoone.

"1653. Oct. 17. Ordered, that Mr. Philip Meadows, now em-
Nov. 1826.

ployed by the Councell in Latin translations, doe alsoe assist Mr. Thurloe in the dispatch of the Forreigne businesse; and that he have in consideration thereof one hundred pounds per annum, to be added to the one hundred pounds per annum he now receives of the Councell.

"1653. Oct. 18. Ordered, that the Councell for Forreigne Affaires doe meet to-morrow morning, and take into consideration the several Papers which have been given in to this Councell from the lord Lagerfeldt, and what is fitt to be returned in answer to them; and to give order for the preparing of such answers as they shall think fitt, and to report them to the Councell with all convenient speed; and Mr. Meadows is to be sent unto to attend that Committee, who are to sit to-morrow morning by eight of the clocke.

"1653. Oct. 27. Ordered, that the Recredentiall, prepared for the lord Lagerfeldt, be approved of, translated into Latine, and reported to the Parliament, in pursuance of a former order of the Councell.

"1653. Nov. 3. Ordered, *that Mr. John Milton doe remayne in the same capacity he was in to the last Councell, and that he have the same allowance for it as formerly.*"

Mention now ceases to be made of Milton in the council book, in the performance of his duties. On 17th April, 1655, we find an entry respecting his salary:—

"1654. Oct. 19. The English and Latin draught of a Letter from his Highnesse the lord Protector to the States Provinciaall of Zealand was this day read. Ordered, that it be offered to his Highnesse, as the advice of the Councell, that the said Letter (according to the Latin copie) be signed by his Highnesse, and sent to the said States Provinciaall, in answer of theirs to his Highnesse of the 7th of August last.

"1655. April 17. The Councell resumed the debate upon the Report made from the Committee of the Councell, to whom it was referred to consider of the establishment of the Councell's contingencies.

"Ordered, that the salary of fower hundred pounds per annum granted to Mr. Gualter Frost, as Treasurer for the Councell's contingencies, be reduced to three hundred pounds per annum, and be continued to be paid after that proportion till further order.

"*That the former yearly salary of Mr. John Milton, of two hundred eighty eight pounds, &c., formerly charged on the Councell's contingencies, be reduced to one hundred and fiftie pounds per annum, and paid to him during his life out of his Highness's Exchequer.*

"That it be offered to his Highness, as the advice of the Councell, that several warrants be issued under the Great Seale for authorising and requiring the Commissioners of his Highness's treasury to pay, by quarterly payments, at the receipt of his Highness's Exchequer, to the several officers, clerkes, and other persons afternamed, according to the proportions formerly allowed them for their salaryes, in respect of their severall and respective offices and imployments, or till his Highness or the Councell shall give other order: That is to say,

	£. s. d.
" To John Thurloe, Esq. Secretary of State, for his	800 0 0
own fee, after the proportion of	} per annum.

" For the fee of Mr. Phillip Meadows, Secretary for	200 0 0
the Latin Tongue, after the rate of	} per annum.

" For the salary of ——— Clerkes attending the office, at 6s. 8d. per diem apiece," &c.

It is supposed by Dr. Sumner, that at this time Milton ceased to perform the functions of his office, and it is urged that the diminished salary of one hundred and fifty pounds, being only half the full sum, is to be considered as his retiring pension. This position Mr. Todd successfully combats, and shews that Milton, though wholly blind, was employed in his office even after the death of Cromwell. We cannot, however, follow him through his proofs. The space occupied by the documents themselves is so great as to compel us to withhold all comment or illustration, and to leave our readers to form their own conclusions respecting many points of the literary history of the poet which they illustrate.

We shall conclude our extracts with a highly interesting letter from Milton, for the *Honourable Lord Bradshaw*, in recommendation of Marvel to be his colleague in the duties of Latin Secretary. This letter has very lately been discovered, and was sent to Mr. Todd, from the State Paper Office, while the sheet which contains it was passing through the press.

" My Lord,

" But that it would be an interruption to ye. publick, where-
in yor. studies are perpetually imployed, I should now and then venture
to supply this my enforced absence wth. a line or two, though it were
my onely busines, and that would be noe slight one, to make my due ac-
knowledgments of yr. many favoures; wch. I both doe at this time,
and ever shall: and have this farder, wch. I thought my parte to let
you know of, that there will be wth. you to morrow, upon some occa-
sion of busines, a Gentleman whose name is Mr. *Marvile*; a man whom
both by report, and ye. converse I have had wth. him, of singular
desert for ye. State to make use of; who alsoe offers himselfe if yere
be any imployment for him. His father was ye. Minister of Hull, and
he hath spent foure yeares abroad in Holland, France, Italy, and
Spaine, to very good purpose, as I beleeeve, and ye. gaineing of those
four languages; besides he is a scholler, and well read in ye. Latin
and Greeke authors; and noe doubt of an approved conversatiou, for
he com's now lately out of ye. house of ye. Lord Fairefax, who was
Generall, where he was intrusted to give some instructions in ye. Lan-
guages to ye. Lady his Daughter. If upon ye. death of Mr. *Wa-
kerley*, ye. Councell shall thinke yt. I shall need any assistant in ye.
performance of my place (though for my pt. I find noe encumbrances
of that wch. belongs to me, except it be the point of attendance at
conferences wth. Ambassadors, wch. I must confeese, in my Condition,
I am not fit for,) it would be hard for them to find a Man soe fit every
way for yt. purpose as this Gentleman, one who I beleeeve in a short
time would be able to doe them as good service as Mr. Ascan. This,

firm the weak. She manages all treaties of amity, league, and alliance between party and party, and engages to see conditions performed. She is a publick envoy employ'd to maintain correspondence and good understanding between confederates. She does very good offices in her way, intercedes, mediates, and compounds all differences between the well affected, though under several forms and dispensations. She is judge of the spiritual court, and gives sentence in all matters of fornication and incontinence, that fall within her jurisdiction. She keeps an office of address, where all mens occasions may be serv'd with trust and secresie. She is very industrious in her calling, takes great pains in brandy, and gets her living by the labour of her drinking, which swells her till she becomes a just dimension for a cart, and grows a B. of the first magnitude. Her sins and her bulk increase equally together, till she becomes the badge of her profession, to signify she belongs to the flesh. After she has perform'd all her exercises, both public and private, she has her grace at the sessions, is advanc'd to the cart, and ever after is stil'd *right reverend mother in the Devil*. She is the whore's learned council, and a person of great chamber-practice; for she is very skilful in conveyances and settlements, and like a great Practiser, takes fees on both sides. She is excellent at actions of the case. She lives under the canonical obedience of the Justice and the Constable, to whom as her superiors she is subordinate, and in case of contumacy is suspended *ab officio et beneficio*, till satisfaction be made, in default of which she is depriv'd, degraded, and deliver'd over to the secular power. She deals in prohibited commodities and contraband goods, which she puts off in secret, other she and all become forfeit to the Law, and are secured to forge hemp on a wooden anvil, *till death them do part*. Next this the greatest visitation, that commonly falls upon her, is breaking of her windows, which she endures with unchristian patience, rather than venture to seek reparation of the common enemy Law and Justice.

AN AMBITIOUS MAN

Is a mortar-piece that aims upward always. He is one that flies in a machine, and the engines that bear him are pride and avarice. He mounts up into authority, as a coachman does into his box, by treading upon the wheel of fortune; and gets up to preferment, though it be on the wrong side. He leaps over hedge and ditch, like a hunting nag, and like a vaulter, will throw himself over any thing he can reach. He will climb like the cripple, that stole the weather-cock off Paul's steeple. He rises, like a meteor, from corruption and rottenness, and, when he is at his height, shines and dispenses plagues and diseases on those that are beneath him. He is like a hawke, that never stoops from his height, but to seize upon his prey. He is like the north pole to his friends, the nearer they are to him, the higher he is above them; and when they steer by him, unless they perfectly understand their variation from him, they are sure to find themselves mistaken. He is never familiar with any man in earnest, nor civil but in jest. He is free of nothing but his promises and his hat, but when he comes to performance, puts off the one as easy as the other. He salutes men with his head, and they him with their feet; for when he nods at one end, they make legs at the other. He is a great

pageant born upon men's shoulders, that pleases those that only look upon him, and tires those that feel his weight. He sells offices at the outcry of the nation, and has his brokers, that know where to put off a commodity of justice at the best rates. He is never without a long train of suitors, that follow him and their business, and would be glad to see an end of both. He is commonly rais'd like a boy's paper-kite, by being forc'd against the popular air. His humility is forc'd like a hypocrite's, and he stands bare to himself, that others may do so too. His letters of course are like charms for the tooth-ache, that give the bearer ease for the present, according as he believes in them, for which he pays the Secretary, and after finds himself cheated both of his money and his expectations too.

A VAPOURER

Is one that vapours over every thing he does, like a hen that cackles when she has laid an egg. He overvalets all his own performances, which makes them lie upon his hands; for nobody will take them off upon such terms. Whatsoever he treats upon of himself begins, like a small poets work with his own commendation; and the first thing you meet with is *in laudem authoris*: But as no man's testimony is valid in his own case, no more in reason ought his word to pass in his own praise. He blows up his own concerns, as a butcher does his veal, to make it appear larger and fairer; but then it will not keep. He does as ridiculously, as if he gave himself his own certificate, or thought to be received with letters of his own recommendation; yet the rabble is very apt to believe in him, which he takes for their approbation; and though he receives no more from them than they had from him, yet he believes himself a gainer, and thinks he has more reason to believe in himself than he had before. He that praises himself and his own actions does like a beast, that licks himself and his own whelps with his tongue. It is natural to all men to affect praise and honour; but very few care to deserve it: for as stol'n pleasures are said to be most delightful, so undeserv'd glory cannot but be more pleasing to some men, than that which is earn'd with the drudgery or danger of merit. He that gives himself praise, if it be due, is no more the better for it, than if he gave himself that which he had before; but if it be undue he loses by it, as he that takes that which is not his own forfeits that which is. All his brags tend only to cloath and cover his defects, as Indians wear feathers about their breeches; for commonly he does but vapour in his own defence. Glory is nothing but a good opinion which many men hold of some one person; and if he will take that into his own hands, it is no longer to be expected from others. He that brags and vapours is but his own Pudding, and shews himself to the worst advantage; for it is a pitiful monster, that is fain to wear its own livery. His extolling of himself does but forbid others to do so; for it is a vain superfluous office to commend one that can commend himself. His success always falls out quite contrary to his design, which is nothing else but to take up reputation upon his own word; but being known not to be responsible, he always comes off with repulse, and loss of credit; yet that does not at all discourage him, for he is never told of it but in some quarrel, and then he imputes it to anger, malice, or revenge, and so it goes for nothing. Some will not vapour downright, but by cir-

cumstances and insinuations on the bye will hedge in their own praises, as if it were not meant, but only fell out by chance : others by undervaluing of themselves will hunt after their own vainglory, like tumblers, by seeming to neglect it, and lay a necessity upon men's modesties to flatter them merely out of shame and pity. They undervalue themselves, that others may overvalue them as much, like rooks at tennis, that win by losing, and gain by betting against themselves. There is no vice so odious, and yet so harmless, for it hurts nobody but its owner, and many times makes pleasant sport to others : But as all civility is nothing but a seeming submission or condescension to others, and is grateful to all men ; so whatever appears contrary to that must be incivility, and consequently as much hated.

It appears he came easily by all his pretences, by the large measure he allows, and the willingness he expresses to put them off upon any terms. He is his own broker. All the noise he makes is but like that of a trumpet, a mere blast of wind. He is like the moon, that looks bigger the wider sphere of vapours she appears through. He is like those that cry things about the streets, who make more noise and take more pains to put off a little stinking rotten stuff, or trash, than those that have their warehouses stor'd with the richest merchandises. He never obliges a friend, but it is in the nature of an obligation, which all men are to know.

A MOROSE MAN

Is like a piece of knotted wood, every thing goes against the grain with him. He is impatient of every thing but his own humour, and endures that no longer than it is in opposition to something else. He approves of nothing but in contradiction to other men's opinions, and like a buzzard, delights in nothing more than to flutter against the wind, let it be which way it will. He is made up of cross-crosslets, and always counterchang'd ; for when he is join'd with white he is sure to be black, and black with white. He esteems all men extravagant and intolerable but himself, as those that have the jaundice think all objects yellow, because their own eyes are so. He is a strict observer of his own humour, and would have every man else so too, otherwise he retires to solace himself with his own complacence ; and as great men keep natural fools to please themselves in seeing somebody have less wit than themselves (which they would never do unless they kept such of purpose) he delights in his own folly, and the more ridiculous it is the better he is pleas'd with it. He is very nice and thrifty of his conversation, and will not willingly afford it, but where he thinks to enjoy the greatest share of it himself, in which he is often mistaken ; for none endure him better than those, that make him their sport, and laugh at his folly, when he thinks they do at his wit. He abhors a stranger, because having no humanity he takes him for a thing of another kind, and believes it too difficult a task ever to bring him to his humour. He hates much company though it be ever so good ; for the more there are, the less share he has of his own humour, which is all she values or looks for. He rolls himself up in his own humour, as a dog does with his nose in his breech, and pleases himself with that which offends all others. The choice of his humour supposes his ignorance, as empty boats sail best against the stream. He is like a windmill that never moves, but when it is planted directly against the wind.

A RAILER

Is a stout man of his tongue, that will not turn his back to any man's reputation living. He will quarrel by natural instinct, as some wild beasts do, and lay violent language upon a man at first sight, and sometimes before. His tongue is his weapon, which he is very skilful at, and will pass upon any mans credit as oft as he pleases. He seldom charges, but he gets the crupper of his enemy, and wounds him behind his back. He was born to a clan with all the world, and falls out with all things (as spirits are said to converse) by intuition. His violence makes him many times hurt himself, instead of his enemy, and he blunts the point of his weapon upon some, that go so well arm'd, that their credit is impenetrable. He is as lavish of his own reputation, as he is of another mans; for to set his tongue against somebodys back parts (as he usually does) is not much for his credit. He is like a leech that sucks blood out of a man's reputation behind his back. He destroys more learning and arts than the Goth and Vandal ever did; and talks more mischief than the long-parliament. He is most unmerciful to a man in his absence, and blows him up like sympathetic gunpowder, at any distance. He is an ill orator, for he never speaks well of any thing. He bites any thing that comes in his way, like a mad dog, throws his foam about, and runs on, he cares not whither, so he do but infect somebody with his own venom. Serpents lay by their venom when they drink, but he retains his, and all his nourishment turns to gall, and he spits it out, as men in consumptions do their lungs. His words are like an ill wind that blows nobody good, and he carrys a cudgel in his mouth, like a water-dog. He is an Ismaelite, his tongue is against every man, and every mans against him. He ploughs upon men's backs, as David complains he was used; and destroys all he encounters with a jaw-bone of an ass. He fights with his mouth, as wild beasts do. He carries his bullet in his mouth, and chaws it, to make it poison the wounds it gives. He stings men like a bug; and, when he is destroyed for it, offends them as much with the stink. He is said to have a foul mouth, and whatsoever comes out of it is the fouler for having been there. He is a man of integrity, and may be believ'd to mean what he says; for no man will counterfeit that, which is bad enough of itself.

A DRUNKARD

Was conceived, like Orion, in a beast's hide and —. He is an animal amphibium, that lives in two elements, but most naturally in the moist; for like a beaver's tail he would gangrene, if he were kept dry. He has sprung a lake, and sucks in faster than nature can pump out, till at length he founders and sinks. His soul dwells in a fenn, stifled with perpetual fog and Scotch mist. His drink and tobacco render him more like a smoaky house and a rainy day than *Solomon's* scold. He sucks in his liquor like a sponge, which the learned say is a kind of live plant, and such he becomes when he has taken his dose. He is a coronation conduit, an ale-commanding engine, an overtaker. He is like an *Irish* bog, if you do not run quickly and lightly over him, you will be apt to sink in him, and find it harder to get, than keep out of him. He takes his drink as a medicine to procure another man's health, as *catholic* penitents whip themselves for other men's sins. A beer-glass is his divining cup, with which he swallows good or bad for-

tune, as the country fellow did a potion to find his asses; and happiness and prosperity, or confusion and destruction ensue according as the spirit of the drink disposes him. He conjures his reason to go out of him, as the *Greeks* do their souls when they drink wine, and this he does so oft, that at length it cannot find the way in again, and then he turns sot, and is drunk for term of life. He is never valiant but in his drink, as a madman, that has lost his wits, has double his strength. He is not given to drink, but thrown away and lost upon it. When *Noah* had escap'd the waters he presently found out wine, which drown'd and destroy'd as many sinners since, as the waters did before.

A MASTER OF ARTS

Is commonly an ill master, and as ill serv'd.—The arts are his menial servants and followers, but he keeps them so short, that they are forc'd to cheat and outwit him; for as *Tacitus* says of *Nero*, he has *infra servos ingenium*. He is as proud as a Pharisee of the title of *Master*, and his learning is like the other's righteousness, that consists in straining of gnats and swallowing of camels. He wears the greatest part of his learning on his back (as a needy gallant does of his estate); for his gown is the better part of his knowledge, and all he has to shew for his degree. It is but the livery of his learning, and a loose garment that fits all sizes equally. He has been a prenticeship in breaking his natural reason, and putting it out of its pace into an artificial shuffle, that makes no progressive advance at all. He melts down all his learning into abstruse notions, that destroy the use and lessen the value of it, and by too much refining loses much of its weight; for the finer any mettall is, the more unuseful it becomes, and is only capable of a greater alloy. His understanding is weak and consumptive (like those that have the dog-hunger) with oppressing his capacity with more than it is able to digest.

SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY AT PARIS, COMMONLY CALLED THE JARDIN DES PLANTES.

THE inferiority and mismanagement of our institutions for the encouragement of natural history, are, we presume, among the causes which may account for their state of backwardness in this country. Individual activity appears, however, at present in motion. By some causes, which we shall not stop to investigate, an impulse has been lately given in Great Britain to these delightful and instructive branches. This impulse will, it is not to be doubted, increase, and, in a few years, show important results. Nevertheless, it is impossible to regret that no assistance, or at least very slight aid, is to be derived from national establishments, which in these sciences are of a kind only to be formed by nations, and for the formation of which they enjoy peculiar facilities. The British Museum in this country is, in nearly all its departments, a monument of useless expenditure, clumsy management, and narrow and unenlightened views. To the Garden of Plants, on the contrary, the splendid advances which have been made in our knowledge of the works of nature are mainly to be attributed. Great men have contributed to create it, and it has created a host of

great men. An enthusiasm for investigation into the science of nature pervades a most illustrious class of students and philosophers in Paris, who both derive their celebrity from the Gardens, and who reflect it back upon them with increased lustre. Under the idea that much time cannot elapse before some reforms are introduced into the national scientific arrangements of Great Britain; and, considering that the plan of the French Museum is a model that ought to be followed, we shall avail ourselves of the materials before us, and give a slight view of the rise and present state of this institution. The work to which we have been principally indebted is the "History and Description of the Royal Museum of Natural History, by M. Deleuze." 2 vols. 8vo. with plates and plans.

The Garden of Plants was founded by Louis XIII. in 1635, at the entreaty of Herouard, his first physician, and Guy de la Brosse, his physician in ordinary. A house and twenty-four acres of land, which now form part of the Garden, were purchased in the Faubourg St. Germain. The successor of Herouard, named Bouvard, was appointed superintendant, and Guy de la Brosse the intendant. The object of its founders appears to have been solely the teaching of medical botany. Three doctors were appointed "*to demonstrate the interior of plants and all medicines, and to employ themselves in all necessary pharmaceutic operations, for the instruction of students.*" Under La Brosse a *subdemonstrator of the interior of plants* was appointed, and to him and to each connected with the establishment very sufficient salaries were assigned by the royal edict.

It is remarkable that the medical faculty of Paris opposed the registering of this edict, and especially desired that chemistry might not be taught.

The government of the Garden, and the appointment of the inferior officers, seem to have been vested in the superintendant. The intendant had the management of all interior affairs, and especially the scientific management. Guy de la Brosse, the first intendant, was the spirit that animated its first foundation. When he died a very few years after its establishment, the prosperity of his work appears to have somewhat declined. His nephew Fagon, however, who had passed his infancy in the Garden, when he had grown up, travelled at his own expense to procure plants for it, and enriched it with many that he procured by correspondence. On his return, he was appointed professor of chemistry and botany, and when under Colbert's administration he became superintendant, the place under his cure resumed new life. At the same time that Fagon was superintendant, Tournefort was professor of botany, and Duverney of anatomy, a branch that had been added since the foundation, and to which he and his nephew after him long gave lustre in the garden. These illustrious names gave celebrity to the institution, which was most fortunate in the abilities and zeal of its early professors. Tournefort was succeeded by Antony Jussieu, a name even more famous in the history of botany; and the chemical chair was, after Fagon resigned it, held successively by Saint Yon, Louis Lemery, Berger, and Geoffroy. After the death of Louis XIV. in 1715, Fagon, at that time aged and infirm, resigned the place of first physician, and retired into the Garden, where he was born, and where he died in 1718. After his

death the superintendence fell into bad hands, until in the reign of Louis XV. it was separated from the place of first physician, and given to Du Fay, a soldier of ancient family, who had distinguished himself by a love of science. His assiduity and influence with the government contributed essentially to the restoration of the institution, which had suffered from divided attention and peculiar views of the successors of Fagon. When Du Fay was attacked by the small-pox in 1739, and felt that his death was approaching, he wrote a request to the ministry, that BUFFON might be appointed his successor. Buffon proved the second father of the Gardens. As in the case of Cuvier in our days, Buffon in his made the Gardens what they became in a few years, and they made him the naturalist, who delighted and instructed all Europe. When Buffon was appointed, he was known by several memoirs on mathematics, natural philosophy, and rural economy. He had not yet decided to what particular branch of knowledge he should devote his talents and acquirements, when his appointment to the office of intendant determined him to attach himself to the study.

It has been justly observed, "that if the Museum owes its splendour to Buffon, to this magnificent establishment Buffon owes his fame. If he had not been placed in the midst of collections, furnished by government with the means of augmenting them, and thus enabled by extensive correspondence to elicit information from all the naturalists of the day, he would never have conceived the plan of his Natural History, or would never have been able to execute it: that genius which embraces a great variety of facts, in order to deduce from them general conclusions, is continually exposed to err, if it has not at hand all the elements of its speculations." When Buffon entered upon his office, the cabinet of Natural History consisted of *two small rooms*, and a third containing the preparations of anatomy, which were not exposed to view: the herbarium was in the apartment of the demonstration of botany, and the then small Garden still presented empty spaces.

Buffon first directed his attention to the increase of the collections, for the convenient arrangement of which he at first gave up part of his house as intendant, and at length the whole. By the aid of government, he purchased a large tract of land between the Garden and the Rue de Seine, and added it to the Garden. In his own labours he associated the celebrated Daubenton, who, after having studied botany under Jussieu, and anatomy under Winslow and Duverney, had retired to Montbard, the place of his birth, to practise medicine. Buffon, his countryman, knew the value of his talent, and invited him to Paris, where he procured him the place of keeper of the Gardens.

In 1749, Buffon attracted the attention of all Europe by the publication of the first volumes of his Natural History; the continuation of it gave him a celebrity which, in similar studies, has never been equalled, and infused throughout France, at least, an enthusiasm for the subjects of his pen.

When the Gardens had been enlarged to double the size, and laid out afresh in a new and ornamental manner; when the collections had exceedingly increased, deficiencies of another kind became more

apparent. To supply them the king, in 1787, purchased and annexed to the establishment, the hotel de Magny, with its courts and gardens. On this ground Buffon constructed the theatre which now serves for the lectures of botany and chemistry, and removed the lodging of MM. Daubenton and Lacépède to the hotel de Magny. The second floor of the old cabinet thus left vacant, was fitted up for the reception of the collections, and permission obtained from the government to erect an addition to the former galleries: the work was immediately begun and continued without interruption; but it was not complete till after the death of Buffon.

As the buildings became more extensive, and as the whole establishment assumed a more imposing form, donations from individuals, and presents from foreign countries, greatly increased the treasures of the Garden. The government neglected nothing which might contribute to its utility, or to its splendour. Additional officers were appointed to superintend new departments, and commissions of correspondence were given to travellers, who were engaged to collect and bring back objects of interest for the use of the Museum. The business of correspondence with foreign societies, with travellers, or with naturalists, accumulated, until it became necessary to create an officer of the institution for the purpose of conducting it. To this place, under the title of assistant-keeper of the Museum, Buffon appointed his friend, Faujas de St Fond.

At the death of Buffon, which took place in 1788, the place of intendant of the Garden was given to the Marquis de Billarderie. He continued the works begun by Buffon, but his credit was vastly inferior, and at that time the ministers were driven into a system of retrenchment by the enormous weight of the public expenditure.

On the 20th August, 1790, M. Lebrun made a report, in the name of the Committee of Finances of the Constituent Assembly, on the state of the King's Garden, in which its expenses were estimated at about four thousand pounds sterling a year. The report, which was the signal for a new organisation, was followed by the draught of a decree, proposing the reduction of the intendant's salary from 12,000 to 8,000 francs; the suppression of several places, particularly that of the commandant of the police of the Garden; an increased stipend to some of the professors; the creation of a chair of natural history, &c.

During the discussion, the officers of the establishment themselves presented an address to the president, in consequence of which they were desired to draw up a plan of organisation. The regulations proposed were similar to those adopted three years afterwards.

The disorders of the Revolution beginning at this period, M. de la Billarderie withdrew from France, and his place of intendant was filled by M. de Saint Pierre in 1792.

M. de Saint Pierre undertook the management of the Gardens at a difficult conjunction. This distinguished writer was precisely adapted to the crisis; his quiet and retired life shielded him from persecution, and his prudence was a safeguard to the establishment.

The Revolution which threatened the existence of the Gardens, gave it a menagerie. The menagerie at Versailles being abandoned, and the animals likely to perish of hunger, M. Couturier, intendant of the king's

domains in that city, offered them, by order of the minister, to M. de Saint Pierre; but as he had neither convenient places for their reception nor means of providing for their subsistence, he prevailed on M. Couturier to keep them, and immediately addressed a memoir to the government, on the importance of establishing a menagerie in the Garden. This address had the desired effect, and proper measures were ordered to be taken for the preservation of the animals, and their removal to the Museum; which, however, was deferred till eighteen months after.

A decree of the legislative assembly, of the 18th of August, 1792, having suppressed the universities, the faculties of medicine, &c., there was reason to fear that the King's Garden would be involved in the proscription; but as it was considered as national property, and as visitors of all classes were equally well received; as the people believed it to be destined for the culture of medicinal plants, and the laboratory of chemistry to be a manufactory of saltpetre, it was respected.

Still a faction, rendered formidable by its triumph of the 31st of May, threatened every vestige of the monarchy. An institution, of which the officers had been appointed by the king, was naturally the object of its jealousy. The peril was imminent; and it would have been impossible to escape it, if there had not been found in the convention some men of courage who saw the tendency of these measures, and sought to arrest their progress. Among them must be particularly distinguished, M. Lakanal, president of the committee of public instruction, who, when informed of the danger, repaired secretly to the Garden to confer with MM. Daubenton, Thouin, and Desfontaines, on the means of averting it. He demanded of them a copy of the regulations that had been submitted to the constituent assembly; and the next day, the 10th of June, 1793, obtained a decree for the organisation of the establishment, of which we shall cite the most essential articles.

"The establishment shall henceforth be called the Museum of Natural History.

"Its object shall be the teaching of natural history in all its branches.

"All the officers of the Museum shall have the title of professor, and enjoy the same rights.

"The place of intendant shall be suppressed, and the salary equally divided amongst the professors.

"The professors shall choose a director and a treasurer every year, from among themselves. The director shall preside in the assemblies of the officers, and be charged with the execution of their deliberations; the same person shall not be continued in office more than two years in succession.

"The vacancies in their own body shall be filled by the professors.*

"Twelve courses of lectures shall be given in the Museum—1. mi-

* This article was abrogated by a law of May 1802; at present, the body of professors and the academy of sciences each name a candidate, for the acceptance of the king; but the voice of the professors is usually seconded by the academy.

neralogy;—2. general chemistry;—3. chemistry applied to the arts;—4. botany;—5. rural botany;—6. agriculture;—7 and 8. zoology;—9. human anatomy;—10. comparative anatomy;—11. geology;—12. *iconography*.

“The subjects to be treated of in the courses, and the details relative to the organisation of the Museum, shall be specified in a regulation to be drawn up by the professors, and communicated to the committee of public instruction.”

The third section provides for the formation of a library, where all the books on natural history in the public repositories, and the duplicates of those in the national library, shall be assembled; and also the drawings of plants and animals, taken from nature in the Museum. The fourth clause insists on a correspondence with all similar institutions in France.

By this decree, twelve chairs were established, without naming the professors; the distribution of their functions being left to the officers themselves. These officers were:—

MM. Daubenton, keeper of the cabinet, and professor of mineralogy at the college of France; Fourcroy, professor of chemistry; Brongniart, demonstrator; Desfontaines, professor of botany; De Jussieu, demonstrator; Portal, professor of anatomy; Mertrud, demonstrator; Lamarck, botanist of the cabinet, with the care of the herbarium; Faujas Saint-Fond, assistant keeper of the cabinet, and corresponding secretary; Geoffroy, sub-demonstrator of the cabinet; Vanspaendonck, painter; Thouin, first gardener.

No difficulty occurred respecting those officers, who were already professors or demonstrators; but MM. Faujas and Lamarck were otherwise situated; the correspondence thenceforth pertaining to the assembly, and the herbarium being placed under the direction of the professor of botany, they were left without employment. In this embarrassment, M. Faujas, well known by his travels and his beautiful work on the volcanoes of the Vivarais, was made professor of geology; and M. de Lamarck, equally versed in zoology and botany, and reputed the best conchologist in France, was appointed to teach the history of invertebrated animals.

The administration was aware of the importance of dividing the zoological instruction into three parts; but as M. de Lacépède had a few months before resigned the place of sub-demonstrator and keeper of the cabinet, the third chair, to which he had unquestionable claims, was left vacant, in the hope that, at a more favourable moment, he would be called to fill it; which accordingly took place. In the mean time, M. Geoffroy, who had succeeded him in the cabinet, undertook alone to teach the history of quadrupeds, birds, fishes, and reptiles.

On the 9th of July, 1793, the professors having received notice of this decree, met, and appointed M. Daubenton president, M. Desfontaines secretary, and M. Thouin treasurer. From that time, they assembled on stated days, and planned the supplementary regulations enjoined by the legislative body.

Their first care was to obtain the creation of certain places, which the recent changes rendered necessary.

The general administration of the cabinet belonged to the assembly; and the care of the collections, to the several professors; the places of

keeper and assistant keepers of the cabinet were therefore suppressed. But as it was necessary to have some person charged with the key of the galleries, the preservation of the objects, and the reception of visitors, these duties were devolved on M. Lucas, who had passed his life in the establishment, and enjoyed the confidence of Buffon.

M. Andrew Thouin being made professor of agriculture, M. John Thouin was appointed first gardener. Four places of assistant naturalist* were created, for the arrangement and preparation of objects under the direction of the professors, and three painters were attached to the Museum, viz.: M. Marechal and the brothers Henry and Joseph Redouté. These regulations and appointments were approved by the government.

At the same time the library was disposed for the reception of the books and drawings; which last were contained in sixty-four portfolios.

In 1794, M. Toscan was appointed librarian, and M. Mordant De-launay adjunct; and the library was opened to the public on the 7th of September, 1794.

The animals from the menagerie at Versailles, those from Rincy, and others belonging to individuals who made a trade of exhibiting them for gain, having been removed to the Museum in 1794, dens were formed under the galleries of the cabinet for those which it was necessary to confine, and the others were placed in stables or among the forest-trees along the Rue de Buffon. In the meantime, a small building at the extremity of the avenue of horse chesnuts was arranged as a temporary menagerie for ferocious beasts.

The house of the intendant was disposed for the lodging of two professors: the saloons of the cabinet were more perfectly arranged; and it was decided that new galleries should be constructed on the second floor; in fine, a decision of the committee of public instruction of September 1794, ordered the acquisition of the house and lands adjoining the Museum on the north-west; which had already been deemed necessary by the constituent assembly.

The report of the committee of public instruction, approved the regulations of the professors, and fixed the organisation of the Museum in its present form, with the exception of slight modifications exacted by the change of circumstances. A law in conformity, of the 11th of December, 1794, created a third chair of zoology, to which M. de Lacépède was appointed; gave the whole of the administration of the establishment to the professors; increased their salary from 2,800 to 5,000 francs; fixed the expences of the following year at 194,000 francs; and ordained that the land between the rue Poliveau, the rue de Seine, the river, the boulevard, and the rue Saint Victor, should be united to the Museum. A still more vast but impracticable plan had been presented, which was withdrawn at the solicitation of the professors.

The wretchedness of the times was now sensibly felt; the reduced state of the finances, the depreciation of the funds, the cessation of foreign commerce, and the employment of every species of revenue

* Filled by MM. Desmoulins, Dufrese, Valenciennes, and Deleuze; the two first for zoology, the others for mineralogy and botany.

and industry for the prosecution of the war, were serious hindrances to the projected improvements.

And, indeed, not only during the first years of terror and destruction, but from 1795 to the end of the century, the establishment presented astonishing contrasts. Houses and lands of great value were annexed to the Garden, magnificent collections were acquired, and the most useful buildings were commenced: yet every thing languished within: much was undertaken, and nothing completed. Funds were wanting to pay the workmen, to provide nourishment for the animals, and to defray the expence of the collections. Potatoes were cultivated in the beds destined for the rarest plants, and the establishment was threatened with a decay the more irreparable as it affected all its parts. One obstacle being surmounted, others started up: the funds received were bestowed on the object of most immediate necessity, and others scarcely less important were neglected. However, when the public distress had attained its utmost height, not a moment of discouragement was felt by the administrators; they deliberated on the best means of meeting the exigency, and made themselves respected by an example of zeal, moderation, and disinterestedness. Some of them being called to employments connected with the government, used their influence in favour of the establishment to which they were more particularly attached.

In 1796 Captain Baudin informed the officers of the Museum that, during a long residence in Trinidad, he had formed a rich collection of natural history, which he was unable to bring away, but which he would return in quest of, if they would procure him a vessel. The proposition was acceded to by the government, with the injunction that Captain Baudin should take with him four naturalists: the persons appointed to accompany him were Maugé and Levillain for zoology, Ledru for botany, and Riedley, gardener of the Museum, a man of active and indefatigable zeal.

Captain Baudin weighed anchor from Havre on the 30th of September, 1796. He was wrecked off the Canary Isles, but was furnished with another vessel by the Spanish government, and shaped his course towards Trinidad. That island having fallen into the hands of the English, so that it was impossible to land, he repaired to Saint-Thomas; and thence, in a larger vessel, to Porto-Rico. Having remained about a year in those two islands, he returned to Europe, and entered the port of Fecamp the 12th of June, 1798. His collections, forwarded by the Seine, arrived at the Museum on the 12th of July following.

Never had so great a number of living plants, and especially of trees, from the West Indies, been received at once: there were one hundred large tubs, several of which contained stocks from six to ten feet high. They had been so skilfully taken care of during the passage that they arrived in full vegetation, and succeeded perfectly in the hot-houses.

The result of this voyage was not confined to augmenting the store of living plants, but added greatly to the riches of the cabinets. The herbarium was increased by a vast number of specimens carefully gathered and dried by MM. Ledru and Riedley. Reidley had besides made a collection of all the different kinds of wood of Saint-Thomas

and Porto-Rico, with numbers affixed referring to the flower in the herbarium; which enabled the professor of botany to determine the species of the tree. The two zoologists brought back a numerous collection of quadrupeds, birds, and insects. That of birds made by Maugé was particularly interesting, from their perfect preservation, and from the fact that the greater part of them were new to the Museum.

In 1798 the professors presented a memoir to the government exposing the wants of the Museum. The magnificent collections which had been received were still in their cases, liable to be destroyed by insects, and comparatively useless, for want of room to display them. There were no means of nourishing the animals, because the contractors, who were not paid, refused to make further advances. The same distress existed in 1799, and it was the more to be regretted from the value of the recent collections. We will not stop to enumerate them here, but barely name the most important. In June, 1795, arrived the cabinet of the statholder, rich in every branch of natural history, and especially in zoology. In February, 1796, M. Desfontaines gave the Museum his collection of insects from the coast of Barbary. In November of the same year a collection was received from the low countries, and that of precious stones was removed from the Mint to the Museum. In February, 1797, the minister procured the African birds, which had served for the drawings of Levaillant's celebrated work. In 1798 the collection formed by Brocheton in Guyana, and the numerous objects of animated and vegetable nature, collected under the tropics, by Captain Baudin and his indefatigable associates, filled the hot-houses and the galleries of the Museum.

The government manifested the most unceasing and lively concern for the establishment, and did every thing in its power to promote its interests; but the penury of its finances rendered it impossible to furnish the necessary funds for the arrangement of the collections, the repairs of the buildings, the payment of the salaries, and the nourishment of the animals. Petitions were useless; the funds were absorbed by the armies, whose courage remained unabated amidst the disasters that overwhelmed them. The state of exhaustion was equally evident at home and abroad; when the events of November, 1799, by displacing and concentrating power, established a new order of things, whose chief by degrees rendered himself absolute, and by his astonishing achievements cast a dazzling lustre on the nation, and suddenly created great resources.

Embarrassment was still felt during the first months of 1800, and so small were the pecuniary supplies of the establishment, that it was necessary to authorize M. Delaunay, superintendant of the menagerie, to kill the least valuable animals to provide food for the remainder. The face of things, however, speedily changed.

The extraordinary man who was placed at the head of affairs, felt that his power could not be secured by victory alone; and that having made himself formidable abroad, it was necessary to gain admiration at home, by favouring the progress of knowledge, by encouraging the arts and sciences, and by erecting monuments which should contribute to the glory and prosperity of the nation.

Among other objects, he turned his attention to the Museum, to which he furnished funds for continuing the works that were begun, acquiring land for its enlargement, and still further augmenting the collections.

All the parts of the establishment were conducted with equal judgment and zeal, because each was confined to a separate chief; and its progressive movement was no longer retarded.

Nevertheless, in October 1800, the professors had reason to apprehend its ruin, from a measure which the minister of the interior, brother of the first consul, wished to extend to this in common with other public institutions, viz. of appointing, under the title of accountable administrator, a director general, or intendant, charged with the general administration, and the correspondence with the government; thus reducing the officers of the Museum to the simple function of delivering lectures and preserving the collections.

The professors made the strongest representations to the minister on this subject: they proved that each part of the establishment required a separate director; that the administration was essentially linked with the instruction; that intendants were always inclined to favour particular branches, and that they could not be acquainted with all the parts of so vast a whole; that all those intrusted with the direction of the garden, excepting Guy de la Brosse, Dufay, and Fagon, who were in fact its founders, had neglected it, and that several had checked its progress; that Buffon, the only person who had since taken pride in the institution and employed his credit for its advancement, had felt the necessity of a different system; that Daubenton had refused the title of perpetual director, offered him by his colleagues through respect for his age and gratitude for his services; that since the new organisation the general order had not been an instant troubled, notwithstanding the vicissitudes of politics, and the public misfortunes; that the Museum being immediately dependent on the minister, it was sufficient that an account should be rendered by the annual director, and that no extraordinary expenditure should be made without permission; that the place of intendant, given at first to some person distinguished in the natural sciences, might at length be bestowed on a man destitute of any just idea of their utility; that the funds destined for the Museum might be converted to other uses; that the professors would be placed in a state of subordination which would damp their zeal and paralyze their efforts; and that some amongst them, who held eminent posts under government, could no longer preserve their chairs when subjected to the controul of a perpetual chief.

The minister turned a deaf ear to these remonstrances: he wished to appoint to the place of director M. de Jussieu, who used his credit only to enforce the reasons of the professors, and to prevent the execution of a plan fraught with irreparable mischief. Happily nothing was decided, when, in the month of November, M. Chaptal, minister of the interior *ad interim*, determined the first consul to yield to their representations.

The steady progress and harmonious concurrence of all the parts of the Museum, demonstrate the utility of the present form of administration, and it is to be hoped that the project of concentrating an

authority which has no connexion with politics, will not again be brought forward.

In 1801, during the ministry of M. Chaptal, to whom the Museum is under great obligations, the botanical garden, which had been filling up since 1773, was increased in extent one third.

In the year 1804, the Museum was suddenly enriched by the most considerable accessions in zoology and botany that it had ever received. In the beginning of 1800, the Institute proposed to the first consul to send two vessels to Australasia, for the purpose of discovery in geography and the natural sciences. The project was embraced, and twenty-three persons were named by the Institute and the Museum to accompany the expedition. The two ships, the *Geographer* and the *Naturalist*, the first commanded by Captain Baudin, and the second by Captain Hamelin, sailed from Havre on the 19th of October, 1800. They touched at the Isle of France, where the greater part of the persons embarked with scientific views remained; reconnoitered the western shore of New Holland, and repaired to Timor, where they lay six weeks. They then revisited the same coast, made the circuit of Van Dieman's land, and steering northwards to Port Jackson, lay by in that harbour for five months: thence they resumed their course to Timor, by Bass's straits, and returning to France entered the port of Lorient the 25th of March, 1804.

In 1806, the cabinet of comparative anatomy was temporarily disposed for the admission of the public; who saw, methodically arranged, not only the skeletons of numerous animals, but a series of all their organs, prepared by M. Cuvier, or under his direction.

While occupied in forming the cabinet, M. Cuvier discovered that the greater part of fossil bones have no specific identity with existing animals; and wishing to pursue his researches, he neglected no means to assemble a collection of remains. Some very remarkable ones were found in the quarries of Montmartre: others were sent him from Germany and other countries. In a series of memoirs in the *Annals of the Museum*, he made known several species of quadrupeds, that existed before the last revolution that changed the surface of the globe, far more ancient than those found amongst the mummies of Egypt, and differing from those that now inhabit the earth in proportion to the remoteness of the periods at which they lived.

After this publication M. Cuvier gave his collection, the more valuable because singular in its kind, to the Museum, accepting in exchange only the duplicates of books on natural history in the library. This collection, with that of fishes from mount Bolca, fills one of the saloons of the cabinet.

In 1808, M. Geoffroy brought from Lisbon a very beautiful collection in every branch of natural history. In 1809, the minister procured the samples of North American wood, collected by M. Michaux, author of a valuable history of the forest-trees of that country; and also a herbarium, containing the original specimens for the Flora of his father, who died in Madagascar. In 1810, twenty-four animals arrived from the menagerie of the King of Holland; minerals were sent from Italy and Germany, by M. Marcel de Serres; and presents of several animals, and a beautiful herbarium from

Cayenne, by M. Martin, superintendant of the nurseries in that colony.*

In the disastrous year of 1813 the budget of the Museum was reduced, and important enterprises were deferred till better times. Even the expences of the menagerie were curtailed; all correspondence with foreign countries was interrupted, and the number of students was diminished by the calls of the army. Nevertheless the most essential operations were regularly continued, and if no new acquisitions were made, means were found to preserve what were already possessed.

In 1814, when the allied troops entered Paris, a body of Prussians were about taking up their quarters in the garden: the moment was critical, and the professors had no means of approaching the competent authorities: the commander consented to wait two hours, and this interval was so employed as to relieve them from all further apprehension. A safeguard was obtained for the Museum, and an exemption from all military requisitions; and though no person was refused admittance, it sustained not the slightest injury. The Emperors of Austria and Russia, and the King of Prussia, visited it to admire its riches, and to request duplicates of objects in exchange, and information for the founding of similar institutions in their own dominions.

In fact, the magnificent cabinet of the Statholder was reclaimed; and M. Brugmann was sent to Paris, to receive and transport it. This mission caused the liveliest solicitude to the administrators of the Museum: by the restoration of those objects the series would have been interrupted, and the collection left incomplete. M. Brugmann was too enlightened a man not to perceive, that they would no longer possess the same value when detached; and that in the galleries of Paris they would be more useful even to foreign naturalists. But he was obliged to execute the orders of his sovereign, and could only observe the utmost delicacy in his proceedings, listen to every plan of conciliation, and plead the cause of science, in defending that of the Museum. In this dilemma the professors addressed themselves to M. De Gagern, minister plenipotentiary of Holland, who alone could suspend M. Brugmann's operations, and obtain a revocation of his orders. The application succeeded to their wish: it was agreed that an equivalent should be furnished from the duplicates of the Museum; and this new collection, consisting of a series of 18,000 specimens, was in the opinion of M. Brugmann himself more precious than the cabinet of the Statholder.

The Emperor of Austria caused M. Boose, his gardener at Schœnbrunn, to transport to Paris such plants as were wanting in the King's Garden; presented to the Museum two beautiful collections, one of Fungi, modelled in wax with the greatest accuracy of form and colour, and the other of intestinal worms, formed by M. Bremser; and directed M. Schribers to send the professors a catalogue of the duplicates of

* M. Martin has introduced the culture of the bread-fruit, by slips of a stock brought from the Friendly Islands by MM. la Billardière and de la Haye, and sent him after being kept a year in the hot-house of the Museum: he had several years before carried from the Isle of France to Cayenne the clove, nutmeg, and pepper trees, which at present yield abundantly.

his cabinet for selection, in consequence of which exchanges mutually advantageous took place.

Several wrought stones of price were returned to the Pope; and objects of natural history and books belonging to individuals, which had been sent to the Museum in the time of the emigration, and which were considered as a deposit, were restored with the permission of the government.

After the peace, the King continued to promote the interests of the Museum; but the finances were exhausted by the public misfortunes, and it was at first impossible to afford the requisite supplies. As it had suffered less than other establishments, there was less to repair, and during the two first years, only 275,000 francs, instead of 300,000, were granted for its expenditure: but every thing has been subsequently replaced on the former footing, and since then extraordinary funds have been granted for essential purposes.

Buffon had obtained permission from the King to send naturalists into foreign countries; and the travels of Commerson, Somerat, Dombey, and Michaux had procured considerable accessions to the Garden and the cabinet. Since the new organisation, the two expeditions commanded by Captain Baudin, had doubled the collections. At the restoration the government continued the same advantages, and ordered travellers to be sent into regions little known, to examine their natural productions. Considerable remittances have already been made from Calcutta and Sumatra, by MM. Diart and Duvaucel; from Pondicherry and Chandernagor, by M. Leschenault; from Brazil, by M. St. Hilaire; and from North America, by M. Milbert. M. Lalande, who visited the Cape, and penetrated to a considerable distance into the country, has lately brought back the most numerous zoological collection since that of Peron.

Other travellers without a special mission have emulously proved their zeal for science: M. Dussumier Fonbrune has sent home a variety of objects from the Phillippine Isles; M. Steven, a learned naturalist in the service of Russia, who had passed twelve years in the Crimea and the government of Caucasus, has enriched the botanical cabinet with a great number of plants from those regions; and M. Dumont Durville, lieutenant of the royal navy, with a herbarium of the shores of the Euxine and the islands of the Archipelago. M. Freycinet has returned from a voyage to the southern ocean, with a general collection, made by the naturalists of the expedition;* and Captain Philibert, recently commanded by the government to traverse the Asiatic seas and visit Guyana, afforded such facilities to M. Perrottet, gardener of the Museum, who accompanied him, that he brought back 158 species of shrubs and trees, from six inches to five feet high, the greater part of which are not found in any garden of Europe.† To this invaluable collection were added several rare birds, and the celebrated gymnotus or electric eel. A number of living animals, and other objects, have been presented by M. Milius, late governor of the Isle of Bourbon.

* M. Gaudichaud for botany, and MM. Quay and Gaimard for zoology and mineralogy.

† The vegetables of Cayenne were furnished by M. Poiteau, director of the establishment for naturalising foreign plants in that island.

Hitherto these instances of good fortune have happened at indeterminate periods, and when favourable circumstances induced us to solicit them; but a measure lately adopted by the government assures us in future of their regular annual recurrence.

According to a plan submitted to the King by M. de Cazes, a yearly sum of 20,000 francs has been appropriated to the support of travelling pupils of the Museum, to be appointed by the professors. During the first year they are to prepare themselves under the direction of the professors, and are then to be sent into countries that promise the most abundant harvest of discoveries in natural history. They are required to keep up a constant correspondence with the Museum, and to transport the natural productions of Europe to other quarters of the globe.

Unfortunately the first use of this munificence has been productive only of regret. Of the four travellers commissioned in 1820, two fell victims to their zeal on arriving at the place of destination. M. Godefroy, from whose extensive knowledge important services were expected, perished in a fray with the natives, on landing at Manilla; and M. Havet, a young man distinguished by sound erudition and nobleness of character, died of fatigue at Madagascar. He had studied the language of that island, and was recommended to one of the kings, whose two sons were residing at Paris for their education. It was expected that he would make known the productions of a country, the interior parts of which have never been explored by any naturalist.

The mineralogical chair was at first filled by M. Daubenton; he was succeeded by M. Dolomieu, who had been long celebrated as a mineralogist, and as the founder of geology in France. This learned man, who joined the expedition to Egypt, had been thrown into prison at Messina, on his return, on a groundless suspicion of having been accessory to the invasion of Malta. M. Dolomieu was liberated on the 15th of March 1801, by an article in the treaty between France and Naples. He hastened to Paris, and on his first appearance in the amphitheatre, was received by the audience with an enthusiasm which manifested their opinion of his merit, and their interest in his sufferings. After finishing his course, he wished to take advantage of the remainder of the summer to visit the Alps, Switzerland, and Dauphiny, to collect minerals for the cabinet; but his health, impaired by the hardships he had undergone, yielded to the fatigues of the journey. On his return he stopped at Neuchatel in the Charolois, at the house of his brother-in-law, and was there seized with an illness, of which he died on the 26th of November 1801.

M. Haüy was called, on the 18th of December 1801, to fill the chair of mineralogy, for which there could be no competition; and from that time the instruction has been conformed to the crystallographic method.

It was at first feared, that this method would embarrass students not prepared to understand it; but M. Haüy found means to smooth its asperities, and to render sensible the laws of decrement and transformation, by models; while, by presenting the minerals in their pure state, he taught the pupil to distinguish the variations produced by a mixture of different substances.

Since the new organisation, M. Desfontaines has had no occasion

to change the method introduced by him in 1786. His lectures are given three times a week during the months of May, June, July, and August, and are generally attended by five or six hundred pupils.

Of all the branches of natural history, botany is the best suited to the female sex; it presents nothing to offend their delicacy; it furnishes them amusement in retirement, and lends interest to their walks; attaches them to the cultivation of their gardens; assists them to develop a habit of observation in their children; and affords an opportunity of gratifying their benevolence, by making the poorer inhabitants of the country acquainted with useful plants. The letters of Rousseau first excited a taste for this science in the ladies of France, which has increased with the facility of obtaining instruction. A considerable number repair to the garden at an early hour to attend the lectures, and a separate space has been reserved for them in the amphitheatre.

Since 1770, M. de Jussieu has continued his herborisations during the summer.

The course of agriculture is delivered by M. Thouin, with such illustrations as are possible from the practice in the Garden and the collection of models. M. Thouin is charged with the correspondence with all the public gardens of France and other countries, and with the yearly distribution of more than 80,000 parcels of seeds, the produce of the garden, or collected by travellers.

After the suppression of the universities, the Museum being the only remaining institution of science, M. de Fourcroy redoubled his efforts to confirm the favourable impression made, at the opening of his career, and his activity seemed to augment with the sphere of his exertions. Though called by his celebrity to different political posts, he continued his lectures with undeviating regularity; but when appointed counsellor of state, and charged with the ministry of public instruction, he found it necessary to call in the aid of an assistant. For this purpose he selected his pupil and relative M. Laugier, who performed the duty for several years, and succeeded him as titular professor at his death, which took place in 1809 at the age of fifty-five years. M. Laugier recalls the method of his master, by expounding with clearness the whole science, as augmented by the discoveries of the last twenty years.*

When a chair of chemical arts was substituted for the office of demonstrator, it was given of right to M. Brongniart, who had succeeded Rouelle the younger in 1779. He was the better qualified to fill it, as in his lectures at the King's Garden, at the school of pharmacy, and the lyceum of arts, he had always preferred the exhibition of useful processes to surprising and brilliant experiments.

At his death, in February 1804, he was succeeded by M. Vauquelin, who, having made practical chemistry his peculiar study, was enabled to give greater scope to this important part of the science: by the improvement of analytic chemistry and the art of assaying, by the discovery of chrome and other substances, and by the introduc-

* M. Laugier's place of assistant naturalist was bestowed upon M. Chevreul, author of several memoirs in the Annals of the Museum, and of the chemical part of the Dictionary of Natural History.

tion of more scientific methods into common practice, he is allowed to have exerted a great and beneficial influence on our manufactures.

As early as the beginning of last century botany was cultivated with success. A great number of plants were assembled in the King's Garden, rich herbariums had been formed, and Tournefort, from the examination of all the plants then known, had deduced a method, which in general preserved the natural relations. The progress of zoology was less rapid, not from a neglect of that science, but from the want of resources. Separate descriptions of animals were published, curious observations were made upon insects, and Linnæus had presented in systematic order, and described in precise and picturesque language, the varieties of animated nature. Nevertheless the greater part of the animals of the old and new world were imperfectly known, for want of opportunities of comparing them, and of observing the differences produced by age and other circumstances in the same species.

To the collections of the King's Garden, and to the works of which they facilitated the execution, are owing the wider range and greater exactness of zoology at the present day. The history of quadrupeds by Buffon and Daubenton, that of birds by Buffon and Montbeliard, and that of the cetaceous animals and fishes by M. de Lacépède, made known with accuracy the species which Linnæus had only indicated, and many others whose existence he had not suspected. The galleries of the Museum furnished M. de Lamarck with materials for his history of invertebrated animals, and enabled M. Latreille to perfect his great work on insects. M. Cuvier soon after accomplished in favour of zoology what M. de Jussieu had done for botany, by founding, upon natural relations and invariable characters, a classification now generally adopted.

The three chairs of zoology are still occupied by the professors first appointed to fill them, and the number of their pupils is yearly increasing, as a taste for the science becomes more generally diffused, and the collections afford means of more positive and varied instruction.

M. Geoffroy de St. Hilaire resumed his lectures at his return from Egypt, where he was employed during four years. In his annual course, after describing the animals by their apparent characters, he presents zoology under a general view, embracing and connecting all its parts. This method reposes on four considerations, which may be termed the four primordial views of anatomical philosophy: viz. the theory of analogies; the principle of connexions; the balance of dimensions; and the elective affinities of the organic elements. According to this plan he no longer confines himself to the description of external forms but shews the cause of these forms in the modifications of the interior organisation; thus seeking to link the parts to the whole, and to present the science under a larger aspect.

M. Geoffroy had taught the history of all the vertebrated animals for eighteen months, when the law of the 7th December 1794, at the request of the professors, erected a separate chair for oviparous quadrupeds, reptiles and fishes; to which M. de Lacépède, who had left the Garden two years before, was called in January 1795. Not con-

tented with completing his course of lectures, M. de Lacépède resumed his former labours in the cabinet, and soon after, on M. Geoffroy's departure for Egypt, took charge of the birds and quadrupeds, in addition to the objects especially committed to his care. By him the collection of birds, the most magnificent that had ever been assembled, was arranged in beautiful order for exhibition, and rendered classical for the study of ornithology. The celebrity which he had acquired by his works, and by his connexion with Buffon, attracted crowds of young men to his lectures, whom he induced to attach themselves to a branch of natural history which had been little cultivated in France. During ten years his whole time was employed in facilitating the study of a science which owed much of its progress to himself; and when called to a post under government, which left him no leisure for these pursuits, he ensured the solid instruction of his pupils by choosing for his assistant M. Duméril, author of the *Analytic Zoology*, and the co-operator of M. Cuvier in the first volumes of his *Comparative Anatomy*.

The chevalier de Lamarck, so highly distinguished by his works on invertebrated animals, has for twenty-five years taught the history of mollusca, crustacea, insects, worms, and zoophytes. He has also classed the shells and polypuses of the cabinet after a more scientific and exact method, and has characterised all the genera, and determined a great number of living and fossil species. His impaired sight not permitting him to continue his demonstrations, he is replaced by M. Latreille, whose numerous writings, and especially his great work on the classification and generic characters of crustaceous animals and insects, rank him among the first entomologists of Europe.

The three courses just mentioned are delivered in the summer, and continue three or four months.

The chair for human anatomy has always been filled by professors of distinguished merit, and for many years it afforded a more complete body of instruction than any other in the kingdom. In later times, as anatomical courses have been multiplied, though it no longer boasts the same superiority, it has not lost its ancient reputation: since 1778 it has been occupied by M. Portal, first physician to the king and president of the academy of medicine.

M. Mertrud had for several years studied comparative anatomy under Daubenton; yet he did not consider that science in its most elevated point of view. M. Cuvier, appointed to assist him on the 15th of November 1795, and named professor after his death on the 1st of November 1802, has taught it in its generality and in its details, embracing the analogies of all classes of animals, from the polypus to the elephant, by the comparison of their essential organs. He has also formed the cabinet of comparative anatomy, from materials furnished by the menagerie, or contributed by travellers and foreign naturalists.

The establishment of a course of geology, distinct from that of mineralogy, was a most judicious innovation.* Without the precise characters afforded by mineralogy, the geologist cannot ascertain the

* Geology was formerly so little attended to that even the name was known only to men of learning. The word *geology* was not found in the dictionary of the academy, although the analogous terms *zoology* and *zoography* were inserted.

genera and species in their pure state, nor discern the elements of an aggregate body, and the alteration of the primitive forms by the mixture of different substances; but the history of the great masses which cover the globe, of the relative situation and different formation of rocks, of subterranean fires and volcanic productions, of thermal waters, of fossil bones and shells found at different depths, forms a peculiar science, founded on innumerable observations, and exempt from the systematic absurdities that have disgraced the theory of the earth.

M. Faujas de St. Fond first occupied the chair of geology in the Museum. If the science, notwithstanding the facts with which he had enriched it, was not sufficiently advanced for the establishment of positive laws, he at least had the merit of rendering it popular, and of contributing to its progress since the beginning of the century. The impaired state of his health during the last years of his life, obliged him to reside chiefly in the country, though attached to Paris by the duties of his office and the friendship of his colleagues; he terminated his career at his estate of St. Fond, near Montelimar, the 18th July, 1819, at the age of seventy-eight.

M. Cordier, an inspector of the mines, and the pupil and travelling companion of Dolomieu, was named by the professors of the Museum and by the academy of sciences to succeed M. Faujas, and appointed by an ordinance of the 13th of September, 1819. At his entrance into the Garden he lost no time in reorganising the cabinet of geology, by distributing the rocks into three series, according to their nature, their position, and their locality. In his lectures he contents himself with exposing the actual state of the globe, by a connected view of facts ascertained by observation; and insists particularly on the riches of our own mineral kingdom, and the means of rendering them subservient to the progress of the arts and to the wants of society.

Natural history cannot dispense with the aid of drawings, and the most exact descriptions leave but a vague impression on the mind if unaccompanied by figures; language suffices to express essential characters, but cannot give an idea of the physiognomy and general appearance of objects; it was a fortunate conception, therefore, to attach a professor of the art to the Museum. This institution has both diffused a taste for drawing, and given it a more useful direction. It is easy to see by comparison, how much the figures in works of natural history are superior at the present day to those of the last century. M. Vanspaendonck, since his appointment in 1774, has formed numerous artists. Though the primary object of his lectures is the imitation of scientific characters, beauty and effect are not neglected; and to this source may perhaps be traced the perfection to which the art of painting flowers is carried in France, and its influence on several of our manufactures. His lessons of iconography, which are attended by a great number of young ladies, are given in the library three times a week during four months. The library on these occasions is open only to the pupils, who are at liberty to continue their work on the intervening days, and are often assisted with the advice of the professor.

As it is necessary to adapt the instructions to the greater number of pupils, the professors cannot in their courses enter into minute details, nor expose discoveries and principles which would be understood only

by men versed in science ; for these objects the annals of the Museum offer an appropriate medium of communication. In this work M. Haüy has fixed the characters of different minerals recently added to his cabinet, and shewn the simplicity of the laws of crystallography, and the advantage of analytic formulas ; MM. Fourcroy, Vauquelin, and Laugier have communicated the most important results of their experiments in the chemical laboratory ; M. Desfontaines has described new genera of plants, that have bloomed in the garden, or been found in the herbarium ; M. de Jussieu has defined the characters of the principal natural families, with such additions and corrections as the progress of the science has necessitated in his work ; M. Thouin has explained in detail the management of the seed-beds and plantations, and the processes of grafting ; MM. Geoffroy and Lacépède have published new genera of quadrupeds, bats, reptiles, and fishes ; M. de Lamarck has described the fossils of the environs of Paris ; M. Cuvier has made known the anatomy of mollusca, and the skeletons of extinct animals, whose bones he had collected ; and the professors in general have contributed extracts from their correspondence with other establishments, or with travellers and foreign naturalists.

Such is a sketch of the history of the French Museum. A more particular account of its present state, and of its actual professors, which we should have added to the foregoing had our space permitted, we must defer till another opportunity.

MEMOIRS OF LINDLEY MURRAY.*

LINDLEY MURRAY, the grammarian, was the very beau ideal of a Twaddler—a character which, though the name is contemptuous, is by no means contemptible. It is true that the twaddler tells us that it is correct to be virtuous, and affirms the beauty of the beautiful ; and for ever reiterates truisms with a pleasing air of novelty. But though nothing new is to be expected from him, there is much of the old that is good, and this you are sure to have both in word and deed. Your twaddler will not only quote in your teeth *in medio tutissimus ibis*, but you will always find him following the golden rule of mediocrity. The amiable is, in truth, very seldom allied with extraordinary faculties of any kind : the man pleases most who has fewest superiorities, and whose inferiorities are neither base nor contemptible. Your twaddler never excels any body, but approves nearly all who are not outrageously wrong ; and, moreover, confirms his approbation with a moral sentiment, which no one can gainsay. For people of quick perceptions, or for those who have lived in highly cultivated society, where all that is taken for granted is thoroughly well understood, and scarcely even alluded to, but always presumed, a twaddler is, doubtless, at the first shock, felt to be little else than a monster, and at length is invariably set down for a fool. In different classes of society, according to the different states of their knowledge and civilization, the level of conver-

* Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Lindley Murray, in a series of Letters, written by Himself—with a Preface, and continuation of the Memoirs, by Elizabeth Frank. York, 1826.

sation is definite. You must neither be above nor under, or you will run the chance of having unpleasant opinions formed of your intellects. In a society at Cambridge, for a person to pronounce, with an air of discovery, that he was at length convinced that the three angles of a triangle were equal to two right angles, and neither more nor less,—the gentlemen would look for their caps and gowns, that they might avoid the company of a jackass. Let the same person assert the same proposition in an assembly of a Mechanics' Institute, his proficiency in pure geometry would probably be applauded; whereas a porism might subject a man either to the reputation of a fool or a banterer. It is thus with a twaddler: he is a twaddler to some people—a man of sound sense and sharp judgment to others. In some things, however, he is right all over—he has not courage or enterprize to be vicious—he is not strong enough to be independent of others, and therefore he tries to please them: his sensations are always of a mild and blunt kind; he is not choleric, therefore, but placid and good-humoured. His usual character is neatness: it is impatience which generally counteracts this small virtue, and he has not any feeling strong enough to produce impatience; while the love of order, the first and only love of a mind of his calibre, induces him to see that his little duties are done exactly. When the qualities of neatness and accuracy are joined with very moderate talents, and a desire to do right, the union is by no means a contemptible one. A curious adaptation of small means to a small end, in an accumulation of small efforts, may produce an uncommon result. By a singular felicity, the mind of Lindley Murray, which appears to have been of a remarkably small bore, hit upon its precise employment. Having lived longer than a child, he knew more than a child; but inasmuch as his modes of conception were as simple as those of an infant, he was wonderfully made for communicating elementary instruction by means of writing. He had the good sense to see what he was fit for, and unintoxicated by success, he adhered to the branch of literature, for a great number of years, in which he found himself useful. His reward was this very idea: he had so full a perception of the pleasure of being useful to mankind, that he demanded no other satisfaction for much labour and pains. This is virtue—the despised virtue of many good men, whom brighter wits laugh at. It is the virtue of a twaddler—each has his place; the wit's brilliant conversation may light up a circle, and glowing in every direction, illuminate here, and strike there; but, nevertheless, there are other circles to illuminate—there is the little circle in petticoats, with a rod for a centre; and the old woman, who must have her code of laws, by which to regulate the affairs of the Alphabet, their conjunctions and disjunctions, and all the order of their society. In short, spelling-books and grammars must be written, and the man who can write them well, and will do so, is a benefactor of his species, humble in reputation, whatever be his success, but very high in merit. Lindley Murray has been this benefactor in a remarkable manner. We do not say that his school books are philosophical, or that they indicate any great knowledge or talent; but they are neat, intelligible, and well arranged. The practical part is good—the theoretical portion is small and generally feeble, and often erroneous. At the time they appeared they were the best—they

remain so still, as far as we know ; but they ought not to be so long. The books of education in this country are generally villainous. The time is coming, we anticipate, when they will all be changed in system and in matter.

These Memoirs of Lindley Murray are divided into two parts—the first is a piece of autobiography, in the form of letters, and the second part is the account of his habits and manners, with a continuation of the Memoirs till his death by a friend, Elizabeth Frank. This lady is not only the author of her own share, but it was at her earnest and repeated entreaty that Mr. Murray was induced to perform his. He was conscious that his life was ordinary, and his talents ordinary, and his employments ordinary ; it was with great difficulty that the perseverance of Miss or Mrs. Frank, could persuade him that he had any thing extraordinary to tell. Mr. Murray had a quiet little judgment, which was sure to be right in matters he was acquainted with. It is true there is no harm in the book—nay, on the contrary, that much useful conclusion may be drawn from it, but it is at the expense of the talents and literary reputation of the writer. For Mr. Murray's sake, he should not have been urged to so lamentable a piece of twaddle—for ours, and for that of all mankind, there is not a worm that crawls, a reptile that creeps, or an insect that flies, a specimen of which should not be placed in the zoological collections of the great human museum.

We will give some specimens of the materials of this autobiography. The author deems strokes of the following kind worth recording:—

The irregular vivacity which I possessed, received, however, a very salutary control, by my being afterwards placed under the care of a discreet and sensible aunt, who was determined to bring me into some degree of order and submission. The great indulgence with which I had been treated, must have rendered the contest rather severe ; for, on a particular occasion, I embraced the opportunity of getting out of a window, and running about on the roof of a small tenement ; which was, however, so high, that a fall would have endangered my life. My aunt was in great distress ; and I believe endeavoured, but in vain, to influence my fears, and, by this means, induce me to return. I moved about for a while, in this perilous situation, and probably enjoyed my temporary independence. She at last, with great prudence, entreated me very tenderly to come to her. But though this affected me, I did not comply till I had obtained her promise, that I should not be corrected. She kept her word ; but I think she did not relax, in any degree, the general rigour of her discipline towards me.

His moral reflections generally equal this in novelty and profundity.

At the times of vacation, I generally enjoyed myself with diversions, till the period for returning to school approached. I then applied myself vigorously to the task that had been previously assigned me ; and I do not recollect that I ever failed to perform it, to the satisfaction of my teacher. A heedless boy, I was far from reflecting how much more prudent it would have been, if I had, in the first place, secured the lesson, and afterwards indulged myself in my playful pursuits. These would not then have been interrupted, by uneasy reflections on the subject of my task, or by a consciousness of unwarrantable negligence..

He commences his second letter with the following remark :

It is doubtless of great importance to the interest and happiness of young persons, as well as of some consequence to their friends and the public, that their inclinations, genius, and bodily constitutions, should be consulted, when they are to be entered on an employment, which will probably continue for life. If the bent of their mind, and other qualifications, are duly regarded, success may reasonably be expected : if they are opposed, the progress must be slow, and the ultimate attainments very limited.

He then advocates the early reading of the Scriptures.

If parents and others who have the care of young persons, would be studious to seize occasions of presenting the Holy Scriptures to them, under favourable and inviting points of view, it would probably be attended with the happiest effects. A veneration for these sacred volumes, and a pleasure in perusing them, may be excited by agreeable and interesting associations; and these impressions, thus early made, there is reason to believe, would accompany the mind through the whole of life: a consideration which is of the utmost importance.

In page 9 he thus speaks of the enormity of playing truant:

Sometimes I absented myself from school, to enjoy a greater degree of play and amusement. During these pleasures, the idea of impending correction would occasionally come across my mind: but I resolutely repelled it, as an intruder which would unnecessarily imbitter my present enjoyment. I concluded that if I must be corrected, I would not lose the pleasure I then had; and I gave full scope to my diversions. Had I allowed myself proper time to consider consequences, I might have prevented both the disgrace and the pain of punishment, as well as that degree of insensibility to dishonourable action, which such fearless irregularities are apt to produce.

It is of such trash, we believe, that the books of education usually put into the hands of children consist. Is it wonderful that they hate them? that they fly to the Arabian Nights and Tom Jones books, which have at least the merit of being amusing, and giving a taste for reading, which the wretched imbecility of the *moral* lessons and tales are calculated to destroy.

There were some interesting events in the life of Lindley Murray, though it generally may be compared to Cowper's stray cockle, which a more violent wave than usual may have thrown into the nook of a rock, never more to be agitated by tempests, and to sit in its grotto listening to the sound of waves, whose lashings and foamings have become a matter of indifference;—these events, such as they are, may be mentioned in a few words—they tell his life, and indicate his character. He ran away from home—he married a wife—he hired a pleasure yacht, and sailed about during the American Revolution—he lost the use of his limbs, and came to live in England, where he sat upon a sofa forty years, in the “pleasant little village of Houldgate, near York.” These events will be found described in the following extracts, which altogether will, we believe, comprise all that is known or need be said about the subject of them.

Mr. Murray's birth and parentage are thus recorded:

I was born in the year 1745, at Swetera, near Lancaster, in the state of Pennsylvania. My parents were of respectable characters, and in the middle station of life. My father possessed a good flour mill at Swetara: but being of an enterprising spirit, and anxious to provide handsomely for his family, he made several voyages to the West Indies, in the way of trade, by which he considerably augmented his property. Pursuing his inclinations, he, in time, acquired large possessions, and became one of the most respectable merchants in America.

In the pursuit of business, he was steady and indefatigable. During the middle period of his life, he had extensive concerns in ships; and was engaged in a variety of other mercantile affairs. But this great and multifarious employment, never appeared to agitate or oppress his mind: he was distinguished for equanimity and composure. And I have often heard it remarked, that by his conversation and deportment, no person would have imagined, that he had such a weight of care upon him. When in the company of his friends, he was so thoroughly unbent, that persons unacquainted with the nature and variety of his business, might naturally suppose that he had very little employment. This trait may be justly considered as an evidence of strong powers of mind. These had been cultivated by attention to business, and by much intercourse with the world. But my father did not possess the advantages of a liberal education; by which his talents and virtues might have been still more extensively useful.

My mother was a woman of an amiable disposition, and remarkable for mildness,

humanity, and liberality of sentiment. She was, indeed, a faithful and affectionate wife, a tender mother, and a kind mistress. I recollect, with emotions of affection and gratitude, her unwearied solicitude for my health and happiness. This excellent mother died some years after I had been settled in life. And though I had cause to mourn for the loss of her, yet I had reason to be thankful to Divine Providence, that I had been blessed with her for so long a period, and particularly through the dangerous seasons of childhood and youth.

Both my parents, who belonged to the society of Friends, were concerned to promote the religious welfare of their children. They often gave us salutary admonition, and trained us up to attend the public worship of God. The Holy Scriptures were read in the family: a duty, which, when regularly and devoutly performed, must be fraught with the most beneficial effects. I recollect being, at one time, in a situation of the room, when I observed that my father, on reading these inspired volumes to us, was so much affected as to shed tears. This, which I suppose was frequently the case, made a pleasing and profitable impression on my young mind, which I have often remembered with peculiar satisfaction.—Our family was rather numerous. My parents had twelve children, of whom I was the eldest. But the course of time has reduced us to a small number. At the present period, (the summer of 1806,) only four of us remain.

The history of his escape from home is really interesting, and his subsequent return was under motives very honourable to him. For these reasons it is, we suppose, that he hesitated so long as he says he did, “respecting the propriety of communicating this little piece of my history.”

Though my father, as the events already mentioned demonstrate, had an earnest desire to promote my interest and happiness, yet he appeared to me, in some respects, and on some occasions, rather too rigorous. Among other regulations, he had, with true parental prudence, given me general directions not to leave, in an evening, without previously obtaining his approbation. I believe that his permission was generally and readily procured. But a particular instance occurred, in which, on account of his absence, I could not apply to him. I was invited by an uncle to spend the evening with him; and trusting to this circumstance, and to the respectability of my company, I ventured to break the letter, though, I thought, not the spirit, of the injunction which had been laid upon me. The next morning, I was taken by my father into a private apartment, and remonstrated with for my disobedience. In vain were my apologies. Nothing that I could offer, was considered as an extenuation of my having broken a plain and positive command. In short, I received a very severe chastisement; and was threatened with a repetition of it, for every similar offence. Being a lad of some spirit, I felt very indignant at such treatment, under circumstances which, as I conceived, admitted of so much alleviation. I could not bear it; and I resolved to leave my father's house, and seek, in a distant country, what I conceived to be an asylum, or a better fortune. Young and ardent, I did not want confidence in my own powers; and I presumed that, with health and strength, which I possessed in a superior degree, I could support myself, and make my way happily through life. I meditated on my plan; and came to the resolution of taking my books and all my property with me, to a town in the interior of the country; where I had understood there was an excellent seminary, kept by a man of distinguished talents and learning. Here I purposed to remain, till I had learned the French language, which I thought would be of great use to me; and till I had acquired as much other improvement as my funds would admit. With this stock of knowledge, I presumed that I should set out in life under much greater advantages, than I should possess by entering immediately into business, with my small portion of property, and great inexperience. I was then about fourteen years of age. My views being thus arranged, I procured a new suit of clothes, entirely different from those which I had been accustomed to wear, packed up my little all, and left the city, without exciting any suspicion of my design, till it was too late to prevent its accomplishment.

In a short time I arrived at the place of destination. I settled myself immediately as a boarder in the seminary, and commenced my studies. The prospect which I entertained was so luminous and cheering, that, on the whole, I did not regret the part I had acted. Past recollections and future hopes combined to animate me. The chief uneasiness which I felt in my present situation, must have arisen from the reflection of having lost the society and attentions of a most affectionate mother, and of having occasioned sorrow to her feeling mind. But as I had passed the Rubicon, and

believed I could not be comfortable at home, I contented myself with the thought, that the pursuit of the objects before me, was better calculated than any other, to produce my happiness. In this quiet retreat, I had as much enjoyment as my circumstances were adapted to convey. The pleasure of study, and the glow of a fond imagination, brightened the scenes around me. And the consciousness of a state of freedom and independence, undoubtedly contributed to augment my gratifications, and to animate my youthful heart. But my continuance in this delightful situation, was not of long duration. Circumstances of an apparently trivial nature, concurred to overturn the visionary fabric I had formed, and to bring me again to the paternal roof.

I had a particular friend, a youth about my own age, who resided at Philadelphia. I wished to pay him a short visit, and then resume my studies. We met according to appointment, at an inn on the road. I enjoyed his society, and communicated to him my situation and views. But before I returned to my retreat, an occurrence took place which occasioned me to go to Philadelphia. When I was about to leave that city, as I passed through one of the streets, I met a gentleman who had some time before dined at my father's house. He expressed great pleasure on seeing me; and inquired when I expected to leave the city. I told him I was then on the point of setting off. He thought the occasion very fortunate for him. He had just been with a letter to the postoffice; but found that he was too late. The letter, he said, was of importance; and he begged that I would deliver it with my own hand, and as soon as I arrived at New York, to the person for whom it was directed. Surprised by the request, and unwilling to state to him my situation, I engaged to take good care of the letter.

My new residence was at Burlington, about twenty miles from Philadelphia. I travelled towards it rather pensive, and uncertain what plan to adopt respecting the letter. I believe that I sometimes thought of putting it into the postoffice; sometimes, of hiring a person to deliver it. But the confidence which had been reposed in me; the importance of the trust; and my tacit engagement to deliver it personally; operated so powerfully on my mind, that after I had rode a few miles, I determined, whatever risk and expense I might incur, to hire a carriage for the purpose, to go to New York as speedily as possible, deliver the letter, and return immediately. My design, so far as respected the charge of the letter, was completely accomplished. I delivered it, according to the direction, and my own engagement. I was, however, obliged to remain in New York that night, as the packet boat, in which I had crossed the bay, could not sail till the next morning. This was a mortifying circumstance, as I wished to return very expeditiously. The delay was, however, unavoidable. I put up at an inn, near the wharf from which the packet was to sail in the morning, and waited for that period with some anxiety.

I thought I had conducted my business with so much caution, that no one acquainted with me, had known of my being in the city. I had, however, been noticed by some person who knew me; and, in the evening, to my great surprise, my uncle, whom I have mentioned before, paid me a visit. He treated me affectionately, and with much prudent attention; and, after some time, strenuously urged me to go with him to my father's house: but I firmly refused to comply with his request. At length he told me, that my mother was greatly distressed on account of my absence; and that I should be unkind and undutiful, if I did not see her. This made a strong impression upon me. I resolved, therefore, to spend a short time with her, and then return to my lodgings. The meeting which I had with my dear and tender parent was truly affecting to me. Every thing that passed, evinced the great affection she had for me, and the sorrow into which my departure from home had plunged her. After I had been some time in the house, my father unexpectedly came in: and my embarrassment, under these circumstances, may easily be conceived. It was, however, instantly removed, by his approaching me in the most affectionate manner. He saluted me very tenderly; and expressed great satisfaction on seeing me again. Every degree of resentment was immediately dissipated. I felt myself happy, in perceiving the pleasure which my society could afford to persons so intimately connected with me, and to whom I was so much indebted. We spent the evening together in love and harmony: and I abandoned entirely, without a moment's hesitation, the idea of leaving a house and family, which were now dearer to me than ever.

The next day, a person was sent to the place of my retreat, to settle all accounts, and to bring back my property. I was taken into still greater favour than formerly; and was never reproached by my parents, for the trouble and anxiety which I had brought upon them.

Mr. Murray was an attorney in New York, when the contest between Britain and the American colonies commenced: he thus describes

the retreat of his business, and then his own. The account of this lamentable effeminacy and cowardice, in neglecting to take a part, though a Quaker's part, in the struggles of his country, is ended by a precious piece of twaddle.

My business was very successful, and continued to increase till the troubles in America commenced. A general failure of proceedings in the courts of law then took place. This circumstance, joined to a severe illness, which had left me in a feeble state of health, induced me to remove into the country. We chose for our retreat a situation on Long Island, in the district of Islip, about forty miles from the city of New York. Here we concluded to remain, till the political storm should blow over, and the horizon become again clear and settled. This we did not expect would be very soon; and therefore made our settlement accordingly. As our place of residence was on the borders of a large bay near the ocean, I purchased a very convenient little pleasure boat; which I thought would not only amuse me, but contribute to the re-establishment of my health. In this situation, I became extremely attached to the pleasures of shooting, and fishing, and sailing on the bay. These exercises probably gained for me an accession of health and strength; and on that ground partly reconciled me to an occupation of my time, which was but little connected with mental improvement. I have, however, often regretted that so long a period should have elapsed without any vigorous application to study; and without an improved preparation for the return of those settled times, when I should again derive my support from the funds of knowledge and judgment. The loss which I sustained, by not sufficiently attending at this time to literary pursuits and professional studies, cannot easily be calculated. Every expansion of the mind, every useful habit, and portion of knowledge, at that age especially, is not only so much present gain, but serves as a principle to produce an ever growing and accumulating interest through life. If this advantage were duly appreciated by young persons, it would prove a most powerful stimulus to embrace every proper opportunity to enlarge the understanding, and to store it with useful knowledge.

On this occasion, I must add, that the recollection of the time which I spent in the pleasures of shooting, and idly sailing about the bay, affords me no solid satisfaction, in a moral and religious point of view. That time, or the greater part of it, might have been employed in doing good to others, in the society and converse of pious and virtuous persons, and in the perusal of the sacred volume, and other religious books, tending to establish the heart and life in the love and practice of goodness. I might have so occupied myself as to have made my most important interests coincide with my health and bodily enjoyments, instead of indulging myself in that dissipation of mind, and those selfish, injurious habits, which the amusements I had adopted are too apt to produce. I do not, however, wish to censure the practice of other persons, in the pursuits and amusements with which they are well and conscientiously satisfied. My object is, to state my own feelings and regrets, on the retrospect of this part of my life.

After the independence of the Colonies was established, he found his health and strength declining. He at length consulted a physician at New York, who recommended "Yorkshire, in England," as a climate likely to benefit him. His consultation with his physician, and his account of the prayer-meeting on board his vessel at his departure, and his arrival here, are good specimens of the autobiographer's talent at solemn trifling.

After deliberately considering the advice of my physician, and the importance of the undertaking, we were fully convinced that it was expedient to try the effect of a more favourable climate, and to make a short residence in England. Dear as were our relatives and friends, and our native land, we resolved to forego the enjoyment of them. But hope cheered us with the prospect, that the separation would not be long; and that we should return to them with renewed health and spirits, and capacities of greater happiness in their society. My dear wife did not hesitate a moment, in resolving to accompany me to a distant country; and to render me every aid, which her affection, and solicitude for my happiness, could suggest.

Soon after our determination was made, we prepared for the voyage. The trying scene now commenced of taking leave of our relations and friends. Many of them accompanied us to the ship, in the cabin of which we had a most solemn parting. An

eminent minister was present at this time, for whom we had a particular esteem and regard, and who prayed fervently on the occasion. It was a deeply affecting time; and, I trust, produced salutary impressions on all our minds. Our feelings, at the moment of separation, may be more easily conceived than described. But satisfied with the propriety of our undertaking, and consoled by the hope of success, our minds gradually become tranquil and resigned. With many, if not with all, of those beloved connexions, we parted never to see them again in this life: for many of them have since been translated to the world of spirits. But we humbly trust, that the separation will not be perpetual; that, through redeeming mercy and love, we shall be again united to virtuous connexions, and happily join with them, and the blessed of all generations, in glorifying our heavenly Father, and joyfully serving him for ever, with enlarged minds and purified affections.

We embarked in a commodious ship, near the close of the year 1784; and, after a prosperous voyage of about five weeks, landed at Lymington. Near the conclusion of the voyage, we narrowly escaped some very dangerous rocks, which would, in all probability, have proved fatal to us, if we had struck upon them. Thus preserved by the care of a gracious Providence, we had fresh cause to be humbly thankful to God, and to be encouraged to trust in his goodness, for future preservation and direction.

In contemplating the place where we were to reside, during our continuance in England, it was our frequent and special desire, that our lot might be cast in the neighbourhood and society of religious and exemplary persons; from whom we might derive encouragement to the practice of virtue. We had lived long enough to perceive how strongly the human mind is influenced, and how apt it is to be moulded, by the dispositions and pursuits of those with whom it is intimately connected. We had felt the danger of intercourse with persons, who seemed to make the pleasures of this life the great object of their attention; and we had derived comfort, and some degree of religious strength, from the society and example of good and pious persons. In this desire of being settled favourably for the cultivation of our best interests, we had the happiness of being gratified; and we consider this privilege, which we have now enjoyed for more than twenty years, as one of the greatest blessings of our lives.

It may not be improper to mention in this place, that when we left our native shores, we fondly supposed, that in the course of two years, my health might be so established, as to enable us to return to our friends and country. This term was the utmost boundary we had assigned for our absence from home. How short-sighted is the mind of man! How little do we know of the future, and of the events which are to occupy it! Two and twenty years have passed away since we left our native land, and little hope remains of our ever being able to visit it again. But resignation is our duty. And this should be the more cheerful, as we have been so long preserved together by Divine Providence, in this happy country; where we have been abundantly blessed, and for which we can never be sufficiently grateful.

Our attachment to England was founded on many pleasing associations. In particular, I had strong prepossessions in favour of a residence in this country; because I was ever partial to its political constitution, and the mildness and wisdom of its general system of laws. I knew that, under this excellent government, life, property, reputation, civil and religious liberty, are happily protected; and that the general character and virtue of its inhabitants take their complexion from the nature of their constitution and laws. On leaving my native country, there was not, therefore, any land, on which I could cast my eyes with so much pleasure; nor is there any, which could have afforded me so much real satisfaction, as I have found in Great Britain. May its political fabric, which has stood the test of ages, and long attracted the admiration of the world, be supported and perpetuated by Divine Providence! And may the hearts of Britons be grateful for this blessing, and for many others by which they are eminently distinguished!

The Memoirs by himself, bring down his life only to a period nearly twenty years prior to his death. He finishes them in a religious manner; and even in his religious sentiments, he is as common-place as in his moral ones. The value of the atonement, one would think, was not to be learned at this time of day. Yet he says he cannot finish his Memoirs without expressing "my sense of the greatest blessing ever conferred upon mankind, viz., the redemption from sin, and the attachment of a happy immortality, by the atonement and intercession of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, &c."

We confess that we prefer Elizabeth Frank's portion of the book. It is, of course, full of the most indiscriminate eulogy, but it shows both more character, and gives a nearer and more favourable view of the sofa-ridden grammarian than we get from his own *fadaises*. The domestic character and habits of the grammarian are curious as a piece of still life, and they are well described by Friend Elizabeth.

Mr. Murray lived, during a long course of years, a very retired life. Though an object of general esteem, respect, and admiration, he was known intimately, or even personally, but to few. The following particulars, therefore, respecting his habits and manners of living, though minute, may perhaps be acceptable to the reader, and not devoid of interest; and, in time to come, they may supply the place of vague, traditional report. In a physical point of view, they may also be useful. It has frequently been made a subject of inquiry, how a person could support entire confinement to the house, and even to one seat, during many years, and yet preserve to the last a comfortable state of health, evenness and cheerfulness of spirits, and surprising vigour of mind.

Mr. Murray carefully avoided all habits of indolence, both with respect to body and mind. He generally rose about seven o'clock in the morning; but rather later in the depth of winter. When he was dressed, and seated in an arm chair, which had casters, his wife rolled him, with ease, to the sofa, in his sitting room; on which, after he gave up taking any exercise, he sat during the whole day. At meal times, the table was brought to him. At other times, a small stand, with a portable writing desk on it, was generally before him. The papers and books which he was using, were laid on the sofa by his side; but they were usually removed before the entrance of any visiter, as he disliked the parade of literature. His wife sat on a chair close by his side; except when, through courtesy, she relinquished her seat to some friend, or visiter, with whom he wished particularly to converse. The room being rather narrow, the sofa was placed against the wall. Mr. Murray never sat by the fire: but to avoid the draught from the doors and windows, he was obliged to sit nearly opposite; from the ill effects of which he was guarded by a small skreen between him and the fire. He attributed, in a great measure, the preservation of his sight to extreme old age, to his constantly avoiding the glare of fire and candles. When he read or wrote by candlelight, he used a shade candlestick.

His sitting room was of a good size, and particularly pleasant, having a window at each end: the one with a south aspect looked to the garden; the other to the turnpike-road, and to some fields, across one of which was a pathway leading to the city of York. The trees and flowers in his garden, the passengers on the road and pathway, and the rural occupations in the fields, afforded a pleasing diversity of scene, cheering to his mind, and relieving to his eyes, when fatigued with composing, reading, or writing. An awning was placed in summer over the south window, to shade off the rays of the sun. Thus secured, and having a constant but almost imperceptible ventilation, occasioned by two large windows opposite to each other, and also by two doors and the fire, the room was always sweet, fresh, and salubrious. A fire, even in summer, was constantly kept up through the whole day, which, as Mr. Murray justly observed, tended to carry off the noxious particles of air; but the room, in the warmest weather, was considerably cooler and fresher than apartments usually are. Mr. Murray could not bear a partial exposure to the air; therefore, he never sat with the doors or windows open. But in the morning, before he came into the room, it was completely ventilated by the opening of both windows for a short time; and thus a free current of air was admitted. His bed room was also ventilated once or twice during the course of the day. So sensible was he of the pernicious effects of breathing vitiated air, that he never had the curtains of his bed drawn. As a further preventive from over heating his sitting room, he had two of Fahrenheit's thermometers; the one was placed at the outside of the north window; the other was hung in the room, at a distance from the fire. The temperature of the room was usually from sixty-three to sixty-five degrees.

Mr. Murray's bed room was large; it had the same aspect, and was on the same floor, as his sitting room, and opened into it; and had also two windows, one at each end. But as the chimney could not be made to carry up the smoke, he was obliged in all his illnesses, when the weather was cold, to have a bed brought into his sitting room; and in that room, very near the seat on which he had done so much good, he breathed his last, and passed, I trust, from the employments of time to the rewards of eternity.

Soon after he came into his sitting room in the morning, he took his breakfast ; after which, his wife, or some one of his family, read to him a portion of the Scripture, or of some other religious book. Horne's Commentary on the Psalms, and Doddridge's Family Expositor, omitting the notes and paraphrase, were the books which he chiefly used for this purpose, and also for his evening meditation. After a short pause, he proceeded to transact the business of the day, of which the hearing or reading of a daily journal formed part ; or he applied immediately to his literary avocations. Until he became wholly confined to the house, he took an airing in his carriage, from twelve till half-past one. At two he dined. After dinner, he sat quite still, closed his eyes, and sometimes dozed, for nearly half an hour ; a practice which he brought with him from America, and by which he found his strength and spirits much recruited ; then he resumed his occupations ; and continued them for some hours, unless interrupted by company. Religious reading in the family, and meditation, closed the day. At ten, he and all his household retired to rest. This course of life he continued, with little variation, during the whole of his residence in England.

There was nothing particular in his diet. It was simple. He did not use tobacco in any shape. He never took spirits, and but seldom wine ; and then only half a glass at most. At dinner he was accustomed, for many years after he came into this country, to take about a gill of London porter ; afterwards, he gradually diminished the quantity, until he reduced it only to a wine glass, diluted in warm water. His breakfast and supper were, for some years, new milk and baked rice, or sometimes toasted bread ; afterwards, chocolate boiled in milk and water, and bread. At dinner, he partook of meat, vegetables, pudding, and other ordinary dishes ; but all cooked in a plain way. He did not, at dinner, eat of more than one dish of meat. In the afternoon, he sometimes took about half a cup of tea, or of milk and water ; but more frequently instead of it, a small quantity of strawberries, grapes, or other sweet fruits, out of his garden, or dried plums. Except in serious illness, he took no medicine. and even then but little ; being of opinion that the too frequent use of it weakens the tone of the stomach. Of the beneficial effects of friction, by the hand simply, he was thoroughly convinced. He made frequent, if not daily use of it ; and never failed to have recourse to it when his head, or any part of his body, was affected with uncomfortable sensations, particularly of a rheumatic nature. He was of opinion that it not only produced local benefit ; but that, in his particular case, it tended, in a considerable degree, to supply the want of other exercise. His appetite, till within a few years previous to his decease, was good, and rather uncommon, considering his sedentary life. Much of that comfortable state of health and vigour of mind, which he enjoyed in his old age, must be ascribed, under the blessing of Providence, to his temperance and moderation, to his judicious self-management, and to that peacefulness and serenity, which are the usual concomitants of a good and pious life.

The character of his wife appears to have been a dead match, as they say of a pair of coach horses, with that of her husband. It is impossible, however, to avoid admiring the appropriate Eve of this primitive Adam. She is the perfection of a Quaker wife, which, for any thing we know to the contrary, is the best species. Their union was of an antediluvian length. When Mr. Murray died, the faithful partner of his fortunes, who had shared them for nearly sixty years, stood by his bedside.

Mrs. Murray is not a showy woman, nor particularly literary ; but she possesses a solid understanding, great firmness of mind, and a particularly kind disposition. To the poor and afflicted, she is, in a high degree, liberal and compassionate. By her skill and prudence in the management of her household affairs, she relieved her husband from all care or anxiety on those subjects. She was most tenderly attached, and even devoted to him ; always preferring his gratification to her own. Her aged and beloved father, and a large circle of relatives and friends, she freely left, to accompany her husband into England. For many years after she came into this country, she still called New York her home ; but she never requested or wished him to return. She encouraged and assisted him, as far as she was able, in every good word and work ; and often expressed her solicitous desire, that both she and her " precious husband," as she frequently called him, " might so pass through this life, as not to fail of future and everlasting bliss ;" adding : " If we are but prepared for that happy state, we need not fear how soon we depart hence." During the latter years of her husband's life, she scarcely ever quitted the house ; and very rarely the two rooms occupied by him. She said, she was

most comfortable with him ; and that if he were taken ill suddenly, as was sometimes the case, she could never forgive herself, if she were absent.

As Mrs. Murray is still living, it may seem indelicate to speak of her in terms thus commendatory. But she is so intertwined with the memory of her husband, that I could not write any account of him without mentioning her ; and I could not mention her, except to praise her.

On every anniversary of their marriage, the twenty-second of June, which was also the birth-day of his wife, he never failed to congratulate her on the return of that auspicious day. On some of these occasions, occurring in a late period of their union, he offered his congratulation not only verbally, but also in writing ; thus giving additional force, as well as permanence, to his sentiments. In these written testimonials, which she justly esteems amongst the most valuable of her possessions, he assures her that during the whole period of their union, she has been, by far, his greatest earthly treasure ; that, in health and sickness, in prosperous and adverse situations, in all the varied events of their lives, he has ever found her the same uniform, kind, and faithful friend, the sweetener and improver of every allotment : and he offers her his most grateful acknowledgments for her cordial attachment, and affectionate services ; for her kind assiduity, and tender solicitude, to promote his comfort and happiness in every respect.

We shall quote the death-bed scene of this very inoffensive man, and then close this uneventful history.

I was (says friend Elizabeth) at his house, a very short time before his last illness. When I was about taking leave of him, he said to me : " Remember the following lines." He pronounced the word " Remember," and repeated the lines, with an emphasis which now assumes something of prophetic energy.

" Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear :

A sigh the absent claims ; the dead a tear."

On the tenth of January, 1826, Mr. Murray being at dinner, was seized with a slight paralytic affection in his left hand ; it was, however, of short duration, and was attended with no visible ill effect. On Monday morning, the thirteenth of February, he had a return of numbness, in the same hand ; but it soon yielded to friction, and wholly disappeared. Soon after, he conversed very cheerfully, and even pleasantly. During the day, he was a good deal engaged, and much interested, in having the newspaper read to him, containing the debates on the commercial embarrassments of the country. In the afternoon of that day, the last time of his taking a pen in his hand, I received from him a short note, as kind as usual, and as well written and composed. That the last words which he ever wrote, were addressed to me, is a melancholy recollection : but it is inexpressibly soothing and consolatory to my mind.

In the evening, he was seized with acute pain in his groin, accompanied with violent sickness. Medical assistance was procured : but the means used to afford relief proved ineffectual. During the night he had an alarming fainting fit, of long continuance. On recovering, he spoke most tenderly to his wife, and urged her to go to bed.

I saw him on the following morning. He then seemed rather better ; but said the pain was not removed. When I was going away, he took leave of me with unusual solemnity, saying, very slowly, and with a most effecting emphasis : " Farewell, my dear friend ! " With some difficulty, he extended his hand under the bed clothes, and uncovered it, in order that he might, at parting, shake hands with me.

In the evening, he was conveyed, in his rolling chair, to a bed prepared for him in his sitting room. Some time after, the aperient medicines took effect ; and this circumstance, together with his disposition to sleep, appeared very favourable, and encouraged a hope of his speedy recovery. But he spent a restless night ; and in the morning he was in a state of extreme exhaustion. When his wife went to his bed side, he revived a little ; spoke sweetly to her ; and seeing her soon afterwards, at a little distance in the room, he looked at her very tenderly, and said, " That dear one ! " He slumbered most of the morning, except when roused to take refreshment. I visited him about noon. Seeing me at his bed side, and probably being unwilling, though in a state of great weakness, not to notice me, he looked at me very kindly ; and repeated my name three times, in a low but affectionate tone of voice ; and again stretched forth his hand, under the bed clothes towards me. That hand, which had so kindly welcomed me, when first I entered the room, at the commencement of our acquaintance, was now extended towards me for the last time ; not to welcome, but gently to dismiss me. I heard the sound of his voice no more ; nor did I ever again behold his living countenance.

In the afternoon, his wife sent me word he was better ; and I flattered myself with the hope that he would speedily recover, as I had seen him do on many previous occasions. Great were my surprise and disappointment when I received, on the following morning, the melancholy intelligence that he was much worse. I hastened to his house ; but, before I arrived, " his dear spirit," to use his wife's expression, " had taken its flight." Thus terminated an uninterrupted intercourse of many years' standing, with a most excellent man, and a kind friend. The loss to me is irreparable. In this world of sin and error, a true friend is rarely to be met with : " an old friend," as Dr. Johnson observes, " can never be found."

During his short illness, my much esteemed friend expressed his gratitude for the care that was taken of him, and for all the kind attention which he received. He also adverted to the pleasant conversation which he had, on the morning of his seizure ; and remarked, " What poor, frail creatures we are ; and how little we know what is to happen to us ! "

On Wednesday afternoon he seemed refreshed by sleep ; noticed what was passing in the room ; and took sustenance freely. But the night was again restless. His pulse quick, and his tongue parched. Though he was evidently suffering from pain, he made very little complaint : when inquired of, he said the pain was still fixed in the same place. A few times, he cried out : " Oh my ——— ; " but checked himself before the expression was completed.

In the morning, his servant being at his bed side, and tenderly sympathizing with him, told him she should be very glad if she could afford him any relief from his suffering. He expressed his sense of her kindness ; but meekly added " It is my portion."

About seven in the morning, a change for the worse evidently took place. Soon after that time, his wife went to his bed side ; he noticed her ; and spoke to her, in the most tenderly, affectionate manner. A deathlike sickness seemed to be coming over him. He cried out : " Oh my groin !—What a pain ! " Being asked on which side the pain was, he said : " On the right." His wife warmed a cloth, and put it to the part. He turned on his back, and lay stretched at his length : his arms were extended, close to his body ; the thumb of each hand was gently pressed upon the forefinger, seeming to indicate suppressed agony : and in that attitude he continued during the short remainder of his mortal existence. For a few moments, anguish was depicted on his countenance : but it soon gave place to fixed serenity. His eyes were lifted up ; no doubt, in fervent supplication to the God of mercy. His lips moved, though no sound of his voice could be heard. He lay without any perceptible motion, until his eyes gently closed of themselves. About half-past eight in the morning, he expired in peace ; without a struggle, or even a sigh or a groan.

Houldgate now knows him no more : the quiet yard of the Quaker's burying-ground, in the dull street of Castlegate, which forms the corner of one of the dirty lanes of York, entitled, Far-water-lane, contains, in its chilly embrace, all that remains of the person of " the Grammarian." As in the epitaph on the architect buried in his own building, it was said of his works, look round and behold them ;—so may we say of the works of Lindley Murray—pick up the child who is sprawling on the carpet, and pulling by the leaves of a little, dirty dog-eared book—and see what it is he is thus immolating—the victim is " Murray's Spelling Book." Detect that straight, prim-looking little maiden in the corner, studiously and quietly intent upon a volume, in neat order, and of larger size—it is Murray's Power of Religion on the Mind—or the English Reader—or the Sequel to the English Reader. Yonder urchin that blubbers under the impending rod, has this moment surrendered Murray's Abridgement into the hands of his school mistress, in the vain hope that, when he has given up the book, he shall be able to proceed a step without it. The larger grammar belongs to the bigger boy, his brother ; and the largest is in all the bookcases of all young men whose educations have been neglected.

ELEGIAC STANZAS

ON A WATCHMAN.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toils.—GRAY.

THY lips are dumb;—thy watch-box's turn'd about;—
 Thy staff is broke that broke full many a head;—
 Thy rattle's lost its tongue;—thy lamp's gone out;—
 Alas! poor Dozey!—and art thou too dead?—

'Tis so;—and o'er thy silent grave,
 I gravely tip the solemn stave,
 Thy mem'ry to revere;—
 How oft amidst nocturnal strife,
 Thou check'dst the course of boist'rous "Life,"—
 To choicest spirits dear!

Gay spirits those, that hours of laughter gave,
 Ah! now thy social spirits all are grave.

And dost thou sleep within thy box
 Below this turf?—Ah! mem'ry cocks
 Her eye at what has been;—
 Oft, as I pass'd thy watch-box door,
 How loudly have I heard the snore
 Come rumbling from its den!

Soundly thou sleptest,—sounder sleep'st thou now,—
 For what shall wake thee but—the "General Row?"

What voice could equal thine; my friend,
 As round thy beat your footsteps bend,
 Your staff and lamp adorning;
 When with a voice like thunder-shock,
 Thou bawl'dst aloud—"Past two o'clock,
 "And a fine moonlight morning!"

Alas! for all the hours thou'st call'd, good lack,
 Would, for thy sake, that thou could'st call them—back!

O Judge, inflexible and strong,
 Who held the scale twixt right and wrong,
 So even o'er the town;
 Who never let a charge escape,
 Or compromised a drunken scrape—
 For less than half-a-crown!

Ungrateful fate! I fear thou'lt find, where hurl'd,
 There's no such justice in the other world!

As the all illimitable sea,
Unbounded thy philanthropy,
How seldom is it met !
A friend thou wast in time of need
To ev'ry one—who pledg'd, indeed,
In max or heavy wet !

Nor wilt thou, Dozey, in the realms of bliss,
Ever, I fear, meet friendship—such as this !

Yet thou hadst faults, tho' pity owns,
We should "inter them with his bones"—
Yet in my faithful rhyme
The truth must out ; and even now
Recoils my mind, to think how thou
Belied the grey-beard Time !

But ye are quits—or soon methinks will be,
Since Time now lies so heavily on thee !

How wert thou lov'd ! and ah, by whom !
Hear the proud boast, and burst thy tomb !
By those whose hearts of steel,
Had their proud country's trial stood,
And left her for that "country's good,"
Or labour'd at her weal !

O ! thought of joy ! to have no doubting whether,
The lov'd and loving yet shall meet together !

Beauty and youth subjected were
To thy young arms, the willing fair,
And not unwilling brown,
Thou could'st command e'en at thy call ;
O, happy youth ! the loves of all
The damsels—of the town !

Among the angels that above us revel,
I'll warrant, Dozey, thou art still a—devil !

Still, when in daylight's brazen front,
I've seen thee fair ones homeward hunt,
With lamp-light's oozing flame ;
Oh, I have view'd the sight, and sigh'd,
And eke, in mental anguish cried,
Oh, 'tis a burning shame !

Oh, Dozey, Dozey, for past errors weep ;
And mind where now what company you keep !

The staff in hand, thy rattle tied,
And dangling silent by your side,
With lamp-light in thy fist,

Thou stalk'dst along from street to street,
Around (when it rain'd not) your beat,
Like champion of the list.

O man, you'll ne'er another Dozey meet,
Shall beat the virtues of thy virtuous beat!

No more;—no more;—for breathless time in vain
Suffices not thy virtues to unfold;
In friendship and the muses' endless strain
Time were defunct—thy merits half untold!

Thy watch is set!—and what have friends to do?
The friends of "life"—but strive their cares to drown—
In lush, and max, and heavy—ah, for who,
Who shall knock up, whom death has once knock'd down?

TABLE TALK.

RARE INSTANCE OF SELF-DEVOTION.—A gentleman of the name of Mackenzie happened to be in a cabin with Prince Charles Edward, when they were suddenly surrounded by a detachment of English troops, advancing from every point. Charles was then asleep, and was awakened to be informed of his inevitable danger. "Then we must die," said he, "like brave men, with swords in our hands." "No, Prince," said Mackenzie, "resources still remain. I will take your name, and face one of the detachments. I know what my fate will be; but whilst I keep it employed, your Royal Highness will have time to escape." Mackenzie rushed forward, sword in hand, against a detachment of fifty men; and as he fell, covered with wounds, he exclaimed, "You know not what you have done; you have killed your Prince." His head was cut off, and carried, without delay, to the Duke of Cumberland. Exulting in his prize, the Duke set off next day for London, with the head packed up in his chaise. And the belief that the Prince was dead, not only relaxed for a time the diligence of his pursuers, but even suspended the work of havoc and desolation against the unfortunate Highlanders. At length, after wandering from place to place in various disguises, often lodging in caves and woods, destitute of the common necessities of life, Charles embarked on board a privateer, sent from France to receive him, and landed safely at Morlaix, in Bretagne.—*Stewart's History of Scotland.*

SUMMARY COOKERY.—I arrived for the night at a hut, where there were fowls, and I begged the woman to cook one of them immediately.

As soon as the water in a large pot had boiled, the woman caught a hen, and killed it by holding its head in her hand; and then, giving the bird two or three turns in the air, to my horror and utter astonishment, she instantly put the fowl into the pot, feathers and all; and although I had resolved to rough it on my journey, yet I positively could not make up my mind to drink such broth or "potage au naturel" as I thought she was preparing for me. I ran to her, and, in very bad Spanish, loudly protested against her cookery; however, she quietly explained to me that she had only put the fowl there to scald it, and as soon as I let go her arm she took it out. The feathers all came off together, but they stuck to her fingers almost as fast as they had before to the fowl. After washing her hands, she took a knife, and very neatly cut off the wings, the two legs, the breast and the back, which she put one after another into a small pot with some beef suet and water, and the rest of the fowl she threw away.—*Head's Rough Notes.*

RIGID DISSENTERS IN RUSSIA.—About noon we reached the small district town of Krestzi, and stopping in the suburb, close to the post-house, we were shewn into a good-looking habitation, on the opposite side of the street. The peasant to whom it belonged was absent, but the reception we met with from his wife convinced us that we should not have been made more welcome had he been at home. With the whole population of the suburb, amounting to upwards of 1,000 souls, the family consisted of Starovartzi, or dissenters of the old faith, the rigidity of whose principles operates as powerfully on their intercourse with all whom they consider to be members of the orthodox Greek church, as the contracted spirit of the ancient Jews did in preventing them from having any “dealings with the Samaritans.” One of our number happening to have metal buttons on his travelling coat, and another having a tobacco-pipe in his hand, the prejudices of the mistress of the house were alarmed to such a degree, that all the arguments we could use were insufficient to prevail on her to make ready some dinner for us. When compelled to do any service of this kind to such as are not of their own sect, they consider themselves bound to destroy the utensils used on the occasion; to prevent which loss, those who are more exposed to the intrusion of strangers, generally keep a set of profane vessels for the purpose. As the proprietor of the house we had entered appeared in affluent circumstances, it is not improbable he furnished it with something of the kind; but the tobacco-pipe proved an insuperable obstacle to their use. So great, too, is the aversion of this people to snuff, that if a box happen to have been laid on the table belonging to them, the part on which it lay must be planed out before it can be appropriated to any further use. They live in a state of complete separation from the church; only they cannot marry without a license from the priest, for which they are sometimes obliged to pay a great sum of money. The sacrament, as it is usually called, they never celebrate; and baptism is only administered to such as are near death, on the principle adopted by some in the early ages of the church, that such as relapse, after receiving this rite, are cut off from all hopes of salvation. The only copies of the Scriptures hitherto in use among them, are of the first, or Ostrog edition of the Slavonic Bible, printed before the time of the Patriarch Nikon, when the schism, which had long been forming, was ultimately completed by the alterations which that learned ecclesiastic introduced into the liturgical and other books of the Greek church in Russia. It has been asserted, that there exist, among the Starovartzi, reprints of this Bible, in which every jot and tittle is religiously copied; but the pertinacity with which they secure the continuance of the old Bibles in their families, and transmit them as the most precious treasure to their posterity, renders it difficult to obtain copies for collation. It is a curious fact, and to it perhaps may be traced any disposition at present existing among this people to co-operate in the labours of the Bible Society, that when the first stereotype edition of the Slavonic Bible was printed in St. Petersburg, numbers of them, mistaking the word *stereotype*, and pronouncing it *starotype* (old type), supposed that it was a new impression of their ancient Bible, and purchased a considerable number of copies, at the different depositories. Their predilection for copies of the old edition has rendered them extremely scarce in Russia; and when it happens that a copy is exposed to sale, it fetches several hundred rubles. Fortunately, the proprietor of a small inn, being a member of the orthodox church, was not influenced by the contracted principles of his neighbours; and had we known of his house before we entered the other, we should not have put these principles to the test.—*Henderson's Travels in Russia.*

A LADY'S NOTIONS OF AN INTUITIVE TEST OF FEMALE PURITY.—So powerful is the impression made by honourable and upright characters upon each other, that it seems a sort of mental freemasonry. They recognise a kindred mind in every word and look; and seem at last to know, intuitively, how each will act and feel in every situation and event. Even when apparently indisputable proof appears of utter unworthiness in either, an intimate conviction seems to tell the other, that it is a moral impossibility such a being can be guilty of an act of baseness and dishonour.

Thus it was with Lindsay. Though staggered and confounded with what he had heard and witnessed—though he repeated to himself, “It is too true—have I not seen it?” Though his reason was convinced, yet his rebellious heart was unimpressed with it, and still retained the image of Caroline St. Clair, in all the purity of woman's highest excellence, which first took possession of it, and which no subsequent efforts could drive from its seat. It was a fine and intuitive tact—less fallacious than reason—that in defiance of its dictates, permitted not his opinion to change—even while it seemed contradicted by the evidence of his own senses. He was indeed rejoiced to find at last, this secret unacknowledged persuasion confirmed, and that she was pure and spotless.—*Continental Adventures.*

SINGULAR RELIGIOUS SECT IN RUSSIA.—But great is the difference between the ascetic habits of the Raskolniks, and their abstinence from all sensual pleasures, and the horrible fanaticism which has formed a new sect of men, who consent to an entire mutilation of their persons. This sect, which has been in existence but a few years, has increased with a rapidity far beyond what any one would be inclined to suppose. My pen refuses to trace the details of the ceremonies that accompany this frightful sacrifice. Most usually it is an old woman who performs the functions of sacrificator. It appears that they found their doctrine upon the text in Scripture, which says, "If your eye offend you, pluck it out;" and upon another, in which something is said about the happiness of eunuchs. A person worthy of confidence told me, that having asked one of the *employés* in the chancellery of Odessa, who belonged to this sect, how he could bring himself to submit to so painful an operation, he replied, with a terrific smile, "You know not what it is to drive away the Evil One!" About eight years ago, the Government thought to punish these sectaries, by exiling them to Siberia; but they showed such a willingness to suffer even martyrdom in support of their doctrine, that it was thought more prudent to take no notice of the sect, lest publicity might tend to render its progress still more rapid, particularly amongst the sailors of the Imperial fleet.—*Voyage dans la Russie Meridionale.*

FEELINGS OF AN AUTHOR ON THE FIRST NIGHT OF HIS TRAGEDY.—I was now only anxious about the fate of my tragedy, and that was quite enough. It was an event of such importance to me, that I hope I shall be pardoned the moments of weakness with which I am now going to accuse myself. At that time the author of a new piece had for himself and his friends a little grated box in the third circle over the stage, the seat of which, I may truly say, was a cushion full of thorns. Thither I went, about half an hour before the curtain drew up, and till then I preserved power enough to support my anxiety: but at the noise the curtain made as it rose, my blood froze within my veins. Spirits were applied in vain to restore me; I could not recover. It was not till the end of the first monologue, among long reiterated plaudits, that I began to revive. From that moment all went well, gradually gaining on the public favour, till the scene in the fourth act, with which I had been so much threatened. But, as this moment approached, I was seized with such a trembling, that, without exaggeration, my teeth chattered in my mouth. Were the great revolutions that pass in the soul and in the senses, mortal, I should have died under what I suffered when the sublime Clairon, so happily catching the feelings of the spectators, pronounced these verses:

"Va, ne crains rien," &c.

The whole theatre resounded with redoubled plaudits. Never did any one pass from lively apprehensions to more sudden and sensible joy; and during the rest of the play, this last sentiment agitated my heart and soul with such violence, that when I breathed I did but sob.

As the curtain fell, when, amidst the plaudits and acclamations of the pit, that loudly called for me, my friends came to tell me that I must go down, and show myself on the stage, it was impossible for me to crawl thither alone; my knees bent under me; I was obliged to be supported.—*Memoirs of Marmontel; Autobiography, just published.*

BEEF-HUNTING IN THE ISLAND OF MADAGASCAR.—It was now night, and they were going a beef-hunting: when they set out on purpose to kill the best beasts, they always make choice of the darkest nights. They permitted me on my request to accompany them; but first ordered me to wash myself, as they themselves did, that we might not smell either of smoke or sweat. I would have taken two lances, according to custom, but they obliged me to leave one behind me, lest two together might rattle in my hand. These cattle feed only in the night, and if all these precautions were not taken, they could never be surprised; for they are always on their guard, snorting with their noses, and listening after their pursuers. We can hear them roar and bellow a great way off; by which we know where they are, and we are forced to go round till they are directly to the windward of us; for otherwise they would soon scent us. As soon as we had got the wind and cattle right a-head, and were within hearing, we walked with all the circumspection imaginable, cropping the top of the grass with our hands, as close as possible, to mimic, as well as we could, the noise a cow makes when she bites it. The moment they heard us, they were all hush; not one of them bellowed or grazed, but seemed to listen with the utmost attention; which, when we perceived, we all stood still likewise without a whisper, whilst three or four, who understood the

nature of it best, continued cropping the grass. When the cattle had listened, till (as we imagined) they took us for some of their own species, they returned to their grazing, and we walked with caution nearer, still mimicking them as we moved softly along. Deaan Murnanzack ordered me to keep behind, lest they should discern my white skin, and be startled; he also gave me his lamber to cover myself with, which was a large piece of black silk, so that if I had been near them, they could have seen nothing but my face, the grass being above knee-deep.

At length we got amongst them, so that one of our men (as he told me) with some grass in his hand, and under the cover of a bush, took hold of the dug of a cow, and finding she gave no milk, he concluded she was not lean; for which reason he stuck his lance instantly into her belly, and drew it out again, making no other motion. The cow thus wounded will give a spring perhaps, and make a noise, as if another had run her horns against her; but this is so common amongst them, that the herd is not any ways disturbed by it; so that our people stuck three or four after this manner, and left them, with an intention to come the next morning, and track them by their blood; for it is very dangerous to come near them in the night. As soon as they find themselves sorely wounded, they run from their companions, and will attack the first man they see. They are generally found actually dead, or fallen down in some wood, or shelter of bushes, as if they endeavoured industriously to conceal themselves. No sooner had we determined to depart, and I had returned Deaan Murnanzack his lamber, than a calf, that had been mortally wounded, began to make a hideous uproar, and running about, made the herd jealous; so that they ran away, and the calf made directly at me, and knocked me backwards; I caught hold of his leg, but cried out lustily for help. This accident afforded much mirth, and fixed a joke upon me afterwards, as a stout fellow to cry out for assistance to cope with a calf. However they took him, cut him to pieces, and carried him away; of whom we made a very good supper. I have been informed, that notwithstanding these cattle are so wild, the cows will sometimes stand still to have their dugs handled, and several of them have been milked in the dark into a horn; however, as I never attempted this myself, I cannot absolutely vouch it for truth; yet, as I have heard so many affirm it, I think there are no just grounds to contradict it.—*Autobiography—Adventures of Robert Drury.*

IMPORTANT TO GARDENERS.—Henry the Fourth, of France, being one day in his garden at Fontainebleau, accompanied by the Duke d'Epemon, a native of Gascony, his gardener stated the ground was so sterile in that spot he could make nothing thrive. "My friend," said the king, looking at the duke, "sow Gascons there, for they take every where."—*Henry the Great, and his Court.*

THE TRIPLE PLEA.—I am sorry, said Baubée, that you, who frequent the courts, were not present when I pleaded the cause of the town-hall painter. You know Cammas, who is so ugly and so foolish, and who every year daubs at the capitol the portraits of the new magistrates. A strumpet of the neighbourhood accused him of having seduced her. She was with child, and demanded that he should marry her, or that he should pay the damages of her innocence, which she had publicly resigned fifteen years ago. The poor devil was miserable. He came and related his misfortune to me. He swore it was she who had corrupted him; he even wanted to explain to the judges how she had done it, and offered to draw a picture of it, which he would expose at the trial. "Hold your tongue," said I, "with that great nose of yours, it becomes you well to play the young lad who has been seduced! I'll plead your cause, and gain it, if you promise to sit quietly by me at the trial, and not interrupt me whatever I may say; you understand me? otherwise you will be cast." He promised me all I desired. The day came, and the cause being called over, I suffered my adversary to declaim amply on the modesty, the weakness, and the frailty of the fair sex, and on the artifices and snares that were contrived to entrap them. After which I began my reply; "I plead," said I, "for an ugly man, I plead for a poor man, I plead for a fool. (He would fain have murmured, but I bad him be silent.) For an ugly man, gentlemen, look at him; for a man worth nothing, gentlemen, he is a painter, and what is worse, the town-painter; for a fool, let the court have the goodness to interrogate him. These three great truths once established, I reason thus: one can only seduce by money, wit, or beauty. Now my client could not seduce by money, since he is worth nothing; neither by wit, since he is a fool; nor by beauty, since he is one of the ugliest of men: whence I conclude that he is falsely accused." My conclusions were admitted, and I gained my cause with few words.—*Memoirs of Marmontel.*

THE SIEGE OF LAFAUR.—Simon de Montfort had profited by all the progress which the art of war had made in that age. He had himself served in the Holy Land, and there were in his camp a great number of knights who had combated against the Turks and the Greeks, and who had, in the East, acquired the knowledge of the attack and defence of fortified places. He employed, therefore, to overthrow the walls, ingenious machines, whose introduction was quite recent amongst the Latins, and which were as yet unknown to the inhabitants of the Pyrennees. The most fearful was that which was called "the cat." A moveable wooden tower, strongly constructed, was built out of the reach of the besieged. When it was entirely covered with sheep-skins, with the fur outwards, to guard it from fire, and provided with soldiers at its openings, and on the platform at its summit, it was moved on rollers to the foot of the wall. Its side then opened, and an immense beam, armed with iron hooks, projected like the paw of a cat, shook the wall by reiterated strokes, after the manner of the ancient battering ram, and tore out, and pulled down, the stones which it had loosened. Simon de Montfort had constructed a cat, but the wide ditches of Lafaure prevented him from bringing it near enough to the walls. The crusaders, under the orders of Montfort, laboured unceasingly to fill up the ditch, whilst the inhabitants of Lafaure, who could descend into it by the subterranean passages, cleared away each night all that had been thrown in during the day. At last Montfort succeeded in filling the mines with flame and smoke, and thereby prevented the inhabitants from passing into them. The ditches were then speedily filled; the cat was pushed to the foot of the wall; and its terrible paw began to open and enlarge the breach. On the day of the finding of the holy cross, the 3d of May, 1211, Montfort judged the breach to be practicable. The crusaders prepared for the assault. The bishops, the abbot of Courdieu, who exercised the functions of vice-legate, and all the priests clothed with their pontifical habits, giving themselves up to the joy of seeing the carnage begin, sang the hymn "Veni Creator." The knights mounted the breach. Resistance was impossible; and the only care of Simon de Montfort was to prevent the crusaders from instantly falling upon the inhabitants, and to beseech them rather to make prisoners, that the priests of the living God might not be deprived of their promised joys. "Very soon," continues the monk of Vaux-Cernay, "they dragged out of the castle Aimery, lord of Montreal, and other knights, to the number of eighty. The noble count immediately ordered them to be hanged upon the gallows; but, as soon as Aimery, the stoutest among them, was hanged, the gallows fell; for, in their great haste, they had not well fixed it in the earth. The count, seeing that this would produce great delay, ordered the rest to be massacred; and the pilgrims, receiving the order with the greatest avidity, very soon massacred them all upon the spot. The lady of the castle, who was sister of Aimery, and an execrable heretic, was, by the count's order, thrown into a pit, which was filled up with stones; afterwards, our pilgrims collected the innumerable heretics that the castle contained, and burned them alive with the utmost joy." Open hostilities had not yet commenced between Simon de Montfort and the Count of Toulouse, but they followed immediately on the taking of Lafaure. The refusal to send provisions to the besiegers might serve as a pretext, but none was wanted for attacking those who were excommunicated. The castle of Montjoyre was the first place, immediately belonging to the Count of Toulouse, before which the crusaders presented themselves; and being abandoned, it was burned and rased from top to bottom by the soldiers of the church. The castle of Cassero afforded them more satisfaction, as it furnished human victims for their sacrifices. It was surrendered on capitulation; and the pilgrims seizing nearly sixty heretics, burned them with infinite joy. This is always the phrase employed by the monk, who was the witness and panegyrist of the crusade.—*History of the Crusades against the Albigenses.*

A POLISH JOKE.—During the reign of Stanislaus Poniatowsky, a petty noble having refused to resign to Count Thisenhaus his small estate, the count invited him to dinner, as if desirous of amicably adjusting the affair; and whilst the knight, in the pride of his heart at such unexpected honour, assiduously plied the bottle, the count despatched some hundreds of peasants with axes, ploughs, and waggons, ordering the village, which consisted only of a few wooden buildings, to be pulled down, the materials carried away, and the plough passed over the ground which the village had occupied. This was accordingly done. The nobleman, on his return home in the evening, could find neither road, house, nor village. The master and his servant were alike bewildered, and knew not whether they were dreaming, or had lost the power of discrimination, but their surprise and agony were deemed so truly humorous, that the whole court was delighted with the joke.—*Neale's Travels.*

A GERMAN KITCHEN.—At Rastadt I went to see the small chateau called Favorite, built about a century ago by the Margravine Sibyl Augusta: it is a pretty place, and rewards a visit. There is a cool hall in the middle of the building, lighted from above, and adorned with four fountains. The apartments are none of them large, but they are fitted up in various and not unpleasing tastes; some tiled with china, some painted, some tapestried, some embroidered by the hand of the margravine herself and the ladies of her small court. There is one little chamber, the walls of which are entirely covered with looking-glass, japan gilt panelling, and a vast number of miniatures. Many of these are full-length forms, representing the margravine and her husband in masquerade dresses; some rich and gorgeous, as Turkish and Spanish; other prettily or joyously imagined, as those of hay-makers, reapers, shepherds, vine-dressers. But the kitchen is the true cabinet of curiosities, all things in it are in a character so fanciful and freakish. The cook's idol or dumb assistant is represented by a wooden figure, a bloated, fat squab of a gourmand; his paunch conceals numerous small drawers for holding spices and other rich ingredients of gout-giving condiments. Near it hangs a painted board, where, in compartments, the various materials for all high-seasoned and savoury dishes are duly displayed to assist the bewildered memory of that busiest and most important of personages, a head cook. In the closets and cupboards here you find glass and china of every sort and quality then known, and of various whimsical shapes. For instance, glass animals, or monsters, perform the part of cruets, and among the glasses for wine are numbers as quaint in form, and as capacious, as the Bear of Bradwardine. There is also a complete table service of china-ware, the cover of each dish representing that which is served up within, as turkey, peacock, wild-fowl, boar's head, artichokes, asparagus, cabbages. Two of these last, the large white-headed sort, and the rough green savoy, are done so inimitably, that they might, at a little distance, deceive the eye. It is impossible not to image to one's self the kind and playful merriment of the feast where these dishes made their first appearance.—*Notes and Reflections during a Ramble through Germany.*

CHINESE NOTIONS OF BEAUTY.—It is well known, that in China, a ridiculous custom prevails, of rendering the feet of their females so small, that they can with difficulty support their bodies. This is deemed a principal part of their beauty; and no swathing nor compression is omitted, when they are young, to give them this fancied accomplishment. Every woman of fashion, and every woman who wishes to be reckoned handsome, must have her feet so small, that they could easily enter the shoe of a child of six years of age. The great toe is the only one left to act with freedom; the rest are doubled down under the foot, in their tenderest infancy, and restrained by tight bandages, till they unite with, and are buried in, the sole. I have inspected a model of a Chinese lady's foot, exactly of this description, which I was assured was taken from life. The length was only two inches and three-fourths; the breadth of the base of the heel, seven eighths of an inch; the breadth of the broadest part of the foot, one and one-fourth of an inch; and the diameter of the ankle, three inches above the heel, one and seven-eighths of an inch.

* * * * *

Gentil assures us, that the women, in the northern parts of China, employ every art to diminish their eyes. For this purpose, the girls, instructed by their mothers, extend their eyelids continually, with the view of making their eyes oblong and small. These properties, in the estimation of the Chinese, when joined to a flat nose, and large, open, pendulous ears, constitute the perfection of beauty.—*Dick's Philosophy of Religion.*

A GERMAN HOSTESS.—Beautiful is the drive, and the small town of Stertzingen, for cleanliness and brightness, and an aspect all its own, delights but defies description. Shame to me that I have lost the note with the name of its *none-such* inn. Though I am never likely to forget the house, yet cannot I tell any one who may ramble after me whether it be a Rose, or a Crown, or a Golden Lion, that hangs dangling before it. Here was an elderly landlady, a pattern of kind hospitality and motherly propriety, two fair daughters, clean and modest, and a stout and trusty kellerin, with black petticoat of ample folds, and keys enough, in number and size, for the warder of a castle. Her guardianship, however, is not over turrets and dungeons, but over closets and cellars, wines and meats, fruits and preserves, and all household com-

forts. There is no feature about the inns of the Tyrol more remarkable than the kellerin: she is a personage of the first importance; she makes all charges, and receives all payments; for which purpose she wears a large leathern pocket, or purse, which, like the tradesman's till, is emptied each evening. She is intrusted with all the household stores; she brings each traveller his meal, and blesses it; she brings him his wine-cup, and it is yet the custom, with all old Tyrolers, that she should, at least, put her lips to it. She is always addressed with kindness; "*Mein kind*," "My child," is the common phrase; and it is varied in warmth and tenderness, according to accidental circumstances. It is sometimes endearing, as "*Mein schönes kind*," "My pretty child;" "*Mein herz*," "My heart;" "*Mein schatz*," "My treasure." In general, however, although I have seen some of great beauty, the kellerin is a stout coarse active woman, with a frank readiness of service in her manner, and a plain pride of station—the pride of being trustworthy. It may be supposed that these phrases are not always used without some lightness by youthful travellers; yet is there a manner of employing them without any impropriety, and the very utterance is a pleasure, they beget so much kindness and good humour.—*Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in Germany.*

TRUTH THE LIGHT OF THE MIND.—There is that agreement between truth and the mind, that there is between light and the eye, which is the sense of pleasure, of the purest and most sublime pleasure. And surely, of all the creatures that have issued from the workmanship of omnipotence, there is none so pleasing, so refreshing, or rather so enlivening, as the light; which is that, that gives a seasonage to all other fruitions; that lays open the bosom of the universe, and shows the treasures of nature; and, in a word, gives opportunity to the enjoyment of all the other senses.

It is reported of a certain blind man, that he yet knew when a candle was brought into the room, by the sudden refreshment that he found caused by it upon his spirits. Now give me leave to show, that truth is as great a comforter to the soul. For what makes the studious man prefer a book before a revel? the rigours of contemplation and retirement, before merry meetings and jolly company? Is it because he has not the same appetites with other men, or because he has no taste of pleasure? No, certainly; but because a nobler pleasure has rendered those inferior ones tasteless and contemptible.

For is there any delight comparable to what reason finds, when it pursues a conclusion into all its consequences, and sees one truth grow out of another, and by degrees rise out of obscurity into evidence and demonstration? Do you think that the intent speculations of Archimedes were not infinitely more pleasing than the carouses of Epicurus? And if the embraces of natural truth be so transporting to a philosopher, what must the discovery of the supernatural revealed truths of the Gospel be to a Christian? where the pleasure is heightened according to the different worth of the object; where every truth comes recommended to the soul with a double excellency, its greatness and its concernment.—*South's Sermons.*

WALTZING IN GERMANY.—A ball is always a pleasant sight, if conducted with propriety and decorum; it is one which always gives a reflected pleasure to a middle-aged man, not the less sweet because somewhat sobered by the knowledge of the incredible swiftness with which the spring-time of life hurries by. It seems but yesterday to most men of my age and profession, that we could journey twenty miles to an assembly, dance the short night away, and back to the early muster of the troops; but twenty years have flown by with us, with all, since that yesterday: yet I hope we are none of us so churlish grown as to dislike an occasional ball, if it were only to see "lamps shining over fair women and brave men," and hearts beating happily. But this ball had the charm of novelty,—a German assembly, a circle of waltzers. I bear testimony, from attentive observation on this evening, to the extreme propriety and decorum with which the Germans dance this their national figure. I take the dance to be one of very great antiquity, as great, perhaps, as the very commencement of men and women joining in the dance together. The sacred dance of the East was entirely confined to the service of the temple, and mingled with their idolatrous rites, and is undoubtedly of the highest origin; but this I take to be the genuine offspring of the ancient German camps and settlements, where, before their huts, youth and damsel clasped each other, and moved in rude circlings to sound and song. The waltz, however, transplanted, becomes another thing, and is no longer the German dance. In Spain, for example, the dark beauties of the south transfuse into it all the warmth of their climate, and all

the voluptuousness of their natures. In England, again, I have noticed, from causes which it would not be difficult to trace, the waltz assumes a character either of great awkwardness and painful constraint, or of a bold, unblushing indecency, braving all censure. Here it was not so: in points like these we are all the creatures of custom; and probably to the eye of the unaccustomed German, many parts of our old country dances may have appeared to have improprieties greater than his own. To him the waltz is customary and innocent; to us at home in Old England it neither is nor ought to be regarded as innocent, and will, I trust, never gain established favour. I have only spoken thus because the Germans are taunted with their passion for this dance, as if it stained and demoralized their whole country. I observed that such a thing as a lounge, or an insipid, who will not join in the dance, is not tolerated among them; for, in the cotillion part, a couple break out from the large circle, and setting to any bystander, he is led off to a waltz movement, before he has time to ungird his sword. Again, they have a custom, in parts, of taking each, from the assembled circle, the lady or gentleman of their choice, for one tour of waltzing, quitting for the time their actual partner;—a most pleasant privilege. I was exceedingly interested: the girls appeared to me to have great simplicity and frankness of manner; and there seemed an absence of all encumbering vanities in their dress. The music of the waltz has turns and cadences of a character most soft, most sweet; and where two hearts beat with a strong youthful attachment towards each other may certainly minister delightfully, and not without danger, to the silent language of the eye. I thought of all this as I looked on the cheerfully innocent smiles all round me, and remembered that a few years ago the gallant youth of Germany could only snatch these pleasures as they were hurried about, under one banner or another, to scenes of combat and death. I have dwelt too long on this, but the young and their pleasures are dear to me; moreover, such a picture belongs essentially to the aspect of German society.—*Notes and Reflections during a Tour in Germany.*

FOLLY OF RELYING ON A FUTURE REPENTANCE.—Let that man who promises himself a future repentance, and upon that confidence proceeds to sin, show me any solid satisfactory reason, why God may not cashier him in the very commission of that sin that he is designing. And then, whether it would not be the grimmest dispensation that ever befell him, to be thrust out of the world with his sins about his ears; and so to be brought, as it were, in the very heat and steam of his offence, to render up an account for it at God's tribunal, before he had scarce finished the commission.

The events of to-morrow are neither within the compass of our understanding to know, or of our power to dispose of; wherefore the advice of the spirit, concerning the time of our repentance, is the same with that of St. Austin, who counselled his friend to repent a day before he died; which proceeding upon terms of rational certainty is to repent to day.

* * * * *

The commission of sin is like the effusion of water, easily contained in its bounds, but uncontrollable in its course. We, indeed, may give it vent, but God alone knows where it will stop. Is not that man, therefore, stupidly ignorant who chooses to encounter his sin by a future repentance? Reason would argue and discourse thus: If I find that I have scarce power enough to resist my sin at present, shall I not have much less when time shall give it growth and strength, and as it were knit its joints and render it unconquerable?

It is here as with a man in a combat; every blow his adversary gives him, disables him for the very next resistance. A man at first finds the beginning and little inconveniences of a disease, but physic is unpleasant; and withal he finds himself in a good competence of strength at present, and therefore he resolves to wear it out; but in the mean time his distemper eats on its way, and grows upon him, till at length he has not so much as strength to bear physic, but his disease quickly runs him down and becomes incurable.

A man at first is strong, and his sin is weak, and he may easily break the neck of it by a mature repentance; but his own deluding heart tells him, that he had better repent hereafter: that is, when, on the contrary, he himself is deplorably weak, and his sin invincibly strong.

Commission of sin may indeed wound, but it is continuance of sin that kills. A man by falling to the ground may perhaps get a bruise or a knock; but by lying on the ground after he is fallen, he may chance to catch his death.—*South's Sermons.*

LEVEE OF THE PRIME-MINISTER OF A TURKISH PASHA.—We expressed a wish to be permitted to see the palace of the pasha, the castle, the armoury, and any other public building that might be deemed worthy of a stranger's attention, which, after some hesitation, arising from the peculiar circumstances of the government at the present moment, was at last acceded to.

As no regularly appointed pasha had yet replaced the late governor of Damascus, who had recently died on his route of return from the pilgrimage of Mecca, the administration of affairs was vested in the hands of his kihyah bey, or prime minister. A message was therefore sent in to an inner apartment of the palace, stating the nature of our visit, and the request we had preferred, when the bearer of it soon returned, and invited us, in the name of his master, to "the presence." We readily followed him, and found the venerable Turk seated in a small but richly-furnished apartment, guarded and attended by at least fifty handsome officers, all armed with sabres and dirks, and all superbly dressed. We were desired to seat ourselves on the sofa, beside these chiefs, before whom stood, in groups, an equal number of armed attendants, and were treated with great respect and attention. The rich Jew, Mellein Yusef, who conducted us to the presence of the kihyah bey, seated himself with the greatest possible humility on the floor beneath us, at the feet of his superiors, who occupied the sofa, first kneeling, and then sitting back, while kneeling, on the heels and soles of his feet, with these and his hands completely covered, in an attitude and with an air of the most abject and unqualified humiliation. Mr. Banks was dressed as a Turkish effendi, or private or unmilitary person; I still continued to wear the less showy garments of the Christian merchant, with which I had replaced my Bedouin garb. The rich Jew was dressed in the most costly garments, including Cashmere shawls, Russian furs, Indian silks, and English broad cloth: all, however, being of dark colours, since none but the orthodox Mohammedans are allowed to wear either green, red, yellow, azure, or white, in any of their garments, which are, therefore, however costly in material, almost restricted to dark browns, blacks, and blues. Among the party was also a Moslem dervish, with a patch-work and party-coloured bonnet, of a sugar-loaf shape, and his body scarcely half covered with rags and tattered garments, his naked limbs obtruding themselves most offensively, and his general appearance being indecent and disgusting. It was impossible not to be struck forcibly with the different modes of reception and treatment adopted towards us, more particularly as contrasted with our real and apparent conditions. The Jew, who was by far the wealthiest and the most powerful of all present, who lived in the most splendid house in Damascus, and fed from his table more than a hundred poor families every day, who literally managed the great machine of government, and had influence enough, both here and at Constantinople, to procure the removal of the present bey from his post, if he desired it, was obliged to kneel in the presence of those who could not have carried on the affairs of government without his aid, while the dervish, contemptible alike for his ignorance and arrogant assumption of superiority, was admitted to the seat of honour, and, with ourselves, who were of a faith as far removed from their own as the Jew's, was served with coffee, sherbet, and perfumes, and treated by the attendants with all the marks of submission and respect.—*Buckingham's Travels among the Arab Tribe.*

LINDLEY MURRAY THE GRAMMARIAN'S ADVENTURE WITH AN ELEPHANT.—When I was in England in the year 1771, I went to see the elephants which were kept at the Queen's stables, Buckingham-house. Whilst I was gratifying myself with observing the huge creatures, and their various actions and peculiarities, I took occasion to withdraw from one of them a part of the hay, which he was collecting on the floor with his proboscis. I did this with my cane; and watched the animal very narrowly, to prevent a stroke from him, which I had reason to expect. The keeper said that I had greatly displeased the elephant, and that he would never forget the injury. I thought but little of this admonition at the time. But about six weeks afterwards, when I accompanied some other persons on a visit to the elephants, I found that, though probably several hundred people had been there since my preceding visit, the animal soon recognised me. I did not attempt to molest or tease him at all; and I had no conception of any concealed resentment. On a sudden, however, when I was supposed to be within the reach of his proboscis, he threw it towards me with such violence, that if it had struck me, I should probably have been killed, or have received some material injury. Happily for me, I perceived his intention, and being very active, I sprung out of his reach. To every other person present he was gentle and good tempered; and his enmity to me arose, as the keeper declared, solely from the circumstance of the little affront which I had formerly put upon him.—*Memoirs of Lindley Murray.*

LIKE LOVES LIKE.—My countryman Dante Alighieri, says Petrarch, was not long since one of the most eloquent speakers and writers of his native language, but more obstinate and unbending in his manners, and rather more free in his speech, than was agreeable to the delicate ears of the princes of our age. When after his expulsion from his own country, he resided with Cane Grande, at that time the general refuge and support of the unfortunate, he was at first highly esteemed; but things soon began to go wrong, and his patron to be less pleased with him from day to day. There were, at the same time, at that court, buffoons, jugglers, and loose persons of all kinds, as is customary. One of these, the most licentious and indecent in words and gestures, was the chief favourite of all. Cane, who suspected that Dante was angry on this account, one day led forth this buffoon publicly in company, and turning to the poet, said, "He should like to know how it happened that this man, who passed for a fool, nevertheless understood the art of pleasing the whole company, and was so much esteemed by them?" "You would not be at all surprised at that," replied Dante, drily, "if you were to consider that like always loves like."—*Forget Me Not for 1827.*

SAINTS IN THE EAST.—During my ramble (in Damascus) I observed a man of large stature, but deformed proportions, walking through the public street, without a single article of apparel; his head had been recently shaved, and he appeared wet all over, as if just come out from a fountain or bath; he had a short thick neck, large head, and projecting eyes, and his whole appearance was that of an idiot. I expressed my surprise at this, though aware that such scenes were not uncommon in Cairo and the towns of Upper Egypt; but it was so little a subject of wonder here, that scarcely any person regarded the naked wanderer, except to make way for him, and sometimes to salute him with respect as he passed. Several of the residents of the city afterwards assured me, that the same outrages to decency were committed by these privileged saints (for so all idiots are considered) in Syria as in Egypt; and that acts, which the most savage nations generally conceal under the garb of night, were performed by these men in the public streets and in the open day; while the passers by, instead of expressing their indignation at such a wanton insult to decorum and propriety, frequently offered up their prayers to heaven for a blessing on the parties submitted to this violation; and from a superstitious veneration for all idiots, as persons under the peculiar care and guidance of the Divine hand, regarding those who were chosen for their pleasures as pre-eminently favoured by Divine Providence! Such a horrid and revolting remnant of savage manners, rendered more depraved than they even could have become in a state of nature alone, and reducing mankind to the level of the beasts of the field, painful as it must be to know that it exists and is tolerated in any part of the globe, ought to be recorded as a trait of eastern manners generally (for it extends over the greater part of the African and Asiatic world), and as an illustration of the depth of depravity to which the dignity of man may be reduced, by the influence of despotism and superstition combined.—*Buckingham's Travels among the Arab Tribes.*

STUDY.—Study is a weariness without exercise, a laborious sitting still, that racks the inward, and destroys the outward man; that sacrifices health to conceit, and clothes the soul with the spoils of the body; and, like a stronger blast of lightning, not only melts the sword, but also consumes the scabbard.

Nature allows men a great freedom, and never gave an appetite but to be instrumental of enjoyment, nor made a desire, but in order to the pleasure of its satisfaction. But he that will increase knowledge must be content not to enjoy; and not only to cut off the extravagancies of luxury, but also to deny the lawful demands of convenience, to forswear delight, and look upon pleasure as his mortal enemy.

He must call that study that is indeed confinement; he must converse with solitude; walk, eat, and sleep thinking; read volumes, devour the choicest authors, and (like Pharaoh's kine) after he has devoured all, look lean and meagre. He must be willing to be weak, sickly, and consumptive; even to forget when he is hungry, and to digest nothing but what he reads.

He must read much, and perhaps meet with little; turn over much trash for one grain of truth; study antiquity till he feels the effects of it; and, like the cock in the fable, seek pearls in a dunghill, and perhaps rise to it as early. This is—

"Esse quod Arcesilas ærumnosique Solones:"

to be always wearing a meditating countenance, to ruminate, mutter, and talk to a man's self for want of better company; in short, to do all those things which in other men are counted madness, but in a scholar pass for his profession.—*South's Sermons.*

ENORMOUS SPIDER.—We slept tolerably well, though we were frequently tormented by the fear of being attacked by *phalanges*, a species of enormous spider, common enough in Tiflis and a part of Georgia. The phalange has something disgusting, and even terrific, at the first view. Its body, as large as a man's thumb, is mounted upon very short feet. This insect is very active; it has got a long neck and a mouth armed with teeth, with which it seizes its prey with an appearance of the most extraordinary fury. Having put two of these phalanges into a glass jar, they immediately rushed at and seized each other by the mouth. In this position, which gave neither the advantage, they remained for some time, the stronger dragging the other from time to time about. At length tired of the struggle, the smaller one fled, and ran up with great rapidity the smooth side of the jar. We shook the glass and made it fall, when the large phalange pounced upon it and seized it by the throat in such a manner that it could not make use of its teeth. In less than five minutes it detached the head from the body, and the insect expired in frightful convulsions. The conqueror then threw himself again upon his victim, and devoured it in an instant, with all the signs of the most intense voracity. People sometimes amuse themselves with making a scorpion and a phalange fight. The combat is a desperate one; but, generally speaking, the phalange comes off victorious: however, the victory costs him dear if he happen to be wounded during the struggle, as death usually ensues in half an hour afterwards. The person on whom one of those phalanges falls should have presence of mind enough to remain motionless, lest the insect, becoming irritated, should bite. However, the wound, though dangerous if no immediate remedy be applied, may be rendered harmless by rubbing, within a quarter of an hour, the part affected, with some unctuous substance, particularly oil, of which the Georgians always carry a phial full about them for the purpose.—*Voyage dans la Russie Meridionale.*

NOVEL WAY OF DOING HONOUR TO A GUEST.—A learned person of Vienna related to me the following circumstance, of which he was an eye witness. He had gone down into Hungary to spend a few days with one of its most respectable noblemen. Taking a walk with the count, one afternoon, over part of the grounds, they came upon some peasants, who were enjoying their own rustic amusements. The count imagined that one of them did not notice him, as he passed, with sufficient humility; he immediately sent a boy to his house for some servants, and, as soon as they appeared, ordered them to seize, bind, and lash the poor man. His orders were instantly executed. W——, thunderstruck at the causeless barbarity, entreated the count to put an end to such a punishment for so trivial an offence, if it was one at all. The answer was, "What! do you intercede for such a brute? He is no nobleman. That these people may not think any body cares about them, give him twenty more, my lads, in honour of W——," and they were administered.—*Tour in Germany in 1820-21-22.*

ADVANTAGE OF CHOOSING A WIFE BY PROXY.—Among other observations, we took occasion to enquire, whether the practice of the elders and eldresses (of the sect of the Moravians) in selecting a partner for a young man who wished to marry, was not sometimes attended with serious inconveniences. But they seemed to have no doubt, that this regulation produced more happy marriages, than would be effected by leaving the parties to choose for themselves. A lively and sensible person, with whose conversation we were particularly pleased, took occasion to give us his own experience on the subject. He expressed himself to the following effect. "When I wished to change my situation in life, I applied to one of our elders, and communicated the matter to him. He asked me whether I had any particular young woman in view; I replied in the negative, and that I wished my superiors to choose for me. Pleased with my answer, and the confidence reposed in them, he assured me that the greatest care should be taken, to select for me a partner, who would be, in every respect, proper for me. The elders and eldresses consulted together; and, after a suitable time, fixed on a young woman, whose disposition and qualifications were correspondent to my own, and which they thought were adapted to make me happy. We were introduced to each other in the presence of our superiors. The interview was favourable: we became mutually attached; and in a short time we were married. The event has perfectly answered our most sanguine hopes. I probably should not have chosen so happily, if I had been left to decide for myself; but I am certain I could not have made a better choice." He concluded his observations with a degree of animation and satisfaction, which precluded all doubt of the truth of his assertions.—*Memoirs of Lindley Murray.*

ANECDOTE OF VOLTAIRE.—Obstinate to excess, by character and by system, Voltaire had, even in little things, an incredible repugnance to yield, and to renounce what he had resolved on. I again saw a singular instance of it just before his departure to Prussia. He had taken a fancy to carry a cutlass with him on his journey; and one morning, when I was at his house, a bundle of them was brought, that he might choose. But the cutler wanted twenty shillings for the one that pleased him; and Voltaire took it into his head that he would give but fifteen. He then begins to calculate in detail what it may be worth; he adds, that the cutler bears in his face the character of an honest man, and that, with such good faith written on his forehead, he cannot but confess will be well paid at fifteen shillings. The cutler accepts the eulogy on his face, but answers that, as an honest man, he has but one word; that he asks no more than the thing is worth; and that were he to sell it at a lower price, he should wrong his children. "What! you have children, have you?" asked Voltaire. "Yes, sir, I have five; three boys and two girls, the youngest of whom is just twelve." "Well! we'll think about placing your boys, and marrying your girls: I have friends in the treasury, I have some credit in the public offices. But let's finish this little affair: here are your fifteen shillings; say no more about it." The good cutler was confused in thanking Voltaire for the protection with which he was pleased to honour him; but he still kept to his first word about the price of the cutlass, and did not abate one farthing. I abridge this scene, which lasted a quarter of an hour, with the turns of eloquence and seduction that Voltaire employed in vain—not to save five shillings, that he would have given to a beggar, but to prevail by the power of persuasion. He was obliged to yield, and with a troubled, indignant, confused air, threw the crown upon the table which he relinquished so unwillingly. The cutler, when he had got his money, returned him thanks for his favours, and went away. "I am very glad," said I, in a low voice, as I saw him go out. "Of what?" said Voltaire, angrily; "What are you glad of?" "That this honest man's family is no longer to be pitied. His sons will soon be placed; his daughters married; he in the meantime has sold his cutlass for what he wanted; and you have paid it, in spite of all your eloquence." "And this is what you are glad of, you obstinate Limosin!" "Oh, yes; I am quite pleased; if he had yielded it to you, I believe I should have beaten him." "Do you know," said he, laughing in his sleeve, after a moment's silence, "that if Moliere had been witness to such a scene, he would have turned it to some profit." "Indeed," said I, "it would have been the counterpart to that of M. Demanche." It was thus that with me his anger, or rather his petulance, always terminated in gentleness and friendship.—*Memoirs of Marmontel.*—*Series of Autobiography.*

CURIOUS INSTANCE OF COURTESY IN DUELLING.—The not having wounded an enemy in a duel, was a stigma of shame, even after fighting with undaunted courage; and though dying from the blows of an adversary, it was disgraceful not to have given him a wound. Two friends having fought, one who had received no hurt brought the other to the ground, who lay weltering in his blood; upon which his adversary, actuated by pity, ran to raise him up, and yield assistance. The wounded man believing he was on the point of death, conjured his opponent, in the name of their former friendship, that he would extend his courtesy so far as to counterfeit his having been wounded, and carry his arm for a few days in a sling. The victor acquiesced, and proceeded to smear himself with the blood of his adversary, binding a handkerchief round his arm, and stating that he had been lacerated in the course of the duel. The wounded individual, however, subsequently recovered, when the two gentlemen renewed their former amity, and continued firmly attached during the remainder of their lives.—*Brantome's Treatise on Duels.*

CLERICAL REPARTEE.—Andrews, bishop of Winchester, and Neale, bishop of Durham, were standing behind the king's chair, when James I. asked the bishops, "My lords, can I take my subjects' money when I want it?" The Bishop of Durham immediately replied, "God forbid, sir, but you should; you are the breath of our nostrils." Upon which the king turned to the Bishop of Winchester, and added, "My lord, what say you?" "Sir," replied the bishop, "I have no skill in parliamentary cases." The king then said, "No put offs, my lord; answer me presently." "Then, sir," rejoined the bishop, "I think it lawful for you to take my brother Neale's money, for he offers it."—*General Biographical Dictionary.*

MEPHITIC WEASELS.—Most surprising accounts have been given, by almost all writers on the animals of America, of certain weasels, found in various parts of that continent, which are provided by nature with a very singular but effectual mode of defence, in the power they possess, of emitting, at will, a most insupportable and disgusting stench, which seems equally noxious to every animal, those of their own species only excepted. Such extraordinary powers of defence seem the more unaccountable, when it is considered, that the predacious habits of these animals, in common with the weasels in general, seem rather to demand means and weapons for offensive operations, with which, indeed, they are otherwise well provided, than so strange a protection against the attacks of others. Timidity of disposition, accompanied with celerity of motion, afford a frequently availing defence to many of the herbivorous animals against their natural enemies; but it is not apparent why extraordinary powers, for mere self-preservation, should be granted to animals, whose existence depends on their capability of overcoming and destroying others; and it does not appear that they actually capture or destroy their prey by means of their vapour, but merely call it into action when irritated or attacked, simply in self-defence.—*Griffith's Translation of Cuvier's Animal Kingdom.*

ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE DIET.—The inhabitants of the northern extremities of Europe and Asia, the Esquimaux, and the people of Terra del Fuego, live entirely on flesh, and that often raw, and yet in strength, size, and courage, are far inferior to the rest of mankind. This proves that animal diet does not necessarily confer moral and physical energy. Again, vegetable diet is not connected with weakness and cowardice. The Greeks and Romans subsisted chiefly on vegetable preparations, at a period when their valour and energy rendered them the terror and admiration of surrounding nations. The Irish and Scotch, who are not weaker than ourselves, live chiefly on vegetable aliment. The Swedes under Gustavus and Charles were herbivorous and invincible. The Negroes, distinguished for all kinds of physical energy, live chiefly in the same way; and so do the South Sea islanders, whose agility and strength were found infinitely to surpass those of our stoutest sailors. On the other hand, the debilitating effects of animal food are altogether without foundation; there is not a vestige of evidence that any period ever existed when the whole human race abstained from flesh, and lived in a state of perfect innocence and profound repose. This golden age of immaculate virtue is but the creation of poetical fancy, or the offspring of the heated brains of some visionary enthusiasts. That the use of animal food is consistent with the utmost energy both of mind and body, is proved by the experience of every individual. But all history testifies on this subject with a voice from which there is no appeal. The myriads of Hindoos who subsist on vegetable diet are held in subjection by a few hundreds of Europeans. When the ancient Romans abandoned this vegetable diet, they did not decline in moral and physical energy, or in political power. Look at the diet of that nation, which has produced some of the most illustrious names in the records of the human race, whether in literature, science, political, civil, or military eminence; the country of Shakspeare, Newton, Locke, and Milton. With such examples before us, it is monstrously absurd to assert that animal food is productive of any detrimental effect on the developement and powers of the human mind and body.—*Griffith's Translation of Cuvier's Animal Kingdom.*

POWER OF THE MUSCLES.—One of the most wonderful properties of the muscles is the extraordinary force they exert, although they are composed of such slender threads or fibres. The following facts, in relation to this point, are demonstrated by the celebrated Borelli, in his work, *De Motu Animalium*. When a man lifts, with his teeth, a weight of two hundred pounds, with a rope fastened to the jaw-teeth, the muscles named Temporalis and Massetes, with which people chew, and which perform this work, exert a force of above fifteen thousand pounds weight. If any one hanging his arm directly downwards, lifts a weight of twenty pounds with the third or last joint of his thumb, the muscle which bends the thumb, and bears that weight, exerts a force of about three thousand pounds. When a man, standing upon his feet, leaps or springs forward to the height of two feet, if the weight of such a man be one hundred and fifty pounds, the muscles employed in that action will exert a force two thousand times greater; that is to say, a force of about three hundred thousand pounds. The heart, at each pulse or contraction, by which it protrudes the blood out of the arteries into the veins, exerts a force of above a hundred thousand pounds.—*Dick's Christian Philosopher.*

MERCY OF A DESPOT.—The porter of the mosque near the bazaar is a man with one eye. The person who accompanied us thus accounted for the loss of the other eye. This man, a Tartar, was one of the officers of the household of the late Kan, and had the general superintendence of the palace. According to the etiquette of Oriental palaces, the officers, when going through the courts, should hold their heads bowed down, and their hands crossed on their breast. One day this unfortunate man inadvertently raised his eyes towards the apartments, out of which were looking the Kan and one of his women. He was immediately called into the presence of the Kan, who asked him, in a tone of great severity, with which of his eyes he had seen the Sultana. The man replied, with his right eye; and the Kan ordered it to be immediately torn from his head. This did not prevent the Tartar from remaining in his service till the death of his master. This cruelty is, however, not to be wondered at in a country where the loss of eyes is often considered as a favour—it being substituted for the punishment of death. When Mazanderan was invaded by the first Chah of Persia of the present reigning dynasty, the eunuch Aga-Mahomet Kan, one of his generals, took a town by assault after an obstinate resistance. When he had assuaged his first fury by a very extended massacre, he then entered into a composition with the chiefs of the city, relative to sparing the lives of the remainder of the inhabitants. A pardon was granted them on condition of their delivering to him ten pounds of human eyes!—*Voyage dans la Russie Meridionale.*

**PRICES OF SHARES IN THE PRINCIPAL CANALS, DOCKS,
WATER-WORKS, MINES, &c.**

CANALS.	Amt. paid.	Per share.	INSURANCE OFFICES.	Amt. paid.	Per share.
Ashton	100	170	Albion	500	50
Birmingham	17 10	255	Alliance	100	10
Coventry	100	1050	Ditto Marine	100	5
Ellesmere and Chester	133	100	Atlas	50	5
Grand Junction	100	275	Globe	100	100
Huddersfield	57	17	Guardian	100	10
Kennet and Avon	40	24	Hope	50	5
Lancaster	47	37	Imperial	500	50
Leeds and Liverpool	100	385	Ditto Life	100	10
Oxford	100	650	London	25	12 10
Regent's	40	30	Protector	20	2
Rochdale	85	85	Rock	20	2
Stafford and Worcester	140	800	Royal Exchange	100	240
Trent and Mersey	100	1850			
Warwick and Birmingham	100	240			
Worcester ditto	78	43			
DOCKS.			MINES.		
Commercial	100	66	Anglo-Mexican	100	75
East India	100	83	Ditto Chili	100	8
London	100	83 5	Bolanos	400	175
St. Catherine's	100	30	Brazilian	100	20
West India	100	190	Castello	100	5
			Columbian	100	15
			Mexican	100	18
			Real Del Monte	400	400
			United Mexican	40	25
WATER WORKS.					
East London	100	111			
Grand Junction	50	72			
Kent	100	28 10			
South London	100	90			
West Middlesex	60	60			
GAS COMPANIES.			MISCELLANEOUS.		
City of London	100	90	Australian Agricultural Comp.	100	6
Ditto, New	100	50	British Iron Ditto	100	32 10
Phoenix	50	30	Canada Ditto, Ditto	100	10
Imperial	50	48	Columbian Ditto	100	5
United General	50	18	General Steam Navigation	100	10
Westminster	50	50	Irish Provincial Comp.	100	20
			Rio de la Plata Ditto	100	10
			Van Diemen's Land Ditto	100	2 10

ROBERT W. MOORE, Broker,
20, Token-house-yard, Lothbury.

THE FOLLOWING WORKS ARE ANNOUNCED FOR THE
PRESENT MONTH.

A new Romance, Paul Jones, by Allan Cunningham, the author of Sir Marmaduke Maxwell, Traditional Tales, &c.

Specimens of Sacred and Serious Poetry, from Chaucer to the present day ; including the Sabbath, &c. of Graham, and Blair's Grave ; illustrated by Biographical Notices and Critical Remarks. By John Johnstone. In a pocket volume, with engravings.

Papistry Storm'd ; or the Dingin Down o' the Cathedral. By Mr. Tennant, the author of Anster Fair.

Discourses on the Duties and Consolations of the Old. By the Reverend Dr. Bel-frage, Falkirk. 12mo.

Mathematical and Astronomical Tables, for the Use of Students in Mathematics, Practical Astronomers, Surveyors, Engineers, and Navigators ; with an Introduction, containing the Explanation and Use of the Tables, illustrated by numerous Problems and Examples. By William Galbraith, M. A. Teacher of Mathematics in Edinburgh.

Ornithologia, or the Birds ; a Poem (in two parts) ; with an Introduction to their Natural History, and copious Notes, descriptive of the principal Birds, whether distinguished by their Forms, Colours, and Habits, or by their Songs. By James Jennings, author of Observations on the Dialects of the West of England, &c. &c.

Time's Telescope for 1827 ; which promises some novel and interesting features, particularly in Etymology and Botany ; also various Contributions from eminent living Poets.

The Poetical Souvenir ; by Kennett and George Read Dixon, Esqrs. ; containing Gonzalo and Alcaea, with other Poems. Crown 8vo., with numerous wood-cuts.

German Novelists ; a Series of Tales, Romances, and Novels, selected from the most celebrated German Writers, with Critical and Biographical Notices. By the Translator of Wilhelm Meister, and author of the Life of Schiller.

Elements of Chemical Science ; intended as an Introduction to the Study of Chemistry. By Edward Turner, M.D, F.R.S.E., Lecturer on Chemistry, and Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh. In one volume 8vo.

The Journal of George Whitefield, and the Memoirs of James Ferguson. Written by Themselves. With original Introductions and Sequels. 18mo., with Portraits ; forming vol. 6 of Autobiography.

Memoirs of Mary Robinson ; by Herself. Life of Charlotte Charke ; by Herself. With Introductions and Sequels, and a Portrait of Mrs. Robinson, engraved by Scriven. Forming vol. 7 of Autobiography.

WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

Historical and Critical Dictionary ; selected and abridged from the great Work of Bayle. Vol. 3, small 8vo. Price 8s.

Autobiography, vols. 3, 4, and 5, 18mo. 11s. Vols. 3 and 4, containing the Memoirs of Marmontel. Vol. 5, the Pleasant and Surprising Adventures of Robert Drury in the Island of Madagascar, &c.

A General Biographical Dictionary, vol. 1. 15s. (To be completed in 2 vols. 8vo.)

A Short Account of the System pursued at the Pestalozzian Academy, South Lambeth, 8vo. stitched. 2s.

The Credulity of our Forefathers ; consisting of Extracts from Brady's Clavis Calendaria. 8vo. stitched. 1s. 6d.

The Life of Benjamin Franklin : with a Sketch of the War of Independence. 1 vol. 12mo. 6s.

The History of the Reign of Henry the Eighth ; being a Continuation of the History of England. By Sharon Turner. 1 vol. 4to.

The Cabinet Lawyer, or popular Digest of the Laws of England. 1 vol. 18mo. 7s. 6d.

The Tor Hill. By the Author of " Brambletye House." 3 vols. post 8vo.

A Practical System of Algebra; designed for the use of Schools and Private Students. By P. Nicholson, author of the Architectural Dictionary, Combinatorial Analysis, &c.; and J. Rowbotham, Master of the Academy, Walworth. 12mo. 4s. 6d.

Recollections of the Life of John O'Keefe, (the celebrated Comic Dramatist.) Written by Himself. 2 vols. 8vo, with a Portrait.

A Second Series of Tales of the O'Hara Family. 3 vols. post 8vo.

Memoirs of the Life of Mrs. Siddons. By James Boaden, Esq. Intended as a Companion to the Author's Life of Kemble. Printed uniformly, in 2 vols. 8vo. with a Portrait. 28s.

The Young Rifleman's Comrade, a Narrative of his Military Adventures, Imprisonment, and Shipwreck. Edited by Goethe; and printed uniformly with "The Adventures of a Young Rifleman;" in 1 vol. post 8vo. 9s. 6d.

Mathematics practically applied to the Fine and Useful Arts. By Baron Dupin. Adapted to the State of the Arts in England, by George Birkbeck, Esq. M.D. President of the London Mechanics' Institution. No. 1. 1s.

PRICES OF THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN FUNDS.

(From September 23, to October 24, 1826.)

ENGLISH FUNDS.	HIGHEST.	LOWEST.	LATEST.
Bank Stock, 8 per Cent.....	203½	201	203
3 per Cent. Consols	81½	79¾	81¾
3 per Cent. Reduced	81½	79	81
3½ per Cent. Reduced.....	87½	85¾	87¼
New 4 per Cents.	97½	95½	97½
Long Annuities, expire 1860	19¼	18¼	19¼
India Stock, 10½ per Cent.	246	239	246
India Bonds, 4 per Cent.	40s. pm.	27s. pm.	40s. pm.
Exchequer Bills, 2d. per day	19s. pm.	14s. pm.	16s. pm.

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Austrian Bonds, 5 per Cent.	92¼	90½	92
Brazil ditto, ditto	66	62¾	65
Buenos Ayres ditto, 6 per Cent. ..	63	60	62
Chilian ditto, ditto	43	35¼	39½
Columbian ditto 1822, ditto	43½	33¼	38
Ditto ditto 1824, ditto	44½	34¼	39
Danish ditto, 3 per Cent.	58¼	56½	58¼
French Rentes, 5 per Cent.....	99½	97	99½
Ditto ditto, 3 per Cents.	68½	66¼	68½
Greek Bonds, 5 per Cent.	15¼	13	14
Mexican ditto	56	50	52
Ditto ditto, 6 per Cent.	66½	61¼	63¾
Peruvian ditto, 6 per Cent.	31½	26½	31
Portuguese ditto, 5 per Cent.....	75	74	75
Prussian ditto 1818, ditto	93¼	92¾	93¼
Ditto ditto 1822, ditto	94½	94	94½
Russian ditto, ditto	84¼	82¼	84¼
Spanish ditto, ditto	11¼	10½	11¼

ROBERT W. MOORE, Broker,
20, Token-house-yard, Lothbury.